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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S
POCKET MISCELLANY.

THE COMPANY OF OFFICERS.

THERE are some feelings of an enthusiastic kind, which are not themselves virtues, though often erroneously called so, but are yet so based on a spirit of self-abandonment, that they tend greatly to exalt the character, and sometimes produce the most noble actions. Loyalty is one of these feelings—that ancient and now little-heard-of sentiment, which once was as a sort of second religion in the bosoms of a part of the community, only having an earthly instead of a heavenly deity for its object. In the seventeenth century, this so-called virtue was at its height in England; and no one can deny that, whatever were the follies it committed, and however opposed many of its movements might be to the real good of the nation, it was then capable of every kind of self-sacrifice for the sake of what it thought politically right, and only was wrong from want of knowledge and sound judgment. It was, as might be expected, a much more ardent, and perhaps also more pure sentiment, in the northern than in the southern part of the island; the people of the former district being much the simplest and least

sophisticated, and therefore the most liable to any possessing and disinterested emotion. Hence the resistance successively presented in that part of the island to the parliament and Cromwell, to the Revolution settlement, and to the Hanoverian succession. We may smile at the unreflecting ardour which prompted these courses; but when we learn some of the particulars of the deeds which it dictated, and the sufferings which it taught its votaries to endure, we are apt to substitute for our smiles, tears of admiration and of pity.

When the Viscount of Dundee endeavoured, after the Revolution, to maintain the interest of the expatriated James II. in Scotland, he was joined by not only a considerable number of the Highland clans, but by the younger sons of a great number of Lowland families of note, and by not a few of the younger clergy of the disestablished Episcopal Church, to most of whom he gave commissions in his little army. After his death at the battle of Killiecrankie, in July 1689, the cause was maintained for about a year in a languid manner, by commanders of less genius; but at length, when the affairs of the exiled king were ruined in Ireland, and no further hope of his immediate restoration was entertained, the Scottish insurgent army was dissolved by capitulation, and its officers transported, at their own request, to France. About 150 landed there, and, as allies of the French monarch, were immediately placed in garrison, at the pay appropriate to their respective ranks. They so continued till September 1692, when, reflecting on the severe losses experienced by Louis at Cherbourg and La Hogue, and that there was no immediate prospect of their proving of service to their own master, they resolved to be no longer a burden on the French government, but to convert themselves into a company of private sentinels, and serve in the army for ordinary pay. James, on receiving a petition *from them* to this effect, remonstrated with them against *their design; representing* that in his first exile during *the Commonwealth,* he had commanded a similar company of officers, which had come to no good; but, their

esolution being fixed, he at length gave way to it, and elected from their number the gentlemen who should act as captain, lieutenants, and ensign. They then repaired from their garrisons in French Flanders to be reviewed by the king at his palace of St Germain, near Paris, preparatorily to being modelled into the French army. A few days after they came, James rode out with the intention of enjoying the chase, an amusement of which he had become passionately fond since his arrival in France. He was surprised to find himself passing through a double line of *mousquetaires*, and asked who they were. He was informed that they were the same Scottish officers who, in garments better suited to their ranks, had the day before conversed with him at his levee. In uniforms borrowed from a French regiment, they had taken this opportunity of presenting themselves to him for the first time in their new character. The unfortunate monarch was struck by the levity of his amusement, in contrast with the distress of those who were suffering for him; and he returned pensively to the palace.*

On a future day, when they had received the route for active service, the king reviewed them in the garden at St Germain. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'my own misfortunes are not so near my heart as yours. It grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the station of private sentinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and that of a few of my subjects in Britain, could make me willing to live. The sense of what you have done and undergone for me, hath made so deep an impression on my heart, that, if ever it please God to restore me, it is impossible I can be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions but what you have just pretensions to. . . . . At your own desires, you are now going a long march, far distant from me. I have taken care to provide you

* *Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain.*

with money, shoes, stockings, and other necessaries. Fear God, and love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon always finding me your father and king.' He then passed along their ranks, and, writing down the name of every individual in his pocket-book, gave him his thanks in particular. Then removing to the front, he took off his hat, and bowed to them. After he had gone away, still thinking honour enough was not done them, he returned, bowed again, and burst into tears. They kneeled before the discrowned monarch, bent their eyes on the ground, and then starting up, passed him with the usual honours of war, as if it was only a common review they were exhibiting. He prayed that God might bless and prosper them, and mournfully left the ground.

Having been destined to serve against Spain, they now commenced a march of between 400 and 500 miles for Perpignan, in the south of France, where they were to join the rest of the troops. In every town they passed through, their history, as well as their gentle and correct deportment, interested all magistrates and other dignitaries in their behalf, so that they were always billeted on the best people in the place. Each morning, also, before commencing their march, they were seen walking on parade with the ladies of the houses in which they had lodged, whose favour they never failed to gain. When they arrived at Perpignan, and drew up before the residence of the lieutenant-general, all the gentlewomen of the town assembled to honour them; and if we are to believe their historian, 'wept bitterly to see so many worthy gentlemen, for their loyalty and honour, reduced to the condition of private sentinels.' These ladies were said to have made up a purse of 200 pistoles for them; but this tribute, owing to some base dealing, never reached them. They were now greatly in need of supplies of money, for their own was all spent, and their pay was but 3d. a day, with a pound and a half of bread. They were therefore reduced, while spending the winter here, to the necessity of selling their watches, rings,

Holland shirts, and embroidered clothes, in order that they might enjoy some share of the comforts to which they had been accustomed. Their fellow-soldiers, meanwhile, paid them greater respect than if they had still been possessed of their original commissions, and it was generally said, that a detachment from all the officers in France could not excel them in all soldierly qualities. They were here joined by two other companies of expatriated Scotsmen, but not composed, like theirs, of officers. When about to commence the campaign in spring, the whole three were reviewed by the Maréchal de Noailles, who was so much pleased with the appearance of the Company of Officers, that he asked them to pass once more before him, and presented them with a valuable mule to carry their baggage.

On the 1st of May 1693, they commenced their march across the Pyrenees, into Catalonia, where it was the design of the French commander to invest the town of Rosas. Obliged, notwithstanding the kindness of the maréchal, to carry their tents and camp-utensils, and taking more than the usual share of the duty of foraging, they suffered more on the march than the rest of the army. The Valley of Lampardo, in which Rosas is situated, is so unhealthy, that the king of Spain, when he heard of the French troops having entered it, remarked, that he had no need of an army to fight them. Many of the Officers' Company took fevers and other severe diseases; yet no entreaties could prevail on any of them to retire to the Perpignan hospital, or remit any part of their duties. The Spaniards having learned the story of the Officers' Company, made three several sorties at the time when they were on duty in the trenches, and were on each occasion met by that company singly, and beaten back to the drawbridge. After the siege had continued for a few days, and a breach was made in the walls, the garrison suffered so severe a fire from a particular part of the trenches, that they beat a *chamade*, and would have surrendered the town if they could have obtained tolerable conditions. *The firing was* renewed on both sides, and

still the severest and most incessant discharges of shot came from one particular spot in the trenches. The governor soon after gave up the town, under the apprehension, as he afterwards informed the opposing general, that the grenadiers in that part of the trenches designed to attack the breach. He asked the Maréchal de Noailles who these men were, and was answered: 'Ces sont mes enfans: they are,' added the maréchal, 'the king of Great Britain's Scottish officers, who, to shew their willingness to share his miseries, have reduced themselves to the carrying of arms, and chosen to serve under my command.' The commander next day publicly thanked them for their gallantry, and the service they had done in obliging the governor to surrender the town, of which he lost no time in apprising his master. Louis no sooner received the intelligence, than he took coach for St Germain, and thanked King James for the brave conduct of his subjects, which had gained for him the town of Rosas, in Catalonia. The unfortunate monarch heard the news with joy, and said they were all of his officers that had been left to him, but they were such as could not easily be excelled.

The maréchal expressed his sense of their merits by at this time presenting each of them with a couple of pistoles and a supply of clothes; King James also was now able to make them an allowance of 5d. a day each, from his slender resources. It is painful to mention, that of much of these benefits they were deprived by the officers placed over them, who seem to have been as dishonest as the men were brave. All that was done for them having failed to preserve their health, they were requested by the commander to leave the camp, and go to any garrison they chose; but thanking him for his offer, they told him that they would not lie idly within walls whilst the king of France, who had been so kind to their master, had any occasion for their services, and they were determined not to leave the camp while one of them was alive. About the middle of June, the army left Rosas, and marched for Piscador, where, of 26,000

arrived in health, in consequence of the great heat and the want of water. One day, during this march, when some apprehensions were entertained of an attack on the rear-guard, and a sufficiency of pickets could not be obtained, all the officers who were present turned out for their comrades, and were the first who arrived on the ground. The general-officers, seeing them alone on the parade of the picket, where it was not their duty to be, remarked to each other: 'Le gentilhomme est toujours le gentilhomme, et se montre toujours dans le besoin, et dans le danger.' *

Most of the remainder of the season was spent by the officers at Perpignan, where sixteen of their number died of various diseases. One had previously been killed at the siege of Rosas, and three more soon after perished of sickness, so that twenty in all died during the first campaign. At the request of King James, who lamented this mortality amongst men he admired so much, they were now ordered from the south of France; but, unfortunately, Alsace was the place to which they were commanded to remove. They had thus to encounter a journey of 400 miles 'at the commencement of winter, and when their bodies were in general much debilitated by disease. The Maréchal de Noailles was taken by surprise by the order, and, fearing it was the result of some dissatisfaction with his command, offered to make them all fitting concessions, saying that, from the great respect he bore them, he had designed to get all of them introduced in time into the army in their original ranks. They assured him, that they had been entirely satisfied with the treatment they had experienced from him, and were reluctant to leave his corps. The order being, however, imperative, they commenced their march on the 4th of December, along with the other two Scottish companies already mentioned. The most frugal of them could now carry his baggage in a handkerchief, while many had none at all; from their meagreness of body

* The gentleman is always the gentleman, and so always shews himself in the hour *of trouble* and *of* danger.

and poorness of clothing, many looked rather like shadows and skeletons than men. Their coats were old and thin, their lower garments wanted lining, and their shoes were worn to pieces; so that by the time they reached Lyon, their miseries were such as no gentleman could express. Yet no one could ever observe the least discomposure or regret in their conversation: on the contrary, they bore themselves cheerfully, and when they chanced to be able to supply themselves with a little liquor, they would drink the health of the king, queen, and prince, and indulge in the fond though fallacious hope that rightful royalty would still be restored to the British throne.

At Romans, in Dauphiné, Colonel Brown, their unworthy commander, parted from them to proceed to St Germain, without leaving them any money, although he had in his possession two months of that pay which King James had provided for them. To add to their very great distresses, a three days' snow overtook them in the country of Brace, and, remaining on the ground, produced a famine throughout all that part of France. So great was the scarcity of provisions, so severe the cold, and so imperfect their clothing, that they were all apparently on the point of being starved. One was actually taken ill at Besançon, where he soon after died. At length they reached Schelestadt, in Alsace, the garrison in which they were to take up their quarters. The officers there received them with the utmost civility, and administered much to their necessities; but they were, nevertheless, reduced to great want, bread being 6d. a pound, while their pay was only 3d. a day. They opened a market for the sale of certain articles which they formerly could not think of parting with, as rings which had been given them by mistresses, seals which had long been used in their families, and such like; yet, for a long period, the only food they could afford themselves was a few horse-beans, turnips, and colewort, or a little yellow seed, boiled in water. Still, it was observed *with astonishment*, they never uttered a repining word,

nor accused their unhappy monarch of either his own or their calamities.

They spent the summer of 1694 in Schelestadt, unable to enter into any species of active service; and here other five of their number died. The king, hearing of their misfortunes, sent orders that all who chose should be discharged; but their colonel in a great measure frustrated this kindness. At length, in November, fourteen of them, unable any longer to submit to their base commander, took their discharges, and proceeded to St Germain, where they met with a gracious reception, and had it put in their choice either to stay there upon suitable pensions, or to return to their native country. While deliberating about their future course, these gentlemen succeeded in exposing the iniquitous conduct of Colonel Brown, and in getting the pay of the company put upon a proper footing, at 10d. a day. We now lose sight of the fourteen retired officers, and must return to the rest left in garrison at Schelestadt.

During the summer of 1694, Prince Lewis of Baden passed the Rhine with an army of 80,000 men, and stayed three weeks in Alsace, with the design of bringing it under contribution. The governor of Schelestadt, apprehensive of a siege, was frequently heard to declare, that, if such should take place, he would depend more upon the Company of Officers, than on his two battalions. Afterwards, on some alarm, Lewis of Baden retreated across the Rhine in such a hurry, that 3000 of his men were drowned. There was a detached troop of his hussars, consisting of about 100 men, who, having been engaged in plundering the country, were completely isolated in Alsace before they knew of their commander's retreat. They made a bold attempt to reach Basel, in Switzerland, but in vain. The governor of Schelestadt planted the Scotch company in the way, and the hussars, being apprised of the reputation of that body of troops, fell back, and gave themselves up at Strasbourg, though no other such party, they declared, could have prevented them from *cutting their way through* into Switzerland.

The Officers' Company afterwards spent upwards of a year at Fort Cadette, on the Rhine. In December 1696, 16,000 of the enemy under General Stirk appearing on the opposite bank, as if for a new invasion, the French general, the Marquis de Sell, drew out all the garrisons of Alsace, amounting to 4000 men, and planted himself opposite to the German army, with the purpose of preventing its passage. There was an island in the Rhine, which the marquis conceived the Germans might employ in facilitating their transit across the river; and he resolved, if possible, to anticipate them in the possession of it. But ere he could obtain boats, they had constructed a bridge, and sent 500 men to form an intrenched post upon the island. The Company of Officers immediately sent their commander, Captain Foster, to request permission that they might wade into the island, and attack it. The Marquis said, that when the boats came up, the Scots should be allowed to lead the attack; for which the captain thanked him, but added, that it was their wish 'to wade into the island.' The French general, at so extraordinary a request, only shrugged up his shoulders, prayed God to bless them, and desired them to do as they pleased. The gentlemen, with the other two Scottish companies, immediately made ready for their enterprise, tying their clothes and arms about their necks, and then, it being night, advanced quietly to the brink of the river, into which they waded in the Highland fashion, holding each other's hands. It took them as high as their breasts, but all got over in safety. As soon as they had passed the depth of the river, they halted, untied their cartouch-boxes and firelocks, and prepared for the onfall; the Germans being in the meantime busy intrenching themselves, and altogether unsuspicious of an attack. The company then advanced in the same quiet manner as before, and suddenly poured in a volley of shot upon the enemy, who instantly fell into confusion, and fled, breaking down their bridges as they went, whereby many of them were *drowned. The officers* soon cleared the island of the

whole corps, and took possession of it for their own commander, who, when he heard what had been done, crossed himself on the face and breast, and declared that it was the bravest action he had ever known. He immediately sent to inform them that, as soon as the boats came, he should send them provisions and additional troops; but they, thanking him for his offer, assured him that they required no troops, that they had no time to take provisions, and that all they wanted was a quantity of pickaxes and shovels, with which they might intrench themselves. In the morning, the marquis went in person to the island, and embraced every one of them, with a profusion of thanks. He afterwards wrote a minute account of the transaction to his sovereign, who, as formerly, went to St Germain to thank King James for the gallant services of his subjects.

The officers remained encamped on this island for six weeks, under deep snow, although no fires were allowed during the night, and no man could sleep at that time, under the penalty of death. General Stirk made several attempts to surprise the post, and pass the Rhine; but the officers were so watchful, that all his efforts were vain, and he was at length obliged to decamp, and retire into the country. The island obtained the name of L'Ile d'Ecosse, in honour of its heroic defenders, to whom alone it was owing on this occasion that the French territory was preserved inviolate. The Company of Officers next spent some time in garrison at Strasbourg, where nothing of consequence occurred until the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, when, by virtue of one of the articles which King William was said to have himself suggested and insisted upon, this noble little troop was dissolved, and the men allowed to go where they pleased. They were now much reduced in numbers by the hardships and other casualties of their service. When their history was written a few years after,* there were only sixteen alive, and of these, it is added by Sir John Dalrymple, probably

* *An Account of Dundee's Officers after they went* to France. Reprinted in *Miscellanea Scotica.* 4 vols. Glasgow: 1820.

than four ever revisited their
ale is thus a tragical one; but,
can be exalted and fortified by
heroically encountered and firmly
a useless one. It is also precious
lively a light the independence in
minds stand with regard to circum-
ntlemen never forgot that they were
notwithstanding the humble character
or honour led them to assume, their
er overlooked for a moment by any who
with them. No real degradation could
n who stooped from their proper sphere
ience of such exalted feelings, or for such
disinterested objects. If any grudge
the fate of these brave men, so hapless
tched, while thousands of the sordid and
drawing out lives of comfort in peace and
t all now be absorbed in the one reflection—
ends not, and the pain is past.'

SAMUEL FOOTE.

—the unscrupulous Mathews of the last c
one of the most singular men ever prod
and—was born in 1721, at Truro, in Corn
d boast of being at least a gentleman by
father was a land proprietor and magistrat
scent, while his mother was the daughter of
odere, Bart., who at one time represente
Hereford in parliament. His wit was
is very childhood; and his power of r
o have been suddenly brought into pl
f twelve, in consequence of a discussi
ber's table respecting a rustic wh
ation of the Parochial aut

occasion gave so lively an image of the demeanour and language which three of the justices were likely to assume when the culprit should be brought before them, that his father, one of the individuals taken off, rewarded him for the amusement he had given the company, and thus unintentionally encouraged a propensity which was afterwards to lead the youth into a mode of life which no father could have helped regretting. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, which had been founded by one of his near relations, and of which the superior, Dr Gower, was unfortunately an apt subject for his humour. Observing that the rope of the chapel bell was allowed to hang near to the ground in an open space where cows were sometimes turned for the night, he hung a wisp of straw to the end of it; the unavoidable consequence was, that some one of the animals was sure to seize the straw in the course of the night, and thus cause the bell to toll. A solemn consultation was held, and the provost undertook with the sexton to sit up in the chapel all night, for the purpose of catching the delinquent. They took their dreary station; at the midnight hour the bell tolled as before: out rushed the two watchmen, one of whom, seizing the cow in the dark, thought he had caught a gentleman commoner; while the doctor, grasping the animal by a different part of its body, exclaimed that he was convinced the postman was the rogue, for he felt his horn. Lights were speedily brought, and disclosed the nature of the jest, which served Oxford in laughter for a week.

Foote was an idle student, for which he was sometimes punished by having severe tasks imposed on him, as if one who would not study the ordinary proper time could be expected to give his mind to an uninteresting pursuit for an extraordinary time. When summoned before the provost, in order to be reprimanded for his junketings, the wag would come with a vast folio dictionary under his arm; the doctor would begin using, as was his custom, a great number of quaint learned words, on hearing which *Foote* would gravely beg pardon

for interrupting him—look up the word in the dictionary —and then as gravely request him to go on. There could be no reasonable hope of such a youth as a student; yet he was sent to the Temple, with a view to his going to the bar. He is said to have here made no proficiency except in fashionable vices and dissipation. In 1741, he married a young lady of good family in Worcestershire, and immediately after went with his spouse to spend a month with his father in Cornwall.

Foote, having shortly after outrun his fortune, was induced by a bookseller, on a promise of ten pounds, to write a pamphlet in defence of his uncle Goodere, who was at this time in prison, previous to his trial for the inhuman murder of his brother, and for which he was afterwards executed. Perhaps some of the amiable prejudice called family pride aided in making him take up his pen in behalf of one who seems to have been as ruthless a monster as ever breathed. It must also be recollected, that he was now only twenty. Whatever was the morality of the transaction—and indeed it is almost absurd to discuss such a point, considering the general nature of the man—it is related that when he went to receive the wages of his task, he was reduced so low as to be obliged to wear his boots to conceal that he wanted stockings. Having got the money, he bought a pair of stockings at a shop as he passed along. Immediately after, meeting a couple of boon-companions, he was easily persuaded to go to dine with them at a tavern. While the wine was afterwards circulating, one of his friends exclaimed: 'Why, hey, Foote, how is this? You seem to have no stockings on!'

'No,' replied the wit, with great presence of mind; 'I never wear any at this time of the year, till I am going to dress for the evening; and you see'—pulling out his recent purchase—'I am always provided with a pair for *the* occasion.'

His mother succeeded by the death of her brother, Sir *John D. Goodere, to* L.5000 per annum, but does not seem *o have remained* free from pecuniary embarrassments

than her son. The celebrated correspondence en her and Foote, given in the jest-books, is quite ntic, but rather too laconically expressed. A copy joined :—

EAR SAM—I am in prison for debt; come and assist oving mother, E. FOOTE.'

EAR MOTHER—So am I; which prevents his duty paid to his loving mother by her affectionate SAM. FOOTE.

S.—I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the time, let us hope for better days.'

not impossible that Mrs Foote's imprisonment took before her accession of fortune was realised, and she was a widow, for her husband died soon after marriage. This lady lived to eighty-four, and d to have been much like her son both in body ind—witty, social, and fond of a pretty strong joke. the character of her brothers, it seems not unlikely with the humour she gave her son, she also com- ated a certain degree of insanity, the source of the eccentricities which he displayed through life. e necessities arising from pure prodigality drove to the stage in 1744. He appeared at the Hay- et Theatre as Othello, Macklin supporting him in but the performance was a failure.

'But when I played Othello, thousands swore
They never saw such tragedy before'—

rival wit in a retributory burlesque of the mimic. ied comedy, and made a hit in the character of ewife. His salary proving unequal to his expen- , he again became embarrassed, but relieved himself expedient, of which we will not attempt to estimate morality. A lady of great fortune, anxious to be ed, consulted the wit as to what she should do. He, lecting *his boon-companion* Sir Francis Delaval, who

was as embarrassed as himself, recommended the to go to the conjurer in the Old Bailey, whom he re sented as a man of uncommon skill and penetration. employed another friend to personate the wise man, depicted Sir Francis at full length, and described time when, the place where, and the dress in w she would see him. The lady was so struck with coincidence of all the circumstances, as to marry broken-down prodigal in a few days. An ample re signalised the ingenuity of the adviser, and enabled once more to face the world.

It was in spring 1747 that Foote commenced, in Haymarket theatre, his career as the sole enterta of an audience; and thus was the originator of that of amusement which Dibdin, Mathews, and others a wards practised with success. The piece, written himself, and styled the *Diversions of the Morning*, consi chiefly of a series of imitations of well-known li persons. It met with immense applause, and soon ra the jealousy of the two great theatres of the metrop through whose intervention his career was stopped the Westminster justices. In this dilemma, he toc upon him to invite the public one evening to t multitudes came; and while all were wondering w he would do, he appeared before them, and mentio that, 'as he was training some young performers the stage, he would, while tea was getting ready, ceed, if they had no objection, with his instructi This, it may easily be conceived, was nothing else a plan for taking off the players who were persecu him, at the same time that he evaded the conseque of their rancour. His invitations to tea brought ple audiences and much money, but were interrupted his receipt of a large legacy, which kept him for years in the condition of an idle voluptuary. In 1 he once more became connected with the stage, which he produced a comedy in two acts, entitled *T* which experienced great success, and was followe a similar production, entitled *The Author*. He had

ed, under the name of Cadwallader, a Welsh
n of his acquaintance, who was noted for pride
ce. Honest Mr Aprice, for that was his real
as present at the play several times, without
ıg that, in Cadwallader, he saw another self;
ength, when he found everybody calling him
name, he began to perceive the joke, which
him so much, that he applied to the Lord
lain for an interdict against the play, which
nted. It is rather odd, that the wit himself
acterised by the same foible, and not less blind
ı Mr Aprice. Some of his friends knowing this,
to make it the subject of a jest at his expense.
were laughing at persons piquing themselves
descent, one of them slily observed that,
people might ridicule family pretensions, he
there never was a man well descended who
proud of it. Foote, snapping the bait, replied:
bt, no doubt; for instance, now, though I trust
considered as far from a vain man, yet, being
d from as ancient a family as any in Cornwall,
; a little proud of it, as indeed, you shall see I
and accordingly ordered a servant to bring the
ical tree of the family, which he began to
with all the absurdity that he so felicitously
in Cadwallader.

pirit of these and other early compositions of
as to seize some point of fashionable folly, and
: in a few scenes of broad humour, with the
of the mimetic representation, by the author
of some noted real character. There was little
contrivance in the pieces, but strong caricature
and ludicrous incidents, which rendered them
y diverting. He took a somewhat higher aim
1760, he burlesqued Methodism in the *Minor:*
ıich excited some *angry* controversy, but proved
to the public. His Mayor of Garratt, produced
as the nearest approach he made to legitimate
s merits have kept it in vogue as one of the

stock-pieces of the British stage down almost to the present times.

In 1757, Foote paid a visit to Dublin, along with Tate Wilkinson, and the united mimicry of the two attracted large audiences. On this occasion, Wilkinson mimicked even his companion, who, with the usual thin-skinnedness of the professed jester, did not relish the joke, and said it was the only attempt of his friend which did not succeed. At the end of this year, we find Foote engaged in a totally new speculation in the Irish capital. He set up as a fortune-teller, in a room hung with black cloth, and lighted by a single lantern, the light of which was scrupulously kept from his face; he succeeded so far, it is said, as to realise on some occasions L.30 a day, at half-a-crown from each dupe. In 1759, when out at elbows in London, he paid his first visit to Scotland, borrowing L.100 from Garrick to defray the expenses of his journey. He was well received in Edinburgh society, and by the public in general. Yet the Scots did not escape his sarcasm. One day, an old lady who was asked for a toast, gave *Charles* III.—meaning, of course, the Pretender.

'Of Spain, madam?' inquired Foote.

'No, sir,' cried the lady pettishly—'of England.'

'Never mind her,' said one of the company; 'she is one of our old folks who have not got rid of their political prejudices.'

'Oh, dear sir, make no apology,' cried Foote: 'I was prepared for all this, as, from your living so far north, I suppose none of you have yet heard of the Revolution.'

He afterwards paid several visits to Scotland, where, during 1771, he was manager of the Edinburgh theatre for a season, clearing L.1000 by the venture. He found that the Scotch, with all their gravity, have some little *drollery* amongst them. Robert Cullen, son of the *eminent physician, and* a noted mimic, and the Laird *of Logan, not less* distinguished as a wit, became his *intimate friends.* Another of the native humorists encoun

tered him in a somewhat extraordinary way. This was Mr M'Culloch of Ardwell, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, whose sayings are to this day quoted in his native province. In travelling from his country residence to Edinburgh with his own carriage, Mr M'Culloch spent, as usual, a night in the inn at Moffat, and next day proceeded to ascend the terrible hill of Erickstane, which connects two great districts of Scotland, and forms decidedly the most difficult and dangerous piece of road in the whole country. A deep snow had fallen during the night, and Mr M'Culloch, after proceeding three or four miles, was compelled to turn back. When he regained his inn, he found a smart carriage, with a gentleman in the inside, standing at the door, while the horses were getting changed; this he ascertained to be the equipage of Mr Foote, the celebrated comedian. The Laird of Ardwell immediately went up to the panel, and wrote upon it in chalk the words—

'Let not a single foot profane
The sacred snows of Erickstane.'

Foote, surprised to see a punch little man writing on his carriage, came out to read the inscription, which amused him so much, that he immediately went and introduced himself to the writer. Further explanations then took place, which readily convinced him of the impossibility of proceeding further that day; and the consequence was, that the two gentlemen resolved to make themselves as happy as possible where they were. The snow lay long; the terrors of Erickstane relented not for a fortnight; but the viands and liquors of the inn were good, and the conversation of the two storm-delayed gentlemen was like knife sharpening knife. In short, they spent the fortnight together in the utmost good-fellowship, and were friends ever after.

One other trait of the Scottish wit which came under Foote's attention may be noticed. At the close of an unsuccessful piece of law-business, when the agent of the opposite party called to get payment of the expenses.

observing that that person was prepared for a journey, the comedian inquired where he was going.

'To London,' was the answer.

'And how do you mean to travel?' asked the manager.

'On *foot*,' replied the wily agent, significantly depositing the cash in his pocket at the same moment.

As Foote was always ready to seize on any passing folly, either of the public or of individuals, as a means of attracting audiences, it is not surprising that the hoax of the Cock Lane Ghost, which took place in 1762, furnished him with a theme. Samuel Johnson being one of those who inclined to believe in the statements of the deceiving party, Foote resolved to bring that august character upon the stage. Johnson, dining one day at the house of Mr Thomas Davies, the bookseller, was informed of the design entertained by Foote, and knowing very well the kind of remonstrance to which alone the mimic was accessible, he asked his host if he knew the common price of an oak-stick. Being answered sixpence, he said: 'Why, then, sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity, for I am determined the fellow shall not take me off with impunity.' Foote soon received information of this avowal of the Herculean lexicographer, and was further told, that it was Johnson's intention 'to plant himself in the front of the stage-box on the first night of the proposed play, and if any buffoon attempted to mimic him, to spring forward on the stage, knock him down in the face of the audience, and then appeal to their common feelings and protection.' It is almost unnecessary to add, that Johnson's character was omitted. Johnson was not an admirer of Foote. He, very absurdly, we think, termed his mimicry not a power, but a vice; and alleged that he was not good at it, being unable, he said, to take off any one unless he had some strong peculiarity. He allowed, however, that he had wit, fertility of ideas, a considerable extent of information, and was 'for obstreperous broad-faced mirth without

an equal.' 'The first time,' said Dr Johnson, 'that I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out.' He also told the following anecdote, still more strongly illustrative of the power of the wit:—'Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers among his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer, but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small-beer no longer. On that day, Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at the table: he was so delighted with Foote's stories, that when he went down stairs, he told them: "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer."'*

When in Dublin in 1763, Foote produced his play of the *Orators*, in which he burlesqued Sheridan the elocutionist, and George Faulkner, an eminent printer in the Irish capital. This last gentleman, who, from egotism and every kind of coxcombry, is said to have been a rich subject for Foote's genius, prosecuted him for libel, and *gained large damages*. Here also some hot

* Boswell.

Hibernian spirit so far resented being made a sub of ridicule by the wit, as to kick him openly on street. Dr Johnson's remark on this last circumst was bitterness steeped in bitterness—'Why, Foote r be rising in the world: when he was in England, no thought it worth while to kick him.' By his var talents, Foote was now in the enjoyment of a l income; but his invincible extravagance kept him alv poor. He had a maxim, that to live in a state of cons effort to restrain expenses, is the nearest thing to abso poverty. He had a town and country house, an carriage, and entertained great numbers of all k of people in the most superb style. On one occa after the successful run of one of his plays, he expen L.1200 on a service of plate—remarking, when the was spoken of by a friend with surprise, that, as he c not keep his gold, he was resolved to try if he could k silver. On another occasion, when at Bristol, on his to Dublin, falling into play, in which he was at all ti a great dupe, he lost L.1700, being all that he ha commence operations with in Ireland, and was obli to borrow L.100 to carry him on his way. In 1766, w riding home from a gentleman's house where he had b entertained in Hants, he was thrown, and had one of legs broken in two places. He bore the amputation of limb, not only with fortitude, but with jocularity. W the accident did not materially mar his efficiency as actor, it procured him a positive advance in fort The Duke of York, brother to George III., having b present when it happened, was so much interested consequence in behalf of the unfortunate mimic, he obtained for him a royal patent, which enabled to keep the Haymarket Theatre open for the summer months as long as he lived.

With Garrick our hero was occasionally on such g *terms as to* borrow money from him. At other ti *professional* rivalry made them bitter enemies. In *year 1769,* Mr Garrick made a great hit by bringin *the celebrated* Stratford Jubilee on the stage, h

appearing as one of the most important persons in the procession. Foote, pining with envy, resolved to burlesque an affair certainly very open to ridicule, and in a mock procession to introduce Garrick with all his masquerading paraphernalia; while some droll was to address him in the following lines of the jubilee laureate—

'A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtues too'—

whereupon the puffed-up manager was to clap his arms like the wings of a cock, and cry out

'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

Garrick heard of the scheme, and for some time was like to go distracted with vexation, anticipating the utter ruin of his fame. Foote meanwhile borrowed from him L.500, which Garrick was probably glad to give, in the hope that his kindness would soften the satirist. Soon after, Foote pettishly gave back the money, on hearing it reported that he was under obligations to Garrick. The situation of the latter gentleman was now so miserable, that some friends interfered to obtain assurance from Foote that he would spare Garrick. If it be strange to contemplate a man of such secure reputation as Garrick writhing under the fear of ridicule, it is infinitely more curious to learn that Foote, who was so impartial, as Johnson called it, as to burlesque and tell lies of everybody, never took up a newspaper without dreading to meet with some squib upon himself.* After the two managers had been reconciled, Garrick paid Foote a visit, and expressed some gratification at finding a bust of himself above the bureau of his brother-actor.

'But,' said Garrick, 'how can you trust me so near your gold and bank-notes?'

'Oh, because you have got no hands,' replied the irrepressible Foote.

In 1775, Foote *being understood* to have written a play

* *Davies's Memoirs of Garrick.*

called the *Trip to Calais*, in which he had ridiculed the Duchess of Kingston as Lady Kitty Crocodile, that eccentric lady commenced a fierce altercation with him, which it would now be vain to describe at length. Its consequence was the withdrawal of the character from the play. When the piece was subsequently presented, a Dr Jackson, who conducted a newspaper, and was secretary to the duchess, took deadly offence at being ridiculed in it, and commenced a course of vindictive proceedings against the author. A servant of Foote was tempted to make a charge against him of so degrading a nature, that the poor mimic, although honourably cleared, sank under the pain of mind which it had occasioned him. He scarcely afterwards could muster strength to appear on the stage, and it soon became necessary that he should seek health in a milder climate. Having sold his interest in the theatre to Mr Colman for an annuity of L.1500 a year, he prepared to leave London. About an hour before stepping into his chaise to proceed to Dover, he walked through his house, and took a careful survey of his pictures, which were numerous and excellent. On coming before the portrait of a deceased intimate and fellow-actor, he gazed on it for ten minutes, and then turned away, saying: 'Poor Weston!' Immediately he added in a tone of self-reproach: 'Poor Weston! It will very soon, I fear, be Poor Foote!' He was right. After an ineffectual visit to Paris, he returned to London, and expired on the 21st of October 1777. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

It would be absurd to weigh such a man as Foote in ordinary balances. Such persons are mere sports of nature, which she sends apparently for no other purpose than to promote the salutary act of laughter among the species. Yet, while Foote wanted all moral dignity, he is allowed to have been, upon the whole, a humane *and generous man.* That impartiality, also, in the *distribution of his* ridicule, of which Johnson spoke, *might be considered* as in some degree a redeeming *clause in his character.* And it really seems to have

often served to obviate the offence which would have otherwise been taken against him. Cumberland tells in his Memoirs, that, having four persons one day at dinner, and one having gone behind a screen, Foote, conceiving he had left the house, began to play off his jokes against him; whereupon the subject of his ridicule cried out: 'I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now, with your leave, I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost, as you have amused them at mine.' With such a man it was vain to fall into a passion. He was a being to be laughed *at* or *with*—serious censure would have been thrown away upon him, and playful sarcasm would have only vexed him, without teaching him from his own to pity another's pains. If it be thought proper to condemn poor Foote upon the score of principle, we frankly own that ours is not the pen which can frame the verdict.

THE DEAD-HOUSE OF PARIS.*

La Morgue—or the Dead-house—of Paris is a retired gloomy building, situated on that part of the left bank of the Seine which lies between the city quay and that of Orfevres. The object of the establishment, as its name partly implies, is to receive the bodies of all those who have come to a violent end, by land or water, and either to retain them till they are claimed by friends, or to bury them if they remain unknown. It is strange how the existence of this building influences the district in its immediate vicinity. La Morgue is the centre-point of attraction, the source of news and novelty. The neighbours there talk not of politics or revolutions. 'A fine corpse was that *brought in this* morning.' 'He was fair,

* *Abridged from the French of* Leon Guzlan, in the Book of the *Hundred and One.*

wasn't he?' 'Did you see the girl to-day?' 'What lo
black hair she had! It trailed on the ground as s
passed on the hurdle!' Such is the general nature of t
gossip in the neighbourhood of the Dead-house.

I visited La Morgue twice. On the first occasi
François, the receiver of the bodies, could not shew t
establishment to me in the absence of the recorder,
Perrin. These two persons dwell with their families
the upper floor of this house of death, and have the s
charge of it. François, with whom I became somewl
familiar, desired me to return at a certain time, anc
should see the whole. Accordingly, I went again to
Morgue.

'Ah, you are there!' said François, rising to rece
me, and introducing me to his wife and another per
who was present. 'This is a neighbour,' continu
François, alluding to the latter individual, 'who com
out of sheer friendship, to help me when I requ
assistance; and on this morning his services have b
much required. Your visit has been timed most luck
sir. We have to-day a woman who hanged herself w
her garters; a man who has been four hours in the wat
and a third—a little female child, an infant—who v
suffocated last night by accident in a stage-coach. Tl
mistook her for a packet, and crushed her. Poor thi
how lovely she is!'

'Ah,' said the wife of François, 'perhaps she ha
mother, who waited anxiously for her return from
country! By the by, François, where did you lay h
—on the dissection-table?'

'No, no; why, what use could there be in opening h
Who could think of that dear little child having b
poisoned? Go and look at her: she is as clean as if
had come out of a bath. And then the young nurse, w
brought her here in her apron, wept as if the little
had been her own. She told me that she had b
returning from her native village in Normandy, whit
she had gone to nurse the child, and that the stage-coa
in which she was, was so full of people, that she

compelled to put her little nursling between her knees. She was then much fatigued, having slept none for two days. When night came, she fell asleep. The child slipped from her grasp. She slept still. The child moved, and perhaps cried, but the rattle of the coach stifled the sound; and the nurse slept on. In the morning, when she awoke, she found that she had but the body of her babe!'

'Is this all, François?' said his wife.

'The rest may be conceived. On reaching Paris, where the mother lives, the nurse durst not go to the house, and thus she thought of bringing the body here for interment. But she would scarcely part with the child. She kissed its cold brow, she kissed its hands, she kissed its shoulders, its feet, saying all the while: "Oh! can it be true that she is dead, sir?" Then she gave the body to me, took it back again, shook it, called it by its name, and strove with her fingers to open its eyes. "Oh! do you know no way to open its eyes for me? Ah, they were such pretty eyes, so round, so blue! Its eyes! My girl had blue eyes like her mother—oh, she will kill me, that mother! I will tell her the child died from its teething; but all our village will say it is not true. I will say they took her from me in the coach; but the coachman will say it is not true. No, no; I will tell nothing. I will go back to my village, and wait till her parents come to see the child. Perhaps they may not come for three—for six months—perhaps not for a whole year! But ah, I can never go back to my village—never more, if I have not my infant, my little Leonore!"'

Here François interrupted his account of the poor nurse's exclamations, to tell his wife to note the name Leonore. 'Remember, wife, to repeat it to Monsieur Perrin, that he may inscribe it in his register.' François then resumed the nurse's soliloquising.

'"Ah, I cannot return to my village in Normandy. Everybody there was so fond of my Leonore. Sugar-plums and cakes were showered upon her—Monsieur the Curate was *distracted about* my girl! O sir, could we

not bleed her, and bring her back? Or put her f warm water? Ah, you know many cases of being restored—don't you now? Ah, you do Oh, tell me—tell me what to do! Her mother me; yes, certainly she will kill me! Or if I go my village, they will stone me—they will throw di me like a toad! O sir, bring my Leonore back and I will—yes, I—I will give her to you!"'

François paused, and then continued in his own 'When it was absolutely necessary to depart, th again kissed the infant's cheeks, and besought lea me to take away with her the cap and kerchief th upon it. It is not our custom to permit this, bu always too soft-hearted. I bade her take the after snatching them up, the poor woman thr apron over the babe's features, and ran out of the

This was all François had to say about the nu child, and his wife summed up by the remark: 'Y one ought always to take two places in such a c stage-coach.' This was all Madame François's about the matter.

A knock at the door was now heard, and F opening it, introduced M. Perrin, the recorder Morgue—a little old man, who coughed incessantl politely professed his willingness to shew me hi lishment, and away we went for that purpose. W up a flight of steps, and in doing so, were ob stand by the wall, in order to allow a bevy of pretty young girls to pass us. 'These are fou daughters,' said M. Perrin: 'I have eight c François has had four, and he has been so fortun see them all married. He is a good father, Fran

So, thought I, twelve children have been born Dead-house! Conjugal and domestic joys, m and baptisms, love, religion, virtue, all have a this funereal abode as well as elsewhere. Me we passed on through chambers which it is *purpose* to describe, until we came to the admin *cabinet, or register*-office of M. Perrin. I as

received permission to look over the book containing the records of the dead. It was in double columns—the one for the Known, and the other for the Unknown. The numbers of the unknown greatly predominated. Such entries as these were abundant: 'Brought at three in the morning; skull fractured; *unknown*.—Brought at midnight; drowned under the Bridge of Arts; a pack of cards in the pocket; *unknown*.—Child newly born; found dead from cold at the door of a hotel; *unknown*.' And so on.

'Ah!' said M. Perrin to me, 'don't you find our registers kept very nicely now? My hand does tremble a little, but you may see that it is still a firm handwriting for my age. I have cultivated a flowing dash with some success. There is a capital M now—neatly turned, is it not?'

Good, simple man! Proud only of the turn of a capital letter, whilst heedless of the fact, that that very letter was the commencement of a *prince's* name—of a name inscribed upon an Italian coinage! How came the name of a prince into the pages of a dead-house register? I remember the occasion, though I know not the cause. One night, when a proud mansion was lighted up in Paris, when its magnificent halls were crowded with the gay and fashionable, all thinking only of life and its enjoyments, a domestic, with haggard look, rushed up to the mistress of the dwelling, who was surrounded by the guests entertained by her in her husband's temporary absence. The lady had no sooner listened to the servant, than she flew from the assembly. The music ceased, the dancers stopped, whispers passed among the crowd, a voice cried: 'To La Morgue!' and away rushed the whole, some of them uncloaked, some with their very heads uncovered, and all in confusion. A strange sight it was to see that lately brilliant throng flying in disorder through the open streets, in a night of storm and darkness. They reached La Morgue one by one; and there, stretched on a table, they beheld the lord of the mansion they had *left, cold* and lifeless. The body of

the Prince —— had been found in a wood in the envi
of the capital. How he died was undiscovered.
opposite to his name in the register, there was, as
Perrin made me remark, the words *Well known.*

To return, however, to M. Perrin. From the chan
of registry we went to another apartment—that in wh
the *clothes* of the dead were kept. There they hung u
the wall, of all forms, kinds, and dimensions; hideo
coupled together; a spatterdash joined by a pin
sleeve, or a shawl resting upon the collar of a man's c
dresses of gentlemen, ladies, workmen, and, in shor
every class, mingled together, all dirty and defaced,
exciting the most painful impressions in the mind.
could even mark the aprons of the workmen, still ro
up, and shewing that death had surprised them at
end of a day's common toil.

François, who followed my eyes, in looking at th
objects, in order to observe the effect made by them u
me, here drew a profound sigh. 'What! *you*, then,
moved at this sight?' said I to him; 'your conditio
unsatisfactory—repugnant to you, then, is it?'

'Not precisely that, sir,' replied François. 'But
must know, sir, that hitherto the clothes of the Unkno
have fallen to us after being exposed for six mon
We then sell them. Now they speak of *taking the clo
from us!*'

Strange callousness of habit! I consoled François
the assurance, that neither the government nor the w
at large spoke of taking away the perquisite of
clothes. From this apartment we now went to the r
where the bodies are exposed; and here, upon a ma
table, its sole furniture, I beheld the three bodies spo
of. The infant which had fallen from the grasp o
poor nurse, and been suffocated in the stage-coach,
beautiful! The other bodies were disagreeable obj
and I hurried from the sight of them. I said to
Perrin, when we came to his register-room again, th
feared he must find his situation tedious in the
nights of winter.

'No, no,' said he, in a lively tone; 'my daughters sing and work. François and I join our wives at a game of piquet. The misfortune is, that our little party is often put into disorder. A knock comes below; we are obliged to descend, to receive and undress the new-comer, and to put the case in the register. This disturbs our game; we *forget to mark the points.*'

'But your daughters, are they perfectly'——

'Oh, you mistake much if you imagine that the common spectacles to be seen here distress them at all,' said M. Perrin. 'They pass the night here with the greatest composure and cheerfulness. One grows to anything.'

He might well say so. The rooms which his family occupied were in the floor immediately above that where the bodies were laid. Nay, the piano of the young ladies stood directly above the table on which the unfortunates were exposed, before being reclaimed or buried. So much was I struck with the wonderful *searing* of habit in this instance, that I could not help fancying it possible for these girls, so familiar with the idea of dead bodies, so accustomed to the domestic spectacle of their existence —to forget themselves on some occasion, and to ask strangers whom they visited, just as one would inquire for a garden or a kitchen: 'But where do you keep your dead bodies here?'

I now prepared to leave La Morgue. After bidding farewell to M. Perrin and François, they opened the gate for me, and I was about to issue, when I was driven back by an advancing crowd. These people were following, or rather surrounding a man, who was wheeling a handbarrow to the door of La Morgue. As it entered, a track of water marked the course of the vehicle. The cover which was over the body—for body it was which the barrow contained—was taken off, and it was plain that the young woman who lay there had died recently, from the *clasped hands* and compressed lips. From *one of her hands, François* found some difficulty in *withdrawing a kerchief* which she held. He had no

sooner got it, than he cried: 'Good Heaven! lot me l
at this woman!'

He gazed for a moment at her countenance, s
exclaimed: 'It is she!'

'Who? what she?'

'The visitor of the morning—the Norman nurse!' v
the reply of François.

I had been affected by the story, and was more so n
when I saw what despair had driven the poor nurse
François said quietly: 'Ah, well, we shall lay her bes
the body of the little one.'

M. Perrin put on his spectacles, opened his regis
and wrote with a superb dash: 'UNKNOWN!'

STORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER.

TOWARDS the close of last century, there lived on
western frontier of the state of Pennsylvania, two fa
lies, bearing respectively the names of Mayne a
Waters. Though dwelling within a couple of miles
one another, and more than double that distance fr
any other settlers, it so chanced that these families w
on the worst of terms. The heads, at least, of the t
households were so, and the cause of their mutual d
like had reference to a distant period. Both had tak
part in the war which gave independence to their count
but they had chosen opposite sides. William May
had thought it his duty to maintain his loyalty to t
British sovereign, while Waters had been one of the m
ardent supporters of the revolutionary party. Perha
the mere circumstance of having adopted different sid
would not have excited the hostility alluded to, had n
Waters been the instrument of procuring the imprisn
ment of Mayne at an early period of the conte
Waters had conceived himself to be but fulfilling t
part of a true lover of his country in doing so, a

ured himself free from all feelings of personal
ity. Mayne's confinement had proved in the end
er a fortunate event than otherwise, for at the close
ie war he was held to have incurred so little guilt,
his liberty, as well as property, was restored to him,
:h might not have been the case had he been allowed
ater more largely into the contest.

'illiam Mayne, however, was far from considering
self as a debtor on this score to his countryman;
when the two accidentally removed, after the war,
he same district on the western borders of Penn-
ania, sentiments the reverse of friendly existed
veen them. It must be owned that the hostility
chiefly on Mayne's part, for Waters felt the con-
usness of having been actuated by pure motives in
transaction at which Mayne took offence, and was
ier anxious to conciliate his loyalist neighbour, than
iourish any feeling of dislike towards him. Neither
hem being bad-hearted men, it is probable that, had
r conversed freely together, they might have attained
better knowledge of each other's character, and have
)me good neighbours. But, near neighbours as they
e, no intercourse was kept up between them. Their
ilies, too, shared in this estrangement, with the
eption of two members of these retired households.

layne had one only son, Hugh, who had just reached
bloom of youthful manhood at the period when the
dents we have to relate took place. Hugh Mayne
:d the daughter of Waters with his whole heart and
. Often had this pair met on the lonely mountain-
, when no human ear was at hand to listen to the
)ourings of their simple affection. Mary Waters did
conceal these meetings from her parents, who, if they
not approve, at least did not check or forbid them.
the other hand, knowing well the dislike that rankled
iis father's mind, Hugh Mayne did not venture for
ng period to reveal the attachment that had sprung
n his breast. Blinded by the strength of his passion,
it last ventured to *speak* on the subject to his father.

The astonishment of the elder Mayne at the disclosure was only equalled by his anger. 'Again and again,' he said, 'have I told you of the cause I have to dislike that man and all that belong to him. He inflicted on me an injury, for which he has not deigned ever to make an atonement, even in words. You knew this, and yet you have—— Hugh Mayne, you have ever been a dutiful son, and I now lay my commands on you never to'——

The son interrupted his father. 'Do not pronounce a command,' he said, 'which it will be impossible—which it will destroy my peace—to obey. And not *my* peace only, but that of another will be ruined by it.'

'You are too simple, Hugh Mayne,' replied the father; 'you know not the temper of that man and his whole breed. Mary Waters can have no true affection for a son of mine. Hate to all of our name would be instilled into the minds of that family from their cradle. It is our money they look to.'

'You are wrong, father,' returned Hugh; 'this is your own prejudice that speaks.'

'And have I not cause to be prejudiced?' said the father, warming with the recollection of his wrong. 'Did not I suffer imprisonment for years through his means? I have ever been a kind parent to you, Hugh, but I know not that I would not sooner see you wedded to a negro slave, than to a daughter of Henry Waters. Never will one of that man's offspring be a good and loving wife to son of mine.'

Though conscious, in the depths of his soul, of the erroneous nature of his father's assertion, Hugh saw the necessity of giving up the point, for the time at least, before his father should be irritated into a more positive expression of anger or discouragement. With a sigh, he turned away to put on his hunting-gear, feeling that solitude would be most congenial to his present state of mind. Erelong he was on his way to the hills, with his hunting-belt across his shoulder, and his rifle in his hand—a weapon which the half-farmers half-hunters of *the border seldom* went without.

It was verging towards noon when Hugh Mayne left his home. On the evening of the same day, Mary Waters sat in her father's cottage, with her knitting on her knee, working, and at the same time conversing with her invalid mother, who lay upon a small bed in the same apartment. 'I hear the dogs barking, Mary; why has not your father taken them with him to the hills to-day?' asked the old woman.

'He thought, mother, that their noise might bring the Indians on his track, if the savages have really returned to this neighbourhood, which I pray to Heaven may not be the case!' As the young woman made this reply, she rose from her seat, and saying: 'The dogs know his hour—my father should be coming home now,' she went to the door of the cottage. She returned in a minute or two with the information that her father was not yet visible. After an affectionate inquiry into the state of comfort of the old woman, the young maiden turned once more to her homely labours.

Her anxiety did not permit her to sit long, ere she again went to the door, to look along the hill-side in front of the cottage for the form of her returning parent. On her third visit, her mother was greatly startled by a wild shriek from her lips, followed by her hurried re-entrance into the cottage. 'Merciful Heaven!' she exclaimed in an agony of alarm, 'Hugh Mayne is pursued! The savages are at his heels! O mother, mother! what is to be done?' The powerless invalid to whom this vain appeal was made, fell back on her couch, while the daughter rushed again to the door. A dreadful sight was indeed before her eyes. Along the side of the hill already mentioned, her lover was seen making at full speed for the cottage, trusting, doubtless, to receive assistance, or to effect a stand there at some advantage, against those who pursued him. These were three in number, dusky sons of the wild, terrible with their war-paint, and uttering fearful yells, as they bounded, at short distances from one another, like deer-hounds after their *prey*. *Hugh had* the advantage of them by

not more than thirty yards, a distance that seemed fearfully short to the straining eyes of poor Mary. All parties were armed, the Indians both with gun and tomahawk, and Hugh with his rifle only. But, as it appeared, the firearms of the savages chanced not to have been loaded when they first set eyes on their victim. The weapon of the white hunter, fortunately, was in a different condition; and while he was still a considerable way from the cottage, he turned round, raised his rifle with instant and unerring aim, and the foremost of his pursuers tumbled on the sward a lifeless corpse.

Some time was lost by this act, rapidly executed as it was. In truth, the loss seemed likely to be fatal to the white hunter, who recommenced his flight with the distance between him and his surviving foes alarmingly diminished. But help was at hand, and from an unexpected source. Being more than six miles distant from any other settlers, and neither her father nor any others of the family being at hand, Mary Waters had spent some moments in maddening anxiety, hopeless of all aid, until she bethought her of *one* chance of help, such as it was. She flew to the place where her father's two dogs, for the reason noticed, had been temporarily shut up, freed them, and led them in the direction of the chase, exerting all the speed which her limbs were at the moment capable of. The faithful creatures, of a powerful breed, and accustomed to bear-hunting, speedily recognised the approach of strangers and enemies, and needed not the cries of the maiden to send them at full speed in the required direction. They reached the spot just as the Indians seemed to be gaining and closing on Hugh. The wily savages had not seen the advance of the dogs without some preparation for their reception. Poising his tomahawk with scarcely even a momentary abatement *of his speed*, the foremost of the two Indians threw the *weapon at one* of the advancing animals, when a few *feet from him*, and buried it in the creature's body. The *other Indian* was not so fortunate in a similar aim at

the other dog. The tomahawk missed its mark, and in an instant the animal had sprung at the throat of the savage, and pulled him to the ground.

A single glance behind him told Hugh that the dogs had effected a change, and rid him for the time of one pursuer. Panting and exhausted, he resolved to make a stand against his now single foe, and terminate the contest, if possible, by a struggle hand to hand, ere the prostrate savage could free himself from the dog, and come to his companion's aid. With this determination, he suddenly wheeled round, grasping the barrel of his musket with both hands. At this instant, the pursuing Indian was not ten yards distant. On seeing the white hunter's movement, the savage also made a sudden stop, and assumed the same attitude. Each equally fatigued, and with breasts heaving high with toil and excitement, the two adversaries stood gazing on each other, as if by mutual consent, to regain breath for the deadly struggle. Both of them were men of tall stature, and with forms combining, in an extraordinary degree, power with activity. After a pause, the men appeared at one and the same moment to think of loading their guns as the preferable mode of determining the contest, in the exhausted state in which they were. Their hands moved simultaneously to their powder-horns, and a most momentous trial of quickness in loading began. Both of them handled their arms with the dexterity of practised hunters. In the same second of time they rammed their cartridges, and threw their ramrods on the ground. With the quickness of lightning, the Indian applied his powder-horn to the priming, and in that moment of fearful import it is not surprising that his hand trembled, trembling as he was. But Hugh did *not* apply his horn to the same use: he staked his life upon a chance. Striking the breech of his rifle violently upon the ground, he raised the weapon, aimed, and his bullet went through the heart *of his enemy!* By the plan he had adopted, *and trusted to his rifle priming itself*, and the second *for which he had* thus gained, had decided the

struggle. It was but a second that he had gained, for, as the Indian fell, the bullet from the mouth of his ascending rifle touched the very hairs upon Hugh's head!

All this had passed before the eyes of poor Mary, who had continued, in the unthinking agony of fear and love, to fly in the direction in which her lover's danger lay. She reached the scene of the contest we have described before Hugh had raised his eyes from the body of his fallen adversary, and she fell into his arms with an exclamation of mingled terror and joy. Her presence, which would have been fatal to both at an earlier moment, now reminded Hugh of the necessity of preparing his arms for the possibility of another encounter. He laid the insensible form of his mistress gently upon the grass, and loaded his gun carefully but quickly. Seeing no movement, however, on the part of the prostrate Indian, who lay at no great distance, he concluded that the faithful dog had mastered the savage, and held him still in its power. Hugh then applied himself to the task of recovering Mary from her swoon. She opened her eyes with a shudder, and on seeing the well-known countenance of her lover bending over her, she murmured: 'Has this been a dream—a fearful dream?'

'No, my dearest Mary,' replied Hugh; 'it is no dream that you have been a preserving angel to me this day! It is no dream that you have snatched me from the brink of the grave!'

A glimpse of the dark body of the Indian did more than these words to bring back to the young maiden's mind a sense of the reality of the dreadful scene that had passed, and the remembrance was so terrible that for a time she relapsed into a state almost of insensibility.

While Hugh was endeavouring to restore her to perfect consciousness and composure, by the use of every endearing term that love and gratitude could suggest to *him, a third party,* breathless and exhausted, came up to *the spot. This was* Hugh's father, who had seen from *a distance the danger* of his son. The agitated parent's *first question was, if* Hugh 'was unhurt.'

'That I am alive at all, father,' was the reply, 'you have to thank, after Heaven, this dear girl's love for me, which made her regardless of her own life when mine was in danger.'

'I partly beheld what she did, and I do thank her,' said the elder Mayne, with tears in his eyes. 'May God bless her for this day's act! I have been unjust to her, and for her sake I will be the first to drown all unkindness between her father and myself.'

Mary Waters was sufficiently recovered by this time to hear these words, and a blush of pleasure suffused her cheek as she raised her head from the arm that had for a time sustained her.

Hugh had kept his eye occasionally on the spot where the dog and its adversary lay, and after the conversation with his father, the young man went up to the spot, with steps rendered cautious by his knowledge of the cunning of the savages. No motion appeared on the part of the Indian. In truth, he was dead. The dog also was lifeless, having been stabbed repeatedly with the long knife of the Red Man; yet even in death its teeth relaxed not their hold of the bare throat of the savage, who had been choked, as appeared from the ground, only after the most violent struggles. On ascertaining this fact, which put an end to all danger for the moment, Hugh Mayne and his father, at the desire of the latter, accompanied Mary Waters to her home. Her mother had passed the moments of Mary's absence in a state of great anxiety, proportionate to which was her relief when the happy result of the adventure was made known to her. Her husband, as has been said, was from home, but he returned before the elder Mayne's departure, and a reconciliation took place, which was a blissful sight to the youthful pair, to whose happiness the previous estrangement had been so obstructive.

No long time afterwards, Hugh Mayne was united to Mary Waters. To them, therefore, this perilous adventure with the Red Men became a still more memorable occurrence than it would otherwise have been, and was rendered a retrospect as much of joy as of terror.

THE TREASURE-FINDER OF MARSEILLE.

THE evil consequences of a superstitious belief in *the supernatural*, have been, in modern times, shewn up to mankind in many lights. The following story, however, seems to us to place the subject in a somewhat novel point of view, and to shew how widely and grossly justice might be perverted, in discussions relative to affairs of every kind, when its ministers were biassed by superstitious prejudices:—

Honoré Mirabel, a young peasant of Pertuys, a small country district in the neighbourhood of Marseille, came —in the year 1726—before the judicial authorities of the city mentioned, and demanded justice for an injury that had been done to him. On being asked to narrate the particular grounds of his complaint, he did so to the following effect.—[The reader is to regard this as in the main a grave information laid before grave judges, though we preserve in part, for his amusement, the ironical style which the French writer employs in giving his report of the peasant's deposition.]—Honoré Mirabel stated, that he chanced, one night in May, about eleven o'clock, to be lying under an almond-tree, near the farm-house where he was resident as a servant. From the spot where he lay, he saw, by the light of the moon, the figure of a man at the upper window of a neighbouring cottage, which was not five or six steps from him. This cottage was inhabited by a woman; and the sight of a man in that place surprised Mirabel. He thought himself necessitated to ask the man what he did there; but to all questions of this kind, the figure gave as little reply as the statue of St Peter on a holiday when his health is drunk. The obstinate silence of the man piqued Mirabel; with a Quixotish desire to redress wrongs, he resolved to penetrate the mystery. The door leading to the cottage *was open; he entered*, and mounted some steps leading

the spot where he had seen the figure, but the figure was to be seen no more! The peasant then began to think he had seen a spectre, a phantom, an apparition, or whatever you may choose to call it. When this idea struck him, he got mightily afraid, and descended the steps, taking four of them at every bound, after which he made for a well in the vicinity, in order to draw up some water; for fear is a sad exciter of thirst. While he was drinking, he heard behind him a broken voice—such a voice as all your apparitional gentry are said to have, of a kind by no means musical—saying: 'Mirabel, there is a treasure buried here; thou hast but to dig for it, and it will be thine: all that thou hast to do in return, is to cause some masses to be said for my soul.'

This language discovered to the peasant that the apparition was a poor suffering Catholic soul in want of prayers. He also saw a stone drop close by him, and concluded that it was intended to mark the spot where he was to dig.

The mind of Mirabel could not sustain alone the weight of so much good-fortune. Before doing anything further, he went to a neighbouring farm, and communicated the whole affair to a servant named Bernard, and to the mistress—Magdeleine Caillot—whom Bernard served. These three, at five o'clock in the ensuing morning, went to the spot to dig for the treasure. Scarcely had they broken the earth, when they found a packet of dirty linen, on striking which with the pick-axe, they heard something tinkle. They were greatly overjoyed at this, but did not dare to touch the packet with their hands, for fear of catching from it some infectious disease, of which the late owner might have died. By breaking an almond-branch, however, they managed to lift the parcel, and to swing it privately—keeping it all the while at a goodly distance from their persons—to Mirabel's place of abode. Here they fumigated it, or rather sprinkled it with wine—for want of vinegar—and then took courage to open it. What a glorious sight met *their eyes!* More than 1000 large

gold pieces, of Portuguese coinage! Mirabel's e enraptured; he thought to himself, that for th his life he had nothing to do but to eat, drin merry. How he got rid of Bernard and the had been present at the discovery, does not app did get rid of them, seemingly, however, and h to himself. And now his only thought was keep it secure; how to keep it from robber intromittents of the kind.

In prosecution of this object, Mirabel went tinue his own statement—to a storekeeper of- named Auquier, and asked his counsel as to th of the treasure. Auquier immediately formed of tricking Mirabel out of the gold. To effec storekeeper frightened the peasant, by telling all the gold would be confiscated by the king if they could get a sight and a hold of it. therefore, did not dare to use his treasure, bu lent him money, went with him everywhere t confidence, and took other ways of effecting th object. Auquier also shewed to Mirabel his ow consisting of gold and silver pieces kept in *basket*, in order to induce a reciprocal act on the part. At last, Mirabel was induced to give ove to the custody of Auquier. It was put—on t September 1726—into the storekeeper's hand bags, one of which was tied by a *gold-colour* Auquier gave, Mirabel averred, a receipt for in these terms: 'I acknowledge myself t Honoré Mirabel the sum of 20,000 livres, wh mise to return to him at his option, deducting of forty livres due by him to me. At Mars September 1726.—Signed Auquier.' Some few this transaction, Mirabel, in passing along the was attacked by a man of great strength and struck the peasant a blow with a sword, and p *vest and shirt*. Mirabel became suspicious tha *was the author* or instigator of this assault, and *back the treasure*, or the payment of the

Auquier denied the receipt of the gold—in short, denied all knowledge of the affair.

Such is the substance of the deposition made by Honoré Mirabel before the criminal authorities, or lieutenant-criminal, as the public prosecutor is called, of Marseille. The peasant demanded justice against Auquier, who had cheated him out of his money. Will it be believed, that little more than a hundred years ago, this ridiculous story of an apparition and a found treasure was listened to by the judge with the greatest gravity, and that steps were immediately taken for an inquiry into the case, with as much seriousness as if Mirabel had been suing for the recovery of a property which had descended to him regularly from his ancestors! This part of the story seemed at once to be set down as possible and probable; and the point into which inquiry was really first made, was the existence or not of the gold in Auquier's hands. The house and premises of the storekeeper were examined. No gold, either in coins or otherwise, was found there; but two things were found, which were thought to be evidences of Mirabel's veracity: one of these articles was an *osier-basket*, such as Mirabel deposed Auquier to have kept his own gold in; and the other article was a *gold-coloured ribbon*, such as Mirabel asserted to have been about the mouth of one of his bags of gold. When Auquier himself was interrogated, he stated, that he had known Mirabel since the previous month of May; that he had twice—once in his own house, and once at an inn—eaten with the peasant, and had lent him two crowns; and that Mirabel had declared himself the finder of a treasure, which he proposed to put into his —Auquier's—hands for safety, upon the security of a regular obligation before a notary. But all that Mirabel had asserted regarding the actual delivery of the treasure, and other circumstances, Auquier declared to be utterly and entirely false.

Such *were the results of the* first investigations. The *osier-basket and the gold-coloured* ribbon, as well as the *admission of a proposal,* at least, to lodge a treasure with

were held by the judg[illegible]
monies against Auquier, who was [illegible]
nesses were *then* examined relative to the wom
treasure-finding. Magdeleine Caillot, the
om Mirabel asserted to have been present with
an Bernard and himself at the time, was brou
rward, and *corroborated* the peasant's story. She
ne had seen Mirabel dig, and find the linen packet;
he had *seen one*, at least, of the gold pieces in it;
she identified the gold-coloured ribbon that had
found at Auquier's, as one which Mirabel had shew
This woman also said, that Mirabel had shew
in his vest and shirt, and told her that he had
attacked. Several other points in the peasant'
were confirmed by Magdeleine Caillot, but they
got on hearsay from himself, with the exception
particularised. Another witness on Mirabel's
name Gaspard Deleuil, deposed, that on the 6t
tember he had met Mirabel, and, from a little d
being desired by the peasant to wait—had seen
deliver a packet to a man, who handed hi
paper in return. Deleuil further stated, tha
joined again by Mirabel, the latter told hi
person who had received the packet was A
that it contained a treasure which he, M
recently found. A third witness deposed to
the treasure and apparition story at th
Mirabel, and also to having seen one of
gold contained in a bag which was full
same witness further deposed to havi
Auquier for his treachery to Mirabel, on
keeper grew *pale as death*, and desired
'to speak so loud.' Mirabel further prese
the obligation already mentioned. It a
be an imitation or a disguisal of Auqu
Mirabel affirmed it to have been purp
the accused.

These were the principal depositions n
judge at Marseille, and they appeare

ngly to prove the guilt of Auquier, that that
mate person, who unflinchingly maintained his
innocence, was sentenced to the *torture*, in order
onfession might be extracted from him. Happily,
this decree could be executed, an appeal was
y Auquier to the local court, called the Parliament
, a town at no great distance from Marseille.
he cause was again heard, counsel appearing for
rties. The Parliament of Aix, after listening to
and long arguments, directed that Bernard, one
original treasure-finders, should be summoned to
and give evidence. It seems unintelligible why
n was not called at the very outset; but, indeed,
e judge of Marseille seems to have taken that
the story almost for granted.

ıe summoning of the man Bernard, the first clue
ven to the unravelling of this strange affair, and
e and honour of an innocent man were saved.
d deposed before the Parliament of Aix, 'That
l, on a certain day, came and told him of an appa-
aving pointed out a treasure in the earth; that
ent out to dig for it, but saw nothing; that
l, however, persuaded him to go a second time,
ith Magdeleine Caillot, and assist in digging for
asure, which digging proved a foolery again,
linen nor anything else being seen.' Bernard,
er, stated that Mirabel had shewn him a paper
had cost a crown in drawing up. On the billet
orting to be an obligation from Auquier to Mirabel
)00 livres—being shewn to Bernard, the latter
d it to be the *same*, to the best of his belief, as that
Mirabel had shewn to him as having cost a crown.
was a new light thrown on the treasure-finding
treasure-finder, and in a short time other circum-
were discovered, which shew this to have been
skilfully-planned deception, and one rendered the
on*derful, from the seeming* simplicity of its author,
but a plain, unlettered peasant. After Bernard
his deposition, Magdeleine Caillot came forward,

and confessed that she had never seen any treas
gold found by Mirabel, and that she had affirm
contrary solely at his pressing entreaties. Auquie
having had time to consider, procured proof that
day when Mirabel affirmed him to have receive
bags of money, he was eight leagues distant fro
spot. The billet, also, or obligation, seemingly
Auquier to Mirabel, was distinctly shewn to have
forged. Other evidence, which it is needless to re
late, finally brought it plainly to view, that corrup
witnesses, forgery of handwriting, skilful select
time and place, and, in short, every possible me
deception, had been provided and prepared by M
for the success of this scheme. On becoming satis
this, the parliament fully acquitted Auquier, sen
Magdeleine Caillot to pay a fine, and doomed Mira
the galleys—or hulks, as they are named in Engl
for life. As he still persisted, however, in assertin
truth of his whole story, he was sentenced to un
the torture before going to the galleys. The t
changed his tone. He confessed the whole to
deception, and declared the idea to have occurred
as a means of exciting notice, and relieving him
the hard labour to which his situation in life sui
him. But the conversion of his deception to the p
of injuring Auquier, Mirabel declared to have be
suggestion of another person, a man named Barth
who had suborned the witness Deleuil and oth
carry out the plot.

Barthelemy, a man known to be the bitter en
Auquier, was immediately arrested, and the
brought clearly home to him. He was sentence
Mirabel, to the galleys for life; while Deleuil, and a
of the most criminal of the perjured witnesses,
doomed to be hung by the armpits for a time
public streets—a severe mode of pillorying peopl
practised in the country where these scenes took
Thus ended the treasure-finding of Honoré Mira
man who shewed talents in conducting it worth

better cause. Auquier regained his place in society; but it is lamentable to think what might have been his fate, had the Parliament of Aix been guided in their decisions by the same superstitious prejudices which actuated the supreme judge of Marseille. We may really with some cause flatter ourselves, that the lapse of one century has made a beneficial change on the world in this respect; for certainly, any man who came forward now-a-days to claim restoration of property got after the fashion of Mirabel, would find some difficulty, in the first place, in persuading a French or English court that he had ever possessed it.

CHRISTIAN NIMMO:

AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE STORY.

In the grounds immediately surrounding the ancient and ruinous castle of Corstorphine, long the seat of the noble family of Forrester, and situated a little to the west of the capital of Scotland, there stands an old pigeon-house, with a tree, also of great age, at the distance of a few yards from it. At this day, superstition has in a great measure lost its hold of the minds even of the peasantry of the land, yet not many years have passed away since the villagers of Corstorphine, within sight of whose cottages the scene lies, could not turn their eyes after nightfall towards that pigeon-house and tree without feelings of awe and dismay. For there, they averred, was to be seen on moonlight nights the figure of a woman, clothed in a white garment speckled with drops of blood, and carrying in her hand a sword dripping with gore. Round the tree and dovecot, said the tradition, she wandered hour after hour, weeping and wailing continually, from the setting in of night till cock-crow.

This superstition had *its* foundation in a lamentable

tragedy, which actually took place on that spot, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The family of Forrester was of great antiquity, and derived their name from the first of their house having been *forester* or keeper of forests to one of the early Scottish kings, as the hunting-horns indicate, which form the armorial bearings of the family. Sir Adam Forrester, a wealthy burgess of Edinburgh in the fourteenth century, was the founder of this line of the Forresters, or, at least, the first of the name who held the lands of Corstorphine. The tenth baron in direct descent from him was George Forrester, who was first created a baronet by Charles I., and afterwards, in the year 1633, was advanced to the peerage by the style of Lord Forrester of Corstorphine. This nobleman had five daughters, the fourth of whom, the Honourable Joanna Forrester, was married to James Baillie, eldest son of General W. Baillie of Torwoodhead. Having no male issue, Lord Forrester, before his death, got a new charter from the king, by which the peerage was devised to James Baillie and his heirs by Joanna Forrester, and on the same parties was settled the Corstorphine estate. Why the three elder daughters, who were all of them well married, were passed over in this manner, it would be difficult now to discover; but the circumstance was probably not without its influence, as will be seen, in producing the melancholy catastrophe, to the elucidation of which these genealogical particulars are necessary preliminaries.

On the death of the first Lord Forrester, James Baillie, according to the terms of the patent mentioned, took the name of Forrester, and succeeded to the peerage, in the year 1654. His lady, Joanna Forrester, brought him one son, who died in infancy, and was followed to the grave soon afterwards by his mother. Lord Forrester married, as his second wife, a daughter of the Earl of Forth, but was again left a widower, after several children, who took their mother's name of Ruthven, had been born to him. Lord Forrester was not more than forty years of *age when his* second lady died, and it was subsequently

to that event that he formed the unhappy and criminal connection which is the main object of our present narration.

In the days to which we allude, many of the merchants of Edinburgh were cadets or younger sons of good families; and history tells us, that the civic honours of the city were then not despised by the landed gentry around. Intermarriages, also, were more common between the more respectable portions of the mercantile order and the families of the landed gentry. There is no cause for marvel, therefore, when we find a granddaughter of the first Lord Forrester married to a merchant of Edinburgh. The name of that merchant was James Nimmo, and his wife's name Christian Hamilton, a daughter of Hamilton of Grange by the Honourable Mary Forrester, third daughter of the first Lord Forrester, and one of those children who were passed over by the deed of entail. Christian Hamilton or Nimmo was a woman of great beauty, but of a haughty disposition and violent temper. Though the wife of a merchant, she appears to have been proud of her birth, and, in particular, of her relationship to the noble family of Corstorphine. From the close neighbourhood of the seat of the Forresters to Edinburgh, Lord Forrester was frequently in the city, even when it was not the season for the residence of the nobility and gentry in their town mansions. Hence it was that habits of intercourse sprang up between Lord Forrester and the family of James Nimmo. His lordship, as has been said, was still far from being old when left a widower a second time, and, unfortunately, he was struck with the youthful bloom and beauty of the wife of Nimmo. Her relationship to him—maritally or in law, though not in blood—as the niece of his first lady, did not deter Lord Forrester from encouraging the growth of such a passion, and the opportunities which that very relationship gave him of visiting the house of Nimmo, were erelong productive of the dishonour of the merchant's wife. From the after-conduct of Christian Nimmo, it is to be feared that her mind was a

feelings which might have averted this

intercourse continued for a number of
years, as is not uncommon in such cases, to
intimacy almost open and undisguised.
however, took place between Nimmo and his
on the part of Lord Forrester, such an
as had been noted as one of the supporters
of his party; real, strange to say, he had
considered, there is good reason to believe,
and on from the hope to marry Mrs Nimmo—
a divorce, of course, should have taken place. Or
already concerns of any other terms upon whi
a dispensation, am have been procured or could
adultery, and gaining his influence to that cause.
such as that ensuing between Lord Forreste
Nimmo are seldom permitted to have ev
quarrel of a happy issue. Based upon one unre
sion, they cannot nourish others of even
virtues. So was it in this case.

On the morning of the 29th of August 1
Nimmo left Edinburgh, attended by her servir
to visit Corstorphine Castle. On reaching
where her presence was but too familiar a spe
Nimmo found that his lordship was not at ho
making merry, she learned that he was at t
village, and had been drinking there since a
who sent for him, and he came at her re
entered together the garden of Corstorphi
walked in it for some time. It is bel
divorce and dispensation formed the subje
discourse, and that she vehemently pres
to set on foot the process of separation,
purpose of making her his wife which,
thought, her descent from an older
illustrious Forrester rendered little
deserved by the liquor he had taken,

of her reproaches, Lord Forrester answered her
erness and violence equal to her own. The
n grew more and more angry in its tone, and at
s lordship applied a name to Mrs Nimmo the
rading that can be used to one of her sex. The
woman could not say with the innocent Desde-
Am I that name which he did call me?' But the
not the less severe from being merited, and fell
old force when coming from the lips of him who
in some measure the cause of her meriting the
All the fiery passions of Christian Nimmo's
ere aroused. In the revengeful madness of the
she snatched at the sword which hung by his
side, pulled it from the scabbard, and in an
abbed him through the body. Lord Forrester
all with the blow, but the enraged woman re-
and he dropped to the ground. He died almost
ely. The spot on which he fell was directly
tree by the side of the *pigeon-house.*
ilty woman fled from the scene of death as soon
uld recall her thoughts sufficiently to be sensible
nsequences of her act. She gained one of the
the castle, and made her way unperceived up
flights of stairs till she reached an old lumber
om, where she secreted herself among the useless
and other articles, in such a way as might have
it no easy matter to discover her retreat, had
cident betrayed it. The deed in the garden was
a short distance by three persons, who rushed
pot, and found Lord Forrester covered with
d lifeless. The alarm was immediately given,
ong the horror-struck servants of the family
the search for the murderess. She had been
un towards the castle, and to that quarter was
tion of the pursuers directed. They sought long
until in one room the slipper of the wretched
was found on the floor. The closets of that
were then examined, in the full assurance
immo must be there. But this proved not to

be the case, and the pursuers were still at fault, when it chanced that one person, standing on the very spot where the slipper was found, cast a glance upwards to the ceiling, and beheld a hole in the floor above. It immediately struck this person, that the slipper had fallen through, and that the object of their search would be in the garret above. That conjecture was correct. Being rotten, and long untrodden, the floor of the garret had given way under Nimmo's foot, and though she had retracted the foot, the slipper had fallen into the room below. The unhappy creature was dragged from her concealment, and the ministers of justice being made acquainted with what had occurred, she was taken to Edinburgh, and lodged, before the sun went down that had witnessed her crime, in the Tolbooth of the city, or, to give it its more famous name, the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

It may well be supposed, that the rank and station of the victim of this dreadful act, as well as the relationship of the parties, and the unhappy circumstances in which they stood with regard to each other, caused the affair to make an extraordinary impression on the public mind. On the second day after the deed, the 28th of August, Christian Nimmo was examined by the sheriffs of Edinburgh. 'She confessed the fact,' says Lord Fountainhall in his *Decisions*, 'but pretended that she was provoked thereto, because he, Lord Forrester, in his drink had abused her with the vilest terms of reproach.' She retained complete presence of mind, and made 'a long discourse of the circumstances and manner of the act, seeking to palliate and extenuate it.' The tenor of her statement was, that it was well known that Lord Forrester, when under the influence of drink, was very furious; that he was so on this occasion; that he drew his sword and ran at her with it; that she took it from him to preserve herself from hazard; and that he ran in his blind fury upon the sword's point, and thereby gave himself the mortal injury whereof he died.

The three witnesses—two men, and Christian Nimmo's

oman—proved this statement to be totally false.
ad seen her draw the sword with her own hands
is lordship's side, and stab him with it. Moreover,
und only would have been inflicted, in all likeli-
had the matter occurred as described by her,
s several wounds appeared on his lordship's body,
g the furious passion by which the murderess had
ctuated. This plea failing, therefore, Christian
, though she held obstinately to the last by the
sertions, betook herself also to other schemes for
g the consequences of her act. She declared
likely to become a mother; but a medical com-
which was thereupon appointed, deponed, to the
their judgment, that no signs existed of this
nt being true. It was accordingly regarded as
e shift to procure delay.' Before the fate of
in Nimmo was decided by the courts of the period,
de another attempt to evade justice, and was to a
extent successful. Having been supplied by some
emissaries with man's apparel, she contrived to
er escape in that dress from the Tolbooth, on the
September, about five o'clock at night, in 'the
ig.' Her intention was to cross the English
and she bent her course in that direction. Being
, however, she was able only to reach Fala-mill,
ifteen miles from Edinburgh, on the night of her

She remained here till the morning, and, before
ld resume her flight, was taken by the officers of
who had discovered her route, and followed
on her footsteps. Tradition says, that she was
of their approach before they seized her, and that
d, and might possibly have escaped through her
odily activity, had not a man, from mere wanton-
it out his foot as she passed him, and tripped her.
er this part of the story be true or not, she was
ly taken, and reconveyed to the Tolbooth of
rgh.

urther incident occurred to impede the course of
in this *remarkable* case. Christian Nimmo was

tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be beheaded. One point came out in the evidence, worthy of notice as exemplifying the natural violence of this wretched woman's temper. It was discovered, to use Fountainhall's words, that 'she ordinarily carried a sword beneath her petticoats,' though from her using his lordship's weapon, this does not appear to have been the case at the time of the murder. The closing scene of Christian Nimmo's life took place on the 12th of November 1679, at the Cross of Edinburgh. She appeared on the scaffold dressed 'all in mourning, with a large wail (veil), and, before the laying down of her head, she laid it (the veil) off, and put on a whyte taffetie hood, and bared her shoulders with her own hands, with seeming courage eneugh.' The stroke of the *maiden*—a well-known instrument, resembling the guillotine—terminated the guilty career of Christian Nimmo.

In the closet of Lord Forrester, after his decease, was found the dispensation from the pope already alluded to, if we may trust to the authority of a work called *Popery and Schism equally Dangerous in the Church of England.* In closing his account of this striking case, Lord Fountainhall notices that the females of the house of Grange appear to have been of a peculiarly unhappy temperament in other instances than this. Christian Nimmo's 'cusing germane, Mrs Bedford,' murdered her husband under circumstances of great aggravation; 'and they say that the Ladie Warriston, who about 100 years ago strangled her husband Kincaid of Warriston, was of the same family.'

Such is the story of the pigeon-house and old tree of Corstorphine, and such the basis of the superstition relative to the white lady, said to wander and wail by moonlight with the bloody sword in her hand, around the scene of her guilt. The whole connection between *Lord Forrester* and Christian Nimmo was, indeed, *peculiarly criminal*, since she was, to use again the *words of Fountainhall*, 'my lord's first lady's niece; so

her and him.' The family of Forrester of Corstorphine was not continued through this unhappy lord, but through William Baillie, his brother, who married the fifth daughter of the first Lord Forrester, and succeeded, by the terms of entail, to the title and estates. His descendant by the female side is now Lord Forrester of Corstorphine, being at the same time Viscount Grimston in the Irish, and Earl Verulam in the British peerage.

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

THEODORE BARON NEUHOFF was one of the most extraordinary characters of the last century. He was born in the district of Marck, in Westphalia, and succeeded to a considerable patrimony, which had been for several generations in the possession of the noble family whose title descended to him. Theodore was educated in the French service, and afterwards travelled, in pursuit of various objects, into England, the Netherlands, and Italy. He shewed himself to be possessed of excellent abilities, and had a strong liking for daring and romantic enterprise. While travelling in Italy, he was forcibly struck with the unsettled state of the island of Corsica, then, as it had been for several centuries, a dependency of the republic of Genoa. The Genoese had ruled the Corsicans most tyrannically, and had roused them on various occasions to insurrection. In 1729, shortly before Theodore's attention was particularly directed to the subject, the islanders had risen against their oppressors. The immediate cause of the movement was a very slight one. A *paolo*, or coin about the value of fivepence (English), being due by a poor elderly woman to a Genoese tax-collector, the latter had the cruelty to seize on the poor debtor's whole effects, which exasperated her countrymen *to such an* extent, that they flew to

arms. The Genoese were only able to reduce them by calling in the assistance of the Emperor Charles VI., who guaranteed the preservation of a treaty, signed by the Corsicans and Genoese in 1733. The Genoese, however, returned to their old system of despotism in a very brief period, and the islanders again openly resisted their authority.

Things were in this condition when Theodore Baron Neuhoff became interested in the Corsican cause. Seeing that the island had very considerable natural resources, being about 100 miles in length and 50 broad—at its longest and broadest parts—and having a productive soil, several pretty large cities, and a considerable population, Theodore conceived that Corsica might readily reach and maintain an independent position among the European states. His romantic ambition led him to form the desire and hope of mounting its throne himself. Accordingly, he cast his eyes around him, to prepare the means and pave the way for attaining this object of his ambition. He went to Tunis, where he contrived—partly, no doubt, by the use of his own fortune, and partly by other means not very well understood—to obtain a supply of arms and ammunition. He was also successful in procuring a supply of money. He then repaired to Leghorn, whence he wrote a letter to the two chiefs Giafferi and Paoli—father of Pascal Paoli—whom the Corsicans had placed temporarily at the head of affairs, and with whom Theodore had had some slight correspondence previously. In this epistle, the baron made large offers of assistance to the Corsican people, provided they would elect him their king. He also assured Giafferi and Paoli that he had received promises of countenance from various European states—which is understood to have been really the case. In consequence of the very favourable manner in which his proffer was received, Theodore sailed for Corsica, and landed in the spring of 1736. He was at this time in the prime of manhood, was gifted with an admirable address, and had a very noble and stately personal appearance, to the dignity of which the Turkish dress

him added very considerably. He brought with
it 1000 zechins of Tunis—above L.3000 sterling—
rms and ammunition. Struck by his engaging
, his generosity, and his assurances of foreign
e, the Corsicans, when he was introduced to
their chiefs, immediately proclaimed him king.
the assembly of the island had regularly and
ratified the choice of the popular voice, Theo-
imed every mark of royal dignity. He had his
id officers of state; he conferred titles of honour,
ed money, both silver and copper, stamped with
l lineaments. Though he indulged himself too
rtainly, in toying with these externals of majesty,
iot neglect other and more important matters.
oese were in possession of the fortified towns on
d, and these King Theodore immediately blocked
les taking other warlike and politic steps for
and confirming his sovereignty. But, though
ccessful in these measures, the play, for such it
alled, drew to an end when none of the promised
arrived from the continental states, and Theo-
vn means were expended. The Corsicans grew
ited, and exhibited this feeling so strongly, that
ig found it expedient to leave them. He was
osed, however, nor did he resign his throne.
essed merely to go in person in search of the
. assistance, and settled a plan for the adminis-
of affairs in his absence. He then quitted the
fter having reigned in it for the short space of
nths.

Theodore found, to his regret, that the courts of
ritain and France had forbidden their subjects
nishing any kind of assistance to the malcontents
ca. France, indeed, had a strong party in the
nd was not averse to taking possession of it for
Theodore wandered up and down, trying to
assistance from other European courts, but was
ful. At last, a party of rich merchants in
lured by his plausible story, gave him credit

to a large extent, and furnished him with cannon a other warlike stores, which they, for more securit intrusted to the charge of a supercargo. Accompani by this person, Theodore returned in 1739 to Corsi where, to his lasting dishonour, he put the supercargo death—if we may trust to James Boswell, in his *Accou of Corsica*—'that he might not have any trouble fr demands being made upon him.'

Though Theodore threw in his warlike stores into t island, the Genoese, aided by the French, had recover their authority too fully to permit him to remain upon with safety. A high price had been set upon his he and the poor king was obliged to relinquish his thro and to secure his personal safety by returning to t continent. After this period, Theodore roamed for ma years among the European states, striving to procu assistance for his reinstatement on his throne, and ex riencing many vicissitudes of fortune. At last he ca to Britain, where he was soon reduced to great distre He got into debt, and was finally thrown on that accou into the prison of the King's Bench.

Here the unfortunate sovereign of Corsica—for su he had undoubtedly been made by the legitimate agen of the people's unanimous voice—for many years lay unheeded captive, until his case became known to seve persons of eminence in Britain. Among others who to an interest in this remarkable example of human mu bility, was Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orfo Walpole was at that time a contributor to the *World*- series of weekly essays upon the plan of the *Tatler* a *Spectator;* and in the eighth number of this periodi issued on the 22d of February 1753, he called the att tion of the British public to the unhappy circumstan of the fallen potentate. This appeal is elegantly writt and in some parts in a humorous strain; while in oth one cannot help thinking that Theodore's elevation spoken of in a tone of seriousness, which, under the cumstances, wears a little of a mock-heroic cast. 'T *island (Britain),'* says Walpole, after a few prelimin

'ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted
as it has been the scourge of offending majesty.
st I blush, then, for my countrymen, when I
a monarch—an unhappy monarch—now actually
to languish for debt in one of the common
of this city! A monarch, whose courage raised
throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody
by the voluntary election of an injured people,
ncommon resolution of determining to be free!
ice is Theodore, king of Corsica!—a man whose
royalty is as indisputable as the most ancient
any monarchy can pretend to be—that is, the
his subjects.'

describing Theodore's bravery in defence of his
Walpole states, that he bore the loss of his
ith philosophic dignity, and makes a comparison
him and Charles V., Cassimir of Poland, and
I., in a style most unfavourable to these three
ed dignitaries. 'The veracity of a historian,'
then continues, 'obliges me not to disguise the
of his Corsican majesty's revenues, which has
him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's
and so cruelly has fortune exercised her rigour
n, that, last session of parliament, he was exa-
efore a Committee of the House of Commons on
lships to which the prisoners in that jail had
bject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with
sfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush
ng to palliate, in the recapitulation of his dis-
The debts on his civil list were owing to no
cation, no improvidence of his own, no corruption
inisters, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses.
; was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes
yet his butcher, his landlady, and his tailor,
t continue to supply an establishment which had
esnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no
no lotteries, to provide funds for its deficiencies
rgencies.

ation so *generous, so* renowned for the efforts it

has always made in the common cause of liberty, c
only want to be reminded of this distressed king,
grant him its protection and compassion.' After observi
that he does not expect fleets to be fitted out, and volu
teers raised, to reinstate Theodore, the writer goes o
'I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity
majesty to accept of such a supply as might be offer
to him by that honorary (and, to this country, peculia
method of raising a free gift—a benefit play. In t
meantime, not to confine this opportunity of benevolen
to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint
readers that a subscription for a *subsidy* for the use
his Corsican majesty, is opened at Tully's-head in Pa
Mall, where all the generous and the fair are desired
pay in their contributions to Robert Dodsley [publish
of the *World*, and a clever writer himself], who
appointed high treasurer and grand librarian of the isla
of Corsica for life—posts which, give me leave to sa
Mr Dodsley would have disdained to accept under a
monarch of arbitrary principles.' At the close of t
paper, Walpole says: 'Two pieces of King Theodore
coin, struck during his reign, are in the hands of t
high treasurer aforesaid, and will be shewn by the prop
officers of the exchequer of Corsica, during the tim
the subscription continues open at Tully's-head abo
mentioned.'

This subscription actually took place, and a ve
handsome sum was collected. It is remarkable, th
Theodore, who retained to the last a conviction of h
indefeasible right to the crown of Corsica, and who
brain, it is probable, had become tinged with a degr
of monomania on the subject, behaved, on receiving t
subscribed money, in a style harmonising with the to
of Walpole's paper. He had been informed that so
gentlemen would wait on him with the sum, and ma
preparations accordingly. In his garret-lodging, he caus
his bedstead to be turned up; placed an arm-chair und
the tester, which served as a canopy to this substitu
for a throne; and, sitting down in this show of royal sta

the deputation a gracious reception. This *subsidy* l much to his comforts, and he was at last freed prison by an act of insolvency, in consequence of h he made over his kingdom of Corsica to his tors! There was an actual registration made of this gnment, which, with the great seal of Corsica, fell Horace Walpole's cabinet of curiosities.

eodore did not long survive his liberation. He was d in the church-yard of St Anne's, Soho, and a plain ument placed over his remains, with the following iption:—'Near this place is interred Theodore, king orsica, who died in this parish, December 11, 1756, ediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison, by benefit of the act of insolvency; in consequence of h, he registered his kingdom of Corsica for behoof s creditors.

> 'The grave, great teacher! to a level brings
> Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
> But Theodore this moral learnt, ere dead:
> Fate poured its lesson on his living head,
> Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread.'

monumental inscription came, we believe, from the of Walpole, and it saves the necessity of any further alising upon the story of poor Theodore, king of ica.

A STEAM-BOAT ROMANCE.

signal-bell at the end of the Chain Pier of New- n was tolling its final peal, announcing the arrival he hour for the departure of the good steam-boat *Morning Star* for Stirling, when a young lady ried forward just in time to be received into the ber of the vessel's passengers. The ding-dong ed, the pure white vapour issuing from the chimney he steamer was exchanged for a stream of sooty ke, and in a few moments the prow of the Morning

Star was briskly pushing its way through the waves the firth. The morning being a beautiful one of Jun crowds of passengers filled the deck, presenting a mo promiscuous assemblage, and one that afforded mu curious food for a contemplative eye and mind. He sat a merry group, gay and smiling, laughing ever an anon 'the heart's laugh.' There stood a sorrowi widow, her eye fixed upon the bright waves, but n unobservant of their beauty; for her thoughts wer wandering at the moment through the long vista o departed years, and conjuring up hours of bliss—fled fo ever! Hard by sat a gray-haired countryman, strokin with affectionate hand the shaggy coat of his faithfu dog, beloved the more at that instant because affordin a memorial of herds and flocks far, far away. By th countryman's side sat his daughter, bending with look of unutterable love over the rosy face of the infant tha slumbered on her knee. This pair looked as if returnin from a visit—perhaps their first—to the capital; an judging from the pleased yet arch smile which playe upon the old man's countenance, we might imagine hi musing upon the looks of wonder which would atten his fireside descriptions of all the grand things he ha seen.

To describe, however, all the individuals and grou assembled on the deck of the *Morning Star* on th sunny day of June, would be tiresome, and, moreove unnecessary, since it is with two personages only th we have at present to do. One of these was a youn man dressed ambitiously and elaborately, and who ma himself conspicuous by walking up and down the dec humming a little French air, which seemed to plea himself remarkably. At times he would stop an examine his boots, pointing his toes, and turning t foot outwards and inwards, as if the contour of the whi appeared to his eye a fine exemplification of those 'lin of beauty' spoken of by artists. At other moments t points of his fingers, and the buttons of his surto became the objects of equally satisfactory examinati

way of varying these processes, he would occasionally itch his fishing-rod in the air, or raise his pendent eye-ss, and examine, with a smile of patronising con-scension, the faces of all on board. Such was one of e two individuals already alluded to. The other was a ung lady—the same whose entrance into the steam-at had taken place immediately before the final tinkle the Chain Pier bell. Mary Græme—for such was her me—had just reached the interesting age of seventeen. e was now returning home, after having spent a winter Edinburgh, whither she had gone for the purpose of ceiving her educational finish, or getting finished, as e more common phrase is. Unfortunately for herself, ary, who was naturally warm-hearted, sensitive, and nerous, had been left an orphan in infancy, and had llen under the care of a maiden aunt, a person who had ng survived the sentimental period of life, yet who had customed herself to depend for daily food and excite-ent upon the pages of romance. This lady most judiciously permitted her niece to resort from child-od to the same quarter for mental occupation. Natu-lly fond of reading, Mary devoured all the marvels of tion that came before her; and hence it was, that, as e grew up to womanhood, her little brain became a ost extraordinary labyrinth, where ideas of 'crossed fections,' 'ill-fated love,' and 'broken hearts,' were ixed and mingled in most admired disorder. The inter which Mary had spent in Edinburgh had given er a taste of somewhat better training, but the period as too short to eradicate the ideas which had been lanted in her mind for years. It is not to be wondered , therefore, that one of the principal causes of regret to lary Græme at this very time, while she was on her ay homewards in the *Morning Star*, was, that all her ays had hitherto passed away without her ever having een once in love, or having met with a single adventure.

Mary Græme *had not been long* on board the steam-*oat, until the gentleman with* the fishing-rod, surtout, *l boots, became the object* of her especial observation.

She at once traced a resemblance between hi
hero of the last novel she had read—a tale, l
which had particularly delighted her, from th
stance of its ending with the deaths of no less
unhappy couples, who were immediately follov
grave, according to rule, by their sorrowing par
creating a mortality of some twenty-four pers
not to mention a few grandfathers and gran
who were extinguished on the same lamentabl
The leading character of this tale of wo was j
person, Mary was sure, as the gentleman with t
rod. Perhaps this disciple of Walton had seen
lady's glance of interest, for, ere the vessel had
he came near her, and, opening a volume of e
offered them for her inspection. How could
a piece of civility accompanied by a bow so g
respectful, and so insinuating? The plates we
at. Remarks on the scenery they depicted wer
able. Then followed some converse on the w
the scenery of the Forth; and in less than an h
and the stranger were discoursing with the anin
intimacy of old friends. He of the fishing-rod s
the taste of an amateur, of the effects of light
and the harmony of colours; he related many
of adventure, and told how often he used to wa
in the lonely Highland glens, where no living
within miles of him, though he often longed, he
for the company of some one to sweeten solitud
society, in short (and here he looked tenderly up
of a 'kindred spirit.' The pair talked of mus
this subject the stranger delivered himself in
rapture, dilating on the beauty of foreign n
speaking of 'amor mio' and 'di tanti palpiti'
that proved to Mary his complete familiarity
arcana of this elegant art. When the young
her preference to the Scottish music, the stra
looked an interesting negation. 'He is good-
as well as intelligent and accomplished. An
elegant in appearance he is! So pale—so int

! Such dark locks! And eyes so expressive!' were Mary's thoughts of this casual companion of team-boat.

ıe subject of novels served the pair to talk about ltirling Castle came in view, and found Mary more essed than ever, for she had discovered her new aintance to be as well read as herself in works of n. When the vessel neared the castle, the stranger's ı became overcast with sadness. Nor was the cause n doubt or mystery. He would fix his eyes on the g lady, repeat emphatically some line upon *separa-* and *farewells*, openly express the hope that they d meet again, and repeatedly declare the passing day ve been the happiest of his life. All this was new, was pleasing, to the girl of seventeen. Her timidity her silent; but the stranger read her feelings in her . He told her again and again how severe a pang re him to part from her. The unsophisticated and ntic Mary dropped a tear—and this was all her . At length the vessel reached the shore, and Mary ıappy faces smiling and nodding to her from the old ion which waited her arrival. They were the family r elder sister, who now inhabited with her husband ouse in which Mary had been born. The stranger d to her and bade her adieu, and in a few moments had landed and found herself whirling along the towards the home of her infancy, which she had isited for some years, and then only for a short time with the aunt formerly mentioned. It was with difficulty that Mary could rouse herself from hts of her late adventure so far as to reply with tion to the numerous questions which were put to y her present companions. The sight of her ancient , which they came in sight of after a drive of con- able length, was effectual for a time in withdrawing from all thoughts of the stranger of the fishing- She could not look on the ivy clustering around indow of the room—the nursery where a deceased er had hung over her cradle—without feelings of

fond regret and veneration being awakened in her bosom, to the exclusion of all others for the moment. Even an incident which occurred before the phaeton reached the door of the old house, could not banish these natural remembrances. A gentleman on horseback passed the carriage, so like, so very like the stranger, that Mary was almost sure it was he. But the phaeton next moment turned up the avenue, and Mary was speedily in the arms of her sister.

It was late in the same evening when Mary retired to rest. Before she laid her head on the pillow, the whole details of the steam-boat adventure were poured into the ear of her intimate friend Miss Stanley, a young lady of congenial disposition, and who had come on a visit to the house for the very purpose of meeting Mary. Miss Stanley listened with breathless attention, and then the friends entered with their whole heart and soul into the question: '*Who can he be?*' Various professions were suggested as suitable to the character he had displayed. He might be a poet or an artist, either professionally or as an amateur. Whatever he might be, Mary was sure that he was a gentleman, because he had related so many anecdotes connected with people of rank and fortune. 'I know of no one,' said Miss Stanley, 'at all suiting his description in this neighbourhood, excepting Lord Castlefynne, the eldest son of the Earl of Moredun. This young nobleman came over the other day from the continent, and I haven't had a chance of seeing him yet, but they say he is handsome and accomplished. By the by, I heard a servant say that he rode past the house to-day just about the time of your arrival. What a pity that you did not see him!' 'I *did* see him,' cried Mary: 'it must be Lord Castlefynne!' She then told Miss Stanley that a person, at least extremely like the stranger of the boat, had passed the carriage just when it arrived. The friends were brought to conviction by this circumstance. The interesting gentleman with the fishing-rod *must* have been Lord Castlefynne, and he *must* have procured a *horse for the very* purpose of following the carriage and

discovering Mary's residence. Mary went to bed, and dreamed all night of castles, coronets, and fishing-rods.

On descending at rather a late hour next morning to the breakfast-room, the two friends found a basket of fruit on the table, which had been sent to Miss Mary Græme at an early hour, without note or name. 'It must be from *him*,' whispered Miss Stanley: 'you know the distance from Moredun Park is a mere trifle.' The idea was delightful; and as Mary indulged the ambitious thoughts which followed in its train, she almost wondered how her sister could look so happy with a husband who had neither wealth nor title. On the evening of the same day, Mary and Miss Stanley took a ramble to a neighbouring hill, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. From its summit, Moredun Park was visible, glowing in beauty beneath the western sun. Being, as we have said, equally romantic as her friend, Miss Stanley's converse only served to nourish in Mary's breast the hope of being one day mistress of this beautiful region—Countess of Moredun. On returning home, the young ladies heard a proposal made that they should go on the following Sunday to a church at some distance. As it was the church attended by the Moredun family, Mary consented to the proposal with an eagerness which she could with difficulty conceal. Sunday came, and, arrayed in her most elegant attire, our heroine set out for church with her friends. The morning was delightfully tranquil, and invited naturally to the thoughts which are congenial to the Day of Rest; but Mary's thoughts were all turned upon one point—the anticipation of seeing the unknown one. The party entered the church. Mary looked timidly at all the principal pews. He of the fishing-rod was not to be seen. The service was about to begin, and at the same moment the sunbeams burst through the old windows with golden splendour, shedding a sidelong light upon the time-worn pulpit and its crown-like canopy. The rays played among the white locks of the venerable clergyman, as he rose and read the psalm. When he had finished, the precentor rose, and in doing

so brought his head also fully into the line of the sun's radiance. As his voice sounded the first note, Mary Græme raised her startled head, and saw—in the precentor's box—the unknown! At first, she doubted. 'No! it cannot be he!' she thought: 'it *must* be merely a resemblance!' But she looked and looked again, and conviction of the identity of the man before her with the hero of her late dreams, fell crushingly upon her mind and heart. It was too much for the poor girl to bear. The dream was too abruptly broken! Her breast heaved, and a dazzling sensation passed over her eyes. All seemed moving; the pulpit receded from her view; and in a few moments after the discovery, she fainted.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself in the cottage of an old dame who lived near the church. Mary's sister and Miss Stanley were with her, and pressed her to explain to them the cause of her swoon. Mary attributed it to a little sickness merely from some trivial cause, for not even to her dear confidante could she reveal the mortifying discovery which she had made. Shame for her folly and weakness pressed heavily on the mind of the poor girl. To divert attention from her own situation, she listened to the talk of the old woman, who shewed the garrulousness of age in sufficient force. Mary encouraged her in the desire she evinced to tell all about herself. She had been the wife of a sailor, who had perished in the deep sea, and left her alone in the world—but for Johnny. 'Is Johnny your son?' asked Miss Stanley. 'Deed an' he is, mem,' replied the old woman; 'he's just my son. But he doesna care for me—that is, he doesna care for me as he might do.' 'Is he not your own child!' exclaimed Miss Stanley with surprise: 'not care for his aged parent!' 'I'm no braw eneugh for him, mem,' returned the dame. 'He's no a bad-hearted callant, but he wad fain be a gentleman, and I hae nae buik lear; sae Johnny thinks na muckle o' his auld mither. It maun be nae great thing to be a gentleman, if to be sae ane maun lichtly her that bore him. Oh, had he but *the true heart* o' his faither—his brave, honest faither!'

As she said this, the poor woman put her apron to her eyes; and in a minute or two afterwards a lady came from church, and entered the cottage. She was an old friend of Mary and of the family, and now expressed her regret at observing Mary's swoon, which had caused herself to leave the church before service was concluded. 'I have not had time to call for you yet, my dear Mary,' continued the lady; 'but the moment I heard of your arrival, I sent a basket of fruit, as a token that I had not forgotten you. I was sure, my love, you would at once know from whom it came. Why, Mary, my dear, you are still very pale!' 'O no! better, better! thank you,' murmured Mary; but in reality her emotion was renewed by this speech, which, she knew, would reveal to Miss Stanley the folly of their mutual conjectures, in one point at least.

What with Mary's indisposition, and the old woman's talkativeness, more than an hour had passed away since the party had entered the cottage. When our heroine felt herself able to go away, the congregation were seen leaving church. The old woman went with her visitors to the door of the phaeton, which was waiting for them. Mary turned to bid the dame a grateful adieu, when, behold! the object of her last week's idolatry appeared in the act of crossing the street towards them. A suspicion on the instant passed through Mary's mind. Almost involuntarily she kept her eye upon him. He approached the poor old woman; and one look, one word, was sufficient to assure Mary of the relationship between the parties—to convince her, in short, that the interesting stranger—her perfect gentleman—her exalted hero—her insinuating attendant of the steam-boat—was no other than the widow's 'Johnny' and the precentor!

As in these utilitarian days a story is naught without a moral, we are happy to have it in our power to say, that these incidents formed a memorable lesson to the party chiefly concerned, and we may therefore hope that others may extract from them the like benefit. They taught poor Mary to long less eagerly for romantic adventures, to form acquaintances and attachments with more caution,

and to seek always for better grounds of judgi
appearances. In fact, the young lad—for she i
very young lady—is now in a fair way of beco
good, commonplace sort of a body; and a certain
gentleman, of the most quiet and domestic h
firmly of opinion that she will make an excelle
He means shortly, we believe, to put his opinions
proof; and from what we have observed, we are
impressed with the belief, that Mary will grant
opportunity of witnessing the practical operation
conjugal virtues he conceives her to possess.

NAPOLEON IN HIS COUNCIL OF S

WHILE the military talents and exploits of N
have been amply described, his not less extrao
abilities and triumphs as a legislator have been
touched upon, even by his greatest admirers.
theless, Europe is at this day, and must long con
be, greatly affected by the codes of law which t
of so many fights has left to his own and sever
nations. We propose to remedy the defect of
knowledge on this subject, by presenting a brief
of Napoleon's Council of State, and of his proc
and personal demeanour, as its president. It
rise at the commencement of his life-consulsh
included some of the most eminent men of scien
in France—as Chaptal, Gassendi, Fourcroy, Gay
and Tronchet. When he became Emperor, he a
it the princes of his own family, the grand dig
of the empire, and the ministers of state. It m
a week, in one of the halls of the Tuileries; an
may be an unexpected piece of intelligence to
the public were as freely admitted to it as to th
of law. Cambacérès, the High Chancellor, pre
the absence of the Emperor.

council-chamber was a large room, having a door
of the extremities, communicating with the palace,
was by this that the Emperor always entered.
embers entered by two small doors at the opposite
The walls of the room were embellished with
allegorical paintings, representing Justice, Com-
Industry, &c.; and in the front of the Emperor's
as a painting of the battle of Austerlitz, as if to
that the chief personage of the state held with
irmness the scale of justice and the sword of the
r. The councillors were seated around, according
iority, commencing from the right. At the
ity of the hall, opposite to the Emperor, were
the Masters of Requests, on a set of carpeted
slightly elevated above each other, and running
the room; and behind them sat the auditory, upon
s still more elevated; the Emperor's seat faced
eat entrance. A table, covered with a cloth of
green velvet, and an arm-chair elevated on a
m of four steps, represented the imperial throne.
e platform were also the places for the High
llor and the High Treasurer—the first on the
he second on the left; and right in front of the
or's platform was a small table placed upon the
f the room for M. Locré, the secretary. The
were generally announced for mid-day, but they
commenced before one o'clock; they generally
until six, but frequently till nine, ten, and even
at night. On such occasions, a table, covered
tables and other refreshments, was always brought
e little saloon, that served as an antechamber
council-chamber; thither the members would
to refresh themselves at six o'clock, and the
or would himself set the example, by soaking a
in a glass of Madeira wine. It was seldom, too,
n the close of any of these sittings, he did not
some of the members to dine with him.
en the council had met, the rolling of drums under
cades of the Tuileries was the signal of the

Emperor's approach; then the folding-doors of chamber were thrown open, and his arrival was nounced by a military officer crying 'L'Empereur!'

He was always attended by two aides-de-camp, as many pages, and all present arose on his entra and remained standing, until the Emperor, ha actively ascended the platform, bowed to the r and left, and signed to them to be seated, say 'Now, gentlemen, let us begin.' The order of the was always presented by the High Chancellor; the Emperor having signified the subject with w he wished to commence, the member charged to re upon it gave in his report, and the discussion ope Never was there greater liberty of speech at the Pari tribunes, nor in any legislative assembly, than at t councils of state. Every member might speak w he pleased, and freely give his opinion; there w no written discourses, and every one was expecte speak from the impulse of the moment. This freque gave rise to animated discussions; and in order the members might be freed from all restraints, Emperor generally took no part in the proceedings, leaning back in his chair, hacked his pencil to pi with a penknife, or amused himself with stabbing table-cloth before him. At other times, he would am himself with drawing grotesque figures upon the pa placed on his table. These manual occupations of Emperor were always the signal for the discussion become more and more animated, and each spea then gave full way to his feelings. All of a sud however, Napoleon would put an end to the wo warfare, by rising and saying 'Enough!' He wo then give a clear, faithful, comprehensive, and con summary of the whole proceedings, and put the ques at once to the vote. When it happened that the of the majority was at variance with his own opin he never resisted it, but would say: 'Well, I n endeavour to persuade myself that I am in the wro *After these sittings*, the more juvenile portion of

auditory generally had a scramble for the bits of paper upon which the Emperor had been scribbling.

Frequently, when the Emperor saw that a proposition which he had submitted to the council did not meet the reception he wished, there was a sort of impatience manifested in all his movements. Unable to remain still in his elbow-chair, he endeavoured, by a thousand innocent distractions, to divert from its object the curiosity which invariably attached itself to him. In these cases, so soon as he saw the eye of one of the members fixed on him, he would hold out his arm, and agitate his thumb and forefinger, to indicate that he wished for a pinch of snuff. The person addressed would of course pass his snuff-box to him with the usual rapidity with which an emperor's wants are satisfied. Napoleon would take a pinch, and then turn the box round and round in his hands, throwing about the snuff which it contained: in his abstracted mood, he always concluded by putting the box into his pocket. So many as four snuff-boxes have in this manner disappeared during a single sitting; and it was only after going out of the council-chamber that he would become sensible of his inadvertency. The snuff-boxes always returned to their owners, and in doing so, would sometimes undergo a very agreeable metamorphosis. On coming out from the imperial pocket, a wooden or tortoise-shell box was usually converted into one of gold set round with diamonds, or into one of the same material, having the Emperor's miniature upon the lid.

Notwithstanding this munificence, some of the council, whose snuff-boxes—from being either family-pieces, or presents from foreign princes—were considered to be particularly valuable, by themselves and families, hit upon the plan of carrying *papier-maché* or wooden boxes, such as are exposed in the shops for twenty-five sous, or about one shilling sterling. The Emperor pocketed these all the same; and one day on going out from the chamber, where he had experienced more than ordinary contrariety of opinion, he attempted to put his

handkerchief into his pocket, and continued to
with it, until he entered the Empress's apartment,
it tumbled on the ground. Josephine picked it u
remarking: 'How clumsy you have become, my d
permit me to replace your handkerchief.' She att
to force it into the Emperor's pocket, and in d
discovered that the same was crammed with snuff
'What have you got here?' cried she in astonis
pulling out six large snuff-boxes, one after the
'do you intend to deal in these articles?'

Napoleon explained the matter to his wif
laughed heartily at her husband's absence of
and next day six golden snuff-boxes, by her own
replaced the six paper ones which he had unwi
purloined.

Napoleon did not seek to *shine* by the round
his periods, the choice of his expressions, or the la
style of his perorations. He spoke without prepa
without embarrassment, and without affectation
addresses were never inferior to those of any m
of the council, and he often surpassed the mos
among them in the facility with which he seize
untied the knot of an argument, in the justice
conceptions, and in the strength of his reasoning.
he was invariably *superior* to them in the turn
phrases, and in the wit and delicacy of his reparte

One day that Cambacérès endeavoured to give
to his opinion by citing that of the Abbé Sièyes, Na
contented himself with replying by a negative
of the head; on which the High Chancellor
'And yet, sire, Sièyes possesses great *depth*.'

'Depth! depth!' exclaimed the Emperor; '
ness you mean. That man is as hollow as a dru
has made as much noise in the world with as
cause.'

General Gassendi, who was charged with the d
of artillery at the War-office, one day fortifyi
opinions with reasons drawn from the doctrines
Economists, Napoleon, who was very fond of this cou

of state, but detested the Economists, interrupted him, by exclaiming with impatience: 'But, my dear fellow, who made you so very well acquainted with these subjects? Where did you pick up such principles?'

The general, who was not in the habit of speaking, made the best of the matter by saying: 'Sire, it was from yourself that I learned them.'

'Cent mille de cannons!'—his usual and favourite exclamation—cried the Emperor with animation; 'what nonsense you talk! Such principles from me! who have always maintained, that if there existed a monarchy of granite, the vagaries of your Economists would of themselves suffice to reduce it to powder! Come, come, my dear Gassendi!—you have been sleeping at your post, and have dreamed all this.'

Gassendi, by nature passionate, replied sharply: 'Sleep, indeed!—sleep at my post! I defy a marmot to sleep where you are. The turmoil that you keep us in is sufficient to banish sleep from the world!—ay, from the eyelids of Morpheus himself!' This *boutade* excited a general laugh, in which the Emperor joined heartily.

Napoleon, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, did not like flattery. During the debates on the organisation of the Illyrian provinces, which had but recently been annexed to France, it was proposed in the council to suppress the regiment of Croats. This militia, which had a peculiar organisation, had been created to protect the frontiers from the incursions and brigandages of the Turks, and had always satisfactorily executed its service. 'Are you all mad?' cried the Emperor; 'do you well understand the excellence of the institution—its utility—its importance?'

'Sire,' replied one of the council, 'the Turks would not at present *dare* to recommence their excesses.'

'And wherefore should they not, monsieur?' inquired Napoleon.

'Because your majesty has become their neighbour,' returned the councillor.

'Well, Mr Wiseacre, and what has that to do with it?' said the Emperor.

'Why, sire,' stammered the councillor: 'it is—that they have too much *respect* for your majesty's august person to dare to'——

'Indeed!' interrupted the Emperor, at the same time mimicking the speaker: '"Sire! your majesty!—my august person!"—Sarpelote! Monsieur, carry to the Turks "your majesties" and "august persons," and you will see what a pretty reception of musketry they will give you! You would have to tell us another tale, I think, if ever you came back!' The regiment of Croats was continued in their service.

Many of the *improvisations* of Napoleon in his council of state have been partially preserved; the following are a few fragments:—

One day, speaking of political rights being accorded to foreigners of French extraction, the Emperor said: 'The proudest title which any man can possess, is that of being a Frenchman by birth. It is a title devolving from Heaven, and which no person on earth should have it in his power to take away! For my own part, I wish that a Frenchman by extraction, were it even to the tenth generation, should be admitted to be a Frenchman the instant that he claimed the right; and that, were he to present himself even on the other side of the Rhine, and say: "I am a Frenchman!" his voice should be stronger than even the law itself: that the barriers should fall down before him; and that he should enter with triumph into the bosom of his mother-country! I will, with God's help, ere I have finished my work, have it so, that a Frenchman travelling throughout Europe shall find himself everywhere at home!'

One of the most ardent of Napoleon's improvisations, was that which he made on the project for organising into three bands the whole of the National Guard, by which project we may now see to how high a pitch he had carried his foresight. This project was presented to *the council* at least a year before the Russian expedition.

The first band, composed of unmarried young men was, in case of invasion, to march upon the frontier; the second, consisting of married men, was not to go beyond the department in which they resided; the third, consisting of elderly men, was to defend the head-quarters of the government. By this vast organisation, more than 2,000,000 of men would have been armed, classed, and regimented, and France thereby rendered impregnable!

Malouet spoke against this project, and declared that, if the measure were adopted, every one would take the alarm, fearing that, under pretext of defending the interior, he might be marched into foreign countries. 'Gentlemen,' cried the Emperor, 'you are most of you fathers of families, enjoying independence, and exercising important offices. You must, therefore, be possessed of a certain degree of popularity, and have, so to express it, a certain number of clients; you must, therefore, be either very clumsy or very lukewarm, if, with such advantages, you do not exercise a great influence over public opinion. Now, how comes it that you, who all know me so well, should suffer me to be so little known to the public at large? And when, let me ask you, have you known me resort to trickery and fraud in order to carry on my government? Am I a timid man? Do I resort to indirect measures? If I have a fault, it is certainly that of sometimes explaining myself too roundly, or perhaps too laconically. I give my orders generally, trusting their form and details to my ministers and officers who execute them; and God knows whether I have much reason to be satisfied with their mode of fulfilling them! But let that pass: I do not mean, here, to censure anybody. If, then, I had need of men, I would boldly demand them of the senate, who would give them to me; and if I did not obtain them from the senate, I would address myself in person to the people; and,' continued he, drawing himself up into a proud attitude, 'you would soon see how the people would join me, and arrange themselves under my victorious eagles! The people, mark you, gentlemen, recognise

me alone. It is by me that they enjoy, without apprehension, what they have acquired; it is by me that they see their brothers and sons impartially promoted, decorated, and enriched; it is by me that they see themselves profitably employed, and their labours rewarded. They always find me free from injustice and partiality; this they see, feel, and hear, and they need go no further than the evidence of their senses. Be assured, then, that the people will always agree with whatever we shall ordain for their good. Support, then, with me, gentlemen, the institution of bands of the National Guard; and let each citizen know by your own example what is the post which he will have to occupy and defend in time of danger: let Cambacérès and Count Merlin there, who are chattering without listening to me, and Tronchet, who has not come to the meeting of this day —I say, let these personages put themselves in a condition to take a musket into their hands, and mount guard at the doors of their hotels. We shall then have a nation so cemented, strengthened, and united, as proudly to set at defiance the ravages of time and the hatred of mankind!'

This great project was brought before the council at least twenty times, and notwithstanding these emphatic words of the Emperor, it at length ended by being laid totally aside. Had it been adopted, Frenchmen in all probability would not have had to deplore the disaster on the plains of Waterloo.

It has frequently been a matter of speculation, both in France and other countries, how it was that Napoleon, bred to arms from his boyhood, and pursuing the profession of a soldier up to the last moment of his political existence, could ever have imbibed principles of legislation, or found time to reflect, philosophise, and refine upon them. This question might easily be solved by merely referring to the universality of his genius, his natural love of justice, and his well-known benevolence; but there was a starting-point from which it appears *may be dated* the commencement of his career as a

an and legislator; and we shall conclude the
t article by a relation of the very singular circum-
which gave rise to the determination in the
of a young soldier to improve the social condition
French nation.

evening, whilst conversing very freely and ener-
ly at his own table, in the Tuileries, on the subject
-making, he astonished his auditory by his very
te acquaintance with the several codes of laws
have prevailed in civilised countries, in ancient
odern times. At length, Cambacérès, the High
llor, exclaimed: 'I cannot conceive, sire, how
ossible for a person so occupied as your majesty
en, all your life, with warlike affairs—living, as
e, in a camp, from your youth until the present
and gorged almost to suffocation and repletion
ire, smoke, and military glory—could have found
r inclination to read and reflect on subjects which
occupy the whole lives of the wisest men
st us.'

! bah!' exclaimed the Emperor; 'whole lives
! What more is necessary than to resolve to do
impartially to all alike, and, where the law happens
eficient, or not sufficiently explicit, to call in common
to your aid? As to privileges, local and personal
tions, prerogatives, and the like, *they* are easily
d or legislated upon, by the knowledge which
man of education has of the constitutions of his
y, and the temper of his countrymen. My own
a has always been, to do the greatest possible
to the greatest number—namely, the people; who
dly have the best right to the possession of the soil
as well as to that of everything which it produces;
lepend upon it, that government must be radically
which is not the organ of the will of the nation
ge. With the help of Heaven, whilst I live, I will
ropose, nor suffer to be passed, any law which does
nsure the interests and speak the wishes of the
French nation.'

'I allude not,' returned Cambacérès, abashed b
energetic manner of the Emperor's reply, 'to the
nistration of your majesty's government, nor to
majesty's transcendent abilities in framing new
or amending old ones; but that which has often e
the surprise of other members of the council, as v
myself, is the frequent reference made by your m
—even so early as at the commencement of the Con
—to the Justinian and other codes, long since ex
or fallen into desuetude'——

'Fallen into desuetude!' interrupted Napoleon;
ploded! No such thing, my friend: the princip
justice are eternal and immutable. Man is the
now as he was five thousand years ago: he ha
same wants, the same follies, and the same vices
sequently, civilisation presents him with the same l
all ages; and it depends on the introducers or legis
only, whether such laws shall be modified or ad
to existing circumstances. But, apropos of Just
You are, perhaps, not aware how I became acqu
with him; it is a singular anecdote in my life, and
now relate it to you.

'Whilst I was serving in Switzerland as a sou
tenant, it seems that—though a very quiet and
young man, attending to my military duties only,
I performed punctiliously, according to the most
rules of discipline—I fell under the suspicion c
government of the canton wherein I was quarter
one disaffected to liberalism and popular princ
Mark me! at the time, I was essentially in spir
in heart a republican. That, however, was of no
for to be suspected or denounced, was almost
condemned. Well, I was arrested, my sword taker
me, and I was confined, under a guard, in one c
back-rooms of an old château. Here I rem
altogether seven days; when my busy adversaries
unable to substantiate their suspicions, I was lib
without any charge being brought against me, my
restored, and I attended my military duties as

ents called me to more active service. During
evening of my confinement in the old château,
ntirely alone, and without the least object to
ne or occupy my attention, I took a minute
of my dreary apartment, which I found to be
ed all over with dark-coloured oak. The tales
ard in my youth of haunted towers and enchanted
rose in my mind, as I successively viewed the
anels of my prison. I examined them one by
l in a corner, next to the solitary window of the
nt, I found one which turned out to be a kind
cupboard: being unfastened, I opened it; but
t to be, as I thought, empty, I dashed to the
l resumed my march up and down my solitary
, musing on my hard fate.
ning to the same spot in about half an hour after-
again opened the cupboard, and from mere
ss, took another, but a more minute survey
most recesses. An old book, which lay concealed
corner of the upper shelf, caught my eye. I
removed this book from its hiding-place; and
g it to the window, found it to be the *Institutes*
nian! I sat down to peruse it; and in a short
ound myself so much interested in its contents,
ontinued my readings from day to day during
e time of my imprisonment. It was thus that
e acquainted with the Justinian code of Roman
d, independently of the ennui from which the
elf relieved me, I date from this my arrest and
ment, whatever knowledge I possess of the
ntal principles of legislation. Nay, to this lucky
will France owe the possession of the code
e are all now engaged in compiling.'

THE PRISONER OF THE GRAYFRIARS.

In the south-west corner of the Grayfriars Church-yard, Edinburgh, there is a recess or walled-in space of considerable extent, stretching behind the Poor's-house, and usually styled the *inner* church-yard of the Grayfriars. Formerly, this place was more open than it now is, vaults and other burying enclosures having of late years been formed along the walls in gradually increasing numbers, so as to leave now only a comparatively narrow stripe of unoccupied ground between. Even to those who are perfectly acquainted with the existence of this place, which is shut in by a grated iron gate, it is not generally known that here took place one of the most remarkable scenes of a most remarkable period of our history. To this subject we advert at present, chiefly on account of a romantic incident in the history of two persons who were connected with the affairs of which this place was the scene, and which incident forms part of the following narrative.

After the unfortunate battle of Bothwell Bridge, great cruelties, it is well known, were practised towards the Covenanters who had taken part in that engagement. About 1200 or 1300 men, who had been made prisoners on the field, were carried from the place of action to Edinburgh, by way of Linlithgow. These unhappy persons were nearly in a state of nakedness, for, when captured, they had not only been stripped of their arms, but for the most part of their clothes also. As they travelled along, only a few women durst appear to offer them provisions, of which they stood much in need; and even when this was done, the humane act was generally rendered vain by the soldiers, who broke the vessels in which the meat and drink were brought, and abused those who carried them. If any men came forward on *a like errand of* charity, they were taken prisoners, and

sent along to share the fate of those they would have relieved. Some persons, however, shewed anything but a disposition to pity the prisoners. On reaching Corstorphine, the latter were met by great crowds from Edinburgh, some of whom cried out mockingly: 'Where is your God? Take him up now! And where is Mr Welsh, who said you should win the day?' Under sufferings and reproaches of this nature, the prisoners, generally speaking, preserved a patient and trustful serenity.

The 24th of June, the second day after the engagement, was the period of their arrival in Edinburgh. The Council of State, which then regulated the affairs of Scotland, issued an order to the magistrates of the city, directing them to receive the prisoners taken at the late fight from the commanding officer, and recommending them to their custody; 'and that for that end they shall put them into the *inner Grayfriars Church-yard*, with convenient guards to wait upon them, who are to have at least twenty-four sentries in the night-time, and eight in the day-time; of which sentries the officers shall keep a particular list, that if any of the prisoners escape, the sentries may assure themselves to *cast the dice*, and answer body for body for the fugitives, without any exception; and the officers are to answer for the sentries, and the town of Edinburgh for the officers. And if any of the prisoners escape, the Council will require a particular account, and make them answerable for them.' In pursuance of this Order of Council, the whole of the prisoners, with the exception of a few who were taken to the Tolbooth, were lodged in the enclosure mentioned. As 200 persons were afterwards added to the numbers originally captured on the field, it is probable that above 1200 persons were at first lodged in that enclosure. They were sadly crowded together, and had no covering to shield them from the atmosphere—from the noon-day heat of a June sun, or from the chilling dews of night. Their bodies had no protection from the cold ground, on which they were made to lie all night as if they had

been bound down to it with cords or chains; for ' of them,' says Wodrow, 'had raised their head night-time, to ease their position a little, the soldiers were sure to shoot at them.' All the all of food which was made to these unfortunate p consisted of a four-ounce loaf of coarse bread to them daily, with a quantity of ale to be dist equally among them. This allowance was orde the Duke of Monmouth, who had commanded the forces at Bothwell Bridge, but after his departur Edinburgh, the bread was often given to them in d quantities, and the ale seldom given at all.

In some respects the condition of these poor pr was amended in the course of time, and in other their situation appeared to grow worse. The inha of Edinburgh were forbidden to approach the pri 'save such persons as came with meat and drink, were to be delivered at the gate, to be distributed ' by persons appointed for that purpose.' The sl humanity presented by this permission was in a m rendered unreal and ineffective by the conduct soldiers on guard. The friends of the captives, and of the people of Edinburgh who were entire str to the imprisoned band, were charitably active in b meat, drink, money, and other necessaries to the friars; 'but so ill-natured,' says Wodrow, 'we soldiers at the gate, that sometimes they would not the women—for no men were suffered to get into t to enter, but would have obliged them to stand entry from morning till night, without getting a so that some of the prisoners would have been far had it not been for the daily allowance,' inconsid as it was. Moreover, 'when sleeping in the many of them were robbed of any little money friends sent them; yea, their very shoes and ' were stolen away from such of them who had be couches brought in to them by well-disposed p The soldiers, besides, maltreated and abused the pri *on the most* frivolous occasions, and when the ca

were moved to resistance, the guard got them punished as inclined to mutiny.

Ere one or two months passed away, the greater number of the persons subjected to these privations and sufferings had procured their liberation by signing a bond not to appear in arms again against the king and his government. About 400 of the prisoners, however, refused to sign this bond, and remained in the Grayfriars enclosure for nearly *five months*, exposed to winds, rains, heat, and cold, for the whole of this time, with the exception of a few weeks at the close of their confinement, when 'some huts made of deals were set up for them, which was mightily boasted of as a great favour.' Among that 400 there was one young man, named Paterson, who came from a place far distant in the west country. None of his friends or acquaintances were in Edinburgh, and, therefore, while the most of his companions in misfortune were enjoying such little comforts as the guard permitted friends and relatives to bring to them, Paterson might have suffered the general hardships and privations of the body in their severest form, had it not been for the extraordinary interest excited for him in the breast of a stranger. From the first imprisonment of the band, a young woman was in the habit of paying a daily visit to the gate, bringing with her a greater or lesser quantity of food of a good though humble kind. It was not long till she perceived that, while others received special attentions, Paterson only shared in such as were of a general kind. His youth and ingenuous looks moved the young damsel's pity, and she bestowed on him, once and again, the contents of her little basket, until the practice became regular and constant. Paterson began to look forward to the time of her daily coming with an anxiety greater than the mere expectation of the necessaries she usually brought could have excited, and, on the other hand, the daily visit to the Grayfriars became the hinge on which all the thoughts of Elizabeth Halliday turned. *In short*, a strong attachment sprang

up between the pair. Elizabeth, whose parents, althou unconnected with the late outbreak, held sentimer favourable to the Covenanters, admired Paterson f the calm constancy with which, young as he was, refused to gain his freedom by signing a declarati which he could not conscientiously approve of. Eve day, the pair were enabled to hold a brief conversati together, and every day saw their attachment w stronger, as they grew better acquainted with ea other's sentiments and disposition. But the state their mutual affections was in a measure unknown themselves, for the condition of Paterson was too pi carious to permit them to make love the theme of th discourse. The recusant prisoners were so placed th they might be led forth every day to the scaffold, expiate there the crime of seeking religious freedom.

Things were in this condition with Paterson and t kind and comely maiden who ministered to his wan when the fate of the prisoners of the Grayfriars w determined. Before the conclusion of the five monti their numbers had dwindled away to less than 3(some having had effectual interest made for them their friends, others having escaped by climbing ov the walls of the church-yard at the hazard of their liv and others having got out by dressing themselves the night-time in women's clothes. Of the recusa who remained, fifteen, thought to be ringleaders amo the body, were taken before the Council, and charg with a capital indictment on account of their refu to sign the bond already mentioned. By the p suasions of Presbyterian clergymen and friends, thirte of these persons subscribed the bond. Two refu to do so, and one at least of these two was execut in consequence. Some time afterwards, the Coun wearied of the business, passed an act banishing the remainder of the Grayfriars prisoners to Barbado In order to effect this transportation, the Coun *requested* a frigate from the king; but a merchant *Edinburgh* *ultimately* undertook the transportation

the prisoners, in consequence of an arrangement entered into with him by the government.

No notice was given to the poor captives of this approaching change in their destiny, and therefore they had no opportunity allowed to them of taking leave of their friends. On the morning of the 15th of November, at an early hour, 257 prisoners were taken out of the Grayfriars, and carried down under a guard to Leith, where they were put on board the ship that had been provided. 'The barbarity exercised upon them in the ship,' says Wodrow, 'cannot be expressed. They were stowed under deck in so little room, that the most part of them behoved still to stand, to give room to such who were sickly, and seemingly a-dying; they were pinned so close, they almost never got themselves moved, and were almost stifled for want of air. Two hundred and fifty-seven of them being pent up in the room which could scarce have contained 100, many of them frequently fainted, being almost suffocated.' By the statements contained in a letter written by one of them during the twelve days that they passed in Leith Roads, it appears that all their sufferings since the day of Bothwell were not to be compared to the torment of one day in their present circumstances. The inhumanity of the sailors seems, indeed, to have been singular. Of 14,000 merks collected for the general behoof of the prisoners, in Edinburgh and elsewhere, very little was suffered to reach them by the captain and seamen; and not only did the same parties hinder the friends of the captives from seeing them, or ministering to their necessities, but they also stinted the band in the bread they ought to have had, and allowed them little or no drink, though the captain was bound to furnish both plentifully. Add to this, that, when taken from the Grayfriars enclosure, a number of them had been afflicted with severe maladies, the result of their long exposure to the open air; and it may well be supposed that their situation was the extreme of wretchedness. Paterson, who was one of the parties thus *misused*, being young and vigorous,

perhaps suffered less than most of his companions from these multiplied evils.

Upon the 27th of November, the vessel set sail from Leith Roads for Barbadoes, or the *plantations*, as the regions on the other side of the Atlantic were termed in those days. The passage was from the very outset stormy, and on the 10th of December the voyagers found themselves off the coast of Orkney, in as dangerous a part of the deep as any in the known world. The vessel was driven close upon the shore, where it was anchored. At this time, it would have been possible for all parties to have been put ashore; and the prisoners fearing what afterwards did really occur, entreated to be landed, offering to go peaceably to any prison which might be appointed for them; but the request was so far from being acceded to, that the captain, on its being preferred to him, caused all the hatches, under which the prisoners were, to be *chained and locked*. The consequences of this inhuman act were most lamentable. About ten at night, a violent tempest came on, which forced the ship from its moorings, and drove it upon a rock. The vessel was split in two by the concussion. The seamen quickly got down the mast, and laying it between the broken ship and the rock, were able to reach the shore; yet such was their cruelty, that, heedless of the cries of the unfortunate prisoners, the captain and his men would not open the hatches to give those confined a chance for their lives, which might thereby in all likelihood have been saved. By the dashing of the waves, however, the ship was not long in going to pieces, when the prisoners were left to struggle in the midst of the raging waters, during the darkness of a December night. By seizing planks and other articles, a number of them got on shore, and saved themselves, in spite of the seamen, who carried their cruelty so far as to strike them, and endeavour to throw them again off the rocks. But by far the greater number of the prisoners perished in the sea. Only about 50 *it is recorded*, of the whole 250, escaped with their

lives. It is a remarkable proof of the trifling value set upon the lives of these ill-fated men, that no inquiry was ever made into this sad affair, though the circumstances now related were perfectly well known, and believed in every particular by the whole country.

Young Paterson was one of those who escaped drowning. After the shipwreck, the party of Covenanters who had got ashore spread themselves in all directions. Paterson and a few companions made their way to Stromness, where they sought a passage to the continent, and, after a time, were successful in procuring one. Their destination was the Hague, where their religious sufferings obtained for them temporary employment in the service of the Orange family.

When Elizabeth Halliday visited the Grayfriars Churchyard on the day which had seen the departure of the prisoners for Leith, the shock which the news of that event gave her, did much to open her simple mind to the true state of her feelings respecting the departed prisoner. As she reflected within herself how improbable it was that she should ever again see or even hear of Paterson, a cloud seemed to her to have fallen on the whole face of nature. She walked repeatedly to the shore during the twelve days of the ship's stay in Leith Roads, and poured forth aspirations for the safety of the vessel and its crew. She made no attempt to see Paterson before his departure, and, indeed, the endeavour would have been hopeless. But Paterson, whose sentiments were in every respect the counterpart of her own, found an opportunity, on his part, to send one word of remembrance—bidding her 'not forget one who would never forget her and all that she had done for him.' The scrap of paper on which these hasty characters were marked, was preserved by Elizabeth as the most precious of possessions. After the ship had sailed, and the news arrived of its wreck on the Orkney coast, hope and fear contended powerfully in the maiden's breast. But she was young, and the former feeling prevailed. Nay, it may even be believed that the prospect of seeing

Paterson again was not lessened by the occurrence of the shipwreck, since, if he had, as she trusted, escaped, his residence would most probably be fixed in some region less distant than the shores beyond the Atlantic.

More than three years, however, passed away ere one single word, either of a favourable or unfavourable import, came to Elizabeth Halliday's ears respecting the prisoner of the Grayfriars. At the end of that time she received a letter, in which he wrote that 'he was on his way to Scotland, his friends having procured indemnity for him upon easier terms than that of signing the bond. His object,' he stated, 'in writing her was to inform her of the intention he had for years entertained of offering her his hand. If she was not now in a condition to accept it, a word, a look, on their meeting, would tell him so, and would save a more lengthened or painful explanation.' This letter excited emotions of no unpleasing nature in Elizabeth's mind. When the writer of it, some time afterwards, entered the door of her father's humble dwelling, and advanced to her with a look of anxious inquiry, Elizabeth first changed colour and looked downwards, but in the next instant, banishing all false reserve, she threw herself into his extended arms, and hid her joy and her blushes on his shoulder. There was a happy family by the side of that humble hearth on the evening of the day which witnessed this reunion.

When Paterson and Elizabeth were married, they, by the assistance of friends, were enabled to commence a business which maintained them and the family which was born to them, in comfort through their lives. From one of their descendants, we have heard this account of the manner in which his ancestors of this generation became acquainted. The story we have told is therefore to be looked upon as true, though, on account of its interesting character, we have entered more fully into the general history connected with it, than was absolutely required to elucidate the story of the Prisoner of the *Grayfriars*.

FERINGS OF GUADELUPE VICTORIA.

LUPE VICTORIA was one of the most distinguished leaders in the first Mexican Revolution. At the f a band of co-patriots, he performed, in 1815, exploits not less remarkable for daring and than those related respecting Wallace and other of that class. At length, in 1816, the superior 's of the Spanish forces, under Miyares and a, overpowered the patriots of Mexico, and the h of Victoria became much reduced. To pursue resting narrative presented in Mr Ward's Mexico 7: 'Notwithstanding the desperate efforts of 's men, their courage was of no avail against perior discipline and arms of their adversaries. course of the year 1816, most of the old soldiers ose by whom he replaced them, had neither the thusiasm nor the same attachment to his person. al with which the inhabitants engaged in the f the revolution was worn out; with each reverse iscouragement increased; and as the disastrous s from the interior left them but little hopes of g the contest to a favourable issue, the villages to furnish any further supplies, the last remnant oria's followers deserted him, and he was left ely alone. Still his courage was unsubdued, and lution not to yield, on any terms, to the Spaniards, en. He refused the rank and rewards which a proffered as the price of his submission, and ined to seek an asylum in the solitude of the rather than accept the *indullo*, on the faith of o many of the insurgents yielded up their arms. xtraordinary project was carried into execution decision highly characteristic of the man. Unac- ied by a single attendant, and provided only with linen and *a sword*, Victoria threw himself into

the mountainous district which occupies so large a portion of the province of Vera Cruz, and disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen. His after-history is so extremely wild, that I should hardly venture to relate it here, did not the unanimous evidence of his countrymen confirm the story of his sufferings, as I have often heard it from his own mouth. During the first two weeks, Victoria was supplied with provisions by the Indians, who all knew and respected his name; but Apodaca was so apprehensive that he would again emerge from his retreat, that 1000 men were ordered out, in small detachments, literally to hunt him down. Wherever it was discovered that a village had either received him or relieved his wants, it was burnt without mercy; and this rigour struck the Indians with such terror, that they either fled at the sight of Victoria, or were the first to denounce the approach of a man whose presence might prove so fatal to them. For upwards of six months he was followed like a wild beast by his pursuers, who were often so near him, that he could hear their imprecations against himself, and Apodaca too for having condemned them to so fruitless a search. On one occasion he escaped a detachment, which he fell in with unexpectedly, by swimming a river which they were unable to cross: and on several others he concealed himself, when in the immediate vicinity of the royal troops, beneath the thick shrubs and creepers with which the woods of Vera Cruz abound. At last, a story was made up, to satisfy the viceroy, of a body having been found, which had been recognised as that of Victoria. A minute description was given of his person, which was inserted officially in the Gazette of Mexico, and the troops were recalled to more pressing labours in the interior.

'But Victoria's trials did not cease with the pursuit; harassed and worn out by the fatigues which he had undergone, his clothes torn to pieces, and his body lacerated by the thorny underwood of the tropics, he was *indeed allowed* a little tranquillity; but his sufferings

were still almost incredible: during the summer, he managed to subsist upon the fruits of which nature is so lavish in those climates; but in winter he was attenuated by hunger; and I have heard him repeatedly affirm, that no repast has afforded him so much pleasure since, as he experienced, after being long deprived of food, in gnawing the bones of horses or other animals that he happened to find dead in the woods. By degrees, he accustomed himself to such abstinence that he could remain four, and even five days, without tasting anything but water, without experiencing any serious inconvenience; but whenever he was deprived of sustenance for a longer period, his sufferings were very acute. For thirty months he never tasted bread, nor saw a human being, nor thought, at times, ever to see one again. His clothes were reduced to a single wrapper of cotton, which he found one day, when, driven by hunger, he had approached nearer than usual to some Indian huts, and this he regarded as an inestimable treasure. The mode in which Victoria—cut off as he was from all communication with the world—received intelligence of the revolution of 1821, is hardly less extraordinary than the fact of his having been able to support existence amidst so many hardships during the intervening period. When, in 1818, he was abandoned by all the rest of his men, he was asked by two Indians, who lingered with him to the last, and on whose fidelity he knew that he could rely, if any change should take place, where he wished them to look for him? He pointed, in reply, to a mountain at some distance, and told them that, on that mountain, perhaps, they might find his bones. His only reason for selecting it, was its being particularly rugged and inaccessible, and surrounded by forests of a vast extent.

'The Indians treasured up this hint, and as soon as the first news of Iturbide's declaration reached them, they set out in quest of Victoria; they separated on arriving at the foot of the mountain, and employed six whole weeks in examining the woods with which it was covered;

during this time they lived principally by the chas finding their stock of maize exhausted, and all efforts unavailing, they were about to give up the att when one of them discovered, in crossing a ravine, Victoria occasionally frequented, the print of a which he immediately recognised to be that of a Euro By European, I mean European descent, and consequ accustomed to wear shoes, which always give a diffe of shape to the foot, very perceptible to the eye native. The Indian waited two days upon the but seeing nothing of Victoria, and finding his st of provisions completely at an end, he suspended a tree near the place, four tortillas, or little maize-c which were all he had left, and set out for his vi in order to replenish his wallets, hoping that if Vic should pass in the meantime, the tortillas would at his attention, and convince him that some friend in search of him. His little plan succeeded comple Victoria, on crossing the ravine two days afterw perceived the maize-cakes, which the birds had, tunately, not devoured. He had then been four days without eating, and upwards of two years wi tasting bread; and he says himself, that he devc the tortillas before the cravings of his appetite allow him to reflect upon the singularity of finding on this solitary spot, where he had never before any trace of a human being. He was at a lo determine whether they had been left there by a f or a foe; but feeling sure that whoever had left intended to return, he concealed himself near the in order to observe his motions, and to take his measures accordingly. Within a short time, the In returned; Victoria instantly recognised him, and abr started from his concealment, in order to welcom faithful follower; but the man, terrified at seei phantom, covered with hair, emaciated, and clothed with an old cotton-wrapper, advancing upon him a sword in his hand from among the bushes, toc *flight;* and it was only on hearing himself repea

led by his name, that he recovered his composure
fficiently to recognise his old general. He was affected
yond measure at the state in which he found him, and
nducted him instantly to his village, where Victoria
s received with the greatest enthusiasm. The report
his reappearance spread like lightning through the
vince, where it was not credited at first, so firmly
s every one convinced of his death; but it was soon
own that Guadelupe Victoria was indeed in existence,
l all the old insurgents rallied around him. In an
redibly short time he induced the whole province,
h the exception of the fortified towns, to declare for
lependence, and then set out to join Iturbide, who
s at that time preparing for the siege of Mexico. He
s received with great apparent cordiality; but his
lependent spirit was too little in unison with Iturbide's
ject for this good understanding to continue long.
ctoria had fought for a liberal form of government,
d not merely for a change of masters; and Iturbide,
able to gain him over, drove him again into the
ods during his short-lived reign, from whence he only
urned to give the signal for a general rising against
too ambitious emperor.'

THE O. P. RIOTS.

HE famous riots which took place in Covent-Garden
eatre in 1809, for the prevention of a rise of the prices
admission to that place of amusement, form a not
important chapter in the domestic history of England.
e object of the contest, and the vigour and pertinacity
h which it was conducted, spoke strongly of the
tional character. The English are a people—we speak
foreigners, and therefore without prepossession—who
l endure nothing that seems unfair or overexacting.
resisting such things, they regard not the trifle which

may be the subject of dispute; the principle alone s
them, and for that they will fight to their last breath
the case in question, they battled a matter of sixp
with a perseverance far beyond what to other m
would appear rational; yet it was exactly the
perseverance which made them fight out a twenty
war, and which reconciles almost every individual i
country, below a certain grade, to spend his life in
narrow course of mercantile pursuit, while others
their ease, and allow their national and individual
pendence to slip from beneath their feet. Regardin
O. P. Riots in this light, and aware that most of the pr
generation know them only by name, we have cause
following account of them to be drawn up, with al
care and pains, from the large and now rare vo
published at the time under the name of the *C*
Garden Journal.

On the evening of the 19th of September 180
play of *Pizarro* was performed in the old theat
Covent-Garden, and a number of shots were fire
the stage, as required by the business of the piece.
wadding from one of the guns, according to the
rational conjecture on the subject, chanced to
unobserved in some part of the scenery, and the unh
result was the destruction of the whole building, as
as several adjacent houses, by fire. The pro
destroyed, as far as the theatre itself was conce
amounted to about L.100,000, and of this the su
L.70,000 only, it was understood, was recovered
insurances.

On the 31st of December following, the founds
stone of a new theatre was laid on the same site b
Prince of Wales, as grand-master of the masonic o
and in the short space of ten months a superb edifice
completed, at the cost of L.150,000. Such, at least,
the statement of the proprietors when they announce
opening of the New Covent-Garden theatre for the
of September 1809. The same advertisement infor
the public, that, in place of the old rates of 6s. for

ses, and 3s. 6d. for the pit, the prices in future were be respectively 7s. and 4s. The box half-price was) raised from 3s. to 3s. 6d. The pit half-price was to ain as formerly at 2s.; and the galleries, first and ond, at 2s. and 1s., as before. The announcement of s proposed increase of charges created a most extra- linary sensation in the mind of the playgoing public, ich was not diminished by other innovations on the rt of the managers and proprietors. One entire tier of xes, the third of the four forming each side of the theatre, s alienated from public occupancy, being set apart as *ivate boxes*, to be sold or rented annually; and to each these private boxes was attached a small room or te-chamber. These apartments the public regarded as stined for the vilest uses. As some further explanation the causes of this excitement, it may be premised, that e public in general conceived, and not without grounds, at the theatrical proprietors would be in reality *gainers* the fire, and also that the increase of prices would ver have been proposed, had not Drury-Lane theatre en shut at the time, and no rival in the field to danger the Covent-Garden monopoly. The engage- ent for the season of the Italian singer, Catalani, was nother circumstance which met with the most marked approbation.

On the evening of the 18th of September, the new eatre was crowded to suffocation. The play was *acbeth*, the principal part being sustained by Mr John hilip Kemble, on whom, as the manager of the theatre, d one of the largest shareholders, the burden of public nsure chiefly fell, whether deservedly or not, in the ourse of this remarkable contest. Before the curtain rew up, the stormy condition of the feelings of the dience was sufficiently evinced by their peremptory ode of demanding the *King's Anthem*. The musicians erformed it; but this was not satisfactory, and the dience compelled the whole vocal corps of the estab- shment to come forward and sing both *God save the ing* and *Rule Britannia*, in which the whole house joined

with deafening effect. Soon after, in the cost
Macbeth, Mr Kemble presented himself to sp
address, of which not one word was heard an
volleys of hissing, hooting, groans, and catcalls,
were poured forth. The play soon after began,
was converted into pantomime, scarcely even a
Mrs Siddons's voice being heard, though that ini
performer was then in the zenith of her powe
audience, however, singled out John Kemble
principal mark, and in the entire second act st
with their backs turned on him. Indeed, during th
play they kept a standing position on the bench
their hats on. For the first time, the symbolic
word of 'Old Prices' (afterwards merged in the e
contraction O. P.), resounded in alarming unison
the building. 'No imposition,' 'No Catalani,' we
general cries. The only part of the play whi
pleasure to the audience, was that in which Mr C. I
as Macduff, killed the representative of Macbeth.
cried: 'Well done: kill him, Charley,' as if they
really have rejoiced in such a catastrophe. A
play, the farce of the *Quaker* was performed—i
show; and the whole entertainments were over
ten o'clock. But the audience did not then rise.
sat still, expecting the appearance of the manage
had some conciliation been attempted at this t
might have been smoothed over. But in p
managers, two or three magistrates appeared, w
Riot Act in their hands. The indignant cries
police in a theatre,' compelled these dignitaries t
from their ill-judged attempt. The managers en
further in bringing forward the fire-engine to th
doors, as if they had intended to clear the house b
of an artificial shower. This was anything but t
oil on the waves of commotion. Finally, a
constables endeavoured to clear the pit and galler
equally without effect. It was not till half-past
that the audience, of their own accord, and after
the King's Anthem, finally left the house clear.

bition the *Times* newspaper observed: 'It was
t to see so much just indignation in the public
we could not help thinking, as Mr Kemble
dons stood on the stage, carrying each L.500
a their backs, that it was to feed this vanity,
n Italian singer, that the public were screwed.'
bes of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth were said
ially cost this sum.
cond night (September 19) the house was not
-price, but, nevertheless, not one syllable of
aments was heard from first to last, from the
noise of catcalls, howling, whistling, and
Papers were thrown on the stage, and
th 'Old Prices,' in large letters, were exalted
, or pinned to the front of the boxes. The
es were over by ten o'clock, but the audience
ned to a late hour, roaring for the managers.
'Get on to the stage' being raised, a posse of
officers appeared on the stage, and its trap-
opened, with the absurd design, seemingly, of
ie necks of the crowd, if they attempted to
At a late hour the audience dispersed. On
night, the same scene was renewed, with
iolence and determination. It seemed to be
ling of a well-disciplined corps, acting under
nd resolute leaders. Trumpets and bugle-
added to the vocal instruments of noise; and
nd farce, *Richard the Third* (the tyrant by
the *Poor Soldier*, were over, in dumb show, by
ie. On this evening, Mr Kemble condescended
a answer to the reiterated calls of the house,
avated the mischief by the unfortunate words:
d gentlemen, I wait to know *what you want.*'
ox, not to speak of the pit, presented immense
th 'Old Prices' on them, this speech was not
nsidered as a piece of 'ridiculous and insulting
' So the house told Mr Kemble, with such a
accompanying indignation, that he found it
to retire. Several gentlemen afterwards

addressed the audience, and Mr Kemble was again called forward, when one gentleman answered his former interrogatory in three words: 'The Old Prices.' Mr Kemble spoke in reply, and pleaded the insecurity of the concern, but made no concession; on seeing which, the audience hooted him into a retreat.

The fourth night presented again a crowded house, and a dumb-show performance. On this night, a new feature in the affair became apparent. The front of the pit, and of many of the boxes, was occupied by a mob of persons, of squalid look and garb, who supported the cause of the managers, and whom the audience set down as hired for the purpose. Cries of 'No hired mob!' resounded from every quarter. Placards were abundant, bearing such inscriptions as 'Britons, be firm!' 'No Catalani!' 'No annual boxes!' 'Be silent; Mr Kemble's head *aitches!*'—a witty allusion to John Philip's new mode of pronouncing the word *aches*. At the conclusion of the performance, several gentlemen addressed the audience in encouraging words, and Mr Kemble again attempted to speak; but as he showed no signs of yielding, he was forced to retire, amid a chorus of catcalls, watchmen's rattles, French horns, &c. On the fifth and sixth nights, the audience proceeded in their course with unabated vigour. Many new placards made their appearance, one of which had some wit in it: 'Here lies the body of NEW PRICE, an ugly child, and base-born, who died of the WHOOPING-COUGH on the 23d of September 1809, aged Six Days.' It lived much longer, however. On the fifth night, Mr Kemble announced that the *engagement of Catalani was relinquished*, and that the governor of the Bank of England, and several other gentlemen of unimpeachable character, had consented to look over the affairs of the theatre, with the view of determining whether the proprietors were justified in making the advance of prices or not; and on the sixth night (23d of September), he *stated that the* theatre would be closed till the committee *had completed* their inquiry, the results of which would be *published.*

On the 4th of October, the theatre re-opened. The public were not one whit appeased, as the report of the committee dealt only in general statements, and seemed, in short, totally unsatisfactory. The play and farce were still in pantomime, and the disturbances began to be more outrageous, in consequence of the undeniable presence of several hundreds of hirelings, chiefly inferior Jews, who were planted in the pit and boxes to intimidate the audience. The pugilists Mendoza, Dutch Sam, and others, were publicly and openly pointed out in their seats at various times. These persons, it seemed to all, never could have come there without consent of the management, and the feelings of the audience were greatly outraged in consequence. Fights, both in the pit and boxes, now became frequent, and continued every night, though the police often were successful in carrying off parties engaged. Every night some one or other was taken into custody. The Jews repeatedly challenged the O. P.'s to fight, but were finally driven out on the thirteenth night, or perhaps their employers saw the folly of continuing the opposition in this shape. By this time the audience never dispersed without a song, the *King's Anthem* being the favourite ; and a final dance was also instituted in the pit, which soon destroyed the green cloth on the benches. Whenever the audience got tired, *God save the King* was their never-failing resource to recruit their spirits. But they often sang it wretchedly out of tune. 'On the seventeenth night,' says a journal of these events, 'a man of taste in the pit took advantage of a stillness—procured with much labour for an orator, whose heart failed him at last—and pitched the song in its proper key, on which he was immediately joined by the whole house standing, and the first verse was really well executed. This done, the audience treated themselves with many rounds of applause, and, in the gaiety of their hearts, ventured upon *Rule Britannia;* but they had tasked themselves too highly, and pitched the song too low. They meant well, however, and applauded themselves accordingly.'

On the eighteenth night, the *Merchant of Venice* was

the play; but whether Cooke, in Shylock, was the that Shakspeare drew,' or any other Jew, it was impo to ascertain; the real performers in the house hissers, groaners, catcallers, trumpeters, &c. On night, *hats* with the letters O. P. stuck on the printed cards, first made their appearance, thoug same letters had appeared already on the waist watch-chains, and other parts of the dresses o audience. An Orpheus in the upper boxes also dre a German flute, and commanded an attentive aud whilst he played the Irish air of *Coolun*. On nineteenth night, the following new placards appear the pit:—A striking likeness of Mr Kemble in pain, superscribed 'Pity my *aitches!*' 'If Captain continues his nightly cruize, he will regain his old and capture the *private-tier*.' 'No hired Jew, or prices The pit on this night was the scene of several con and there was always room enough to form a *rin* their performance. They mostly ended in smoke. the rings, however, might not be formed for no several persons amused themselves by running as f they could down the pit benches, from one end to an After the fall of the curtain, a person having obt silence, stood up in the pit, and said: 'Ladies and g men, I entreat your profound attention'—— He ' no more,' and sat down. Tremendous laughs sign such displays. Often also, when the police mad attack on the boxes, the delinquents escaped by dro into the pit, to the unbounded delight of the many.

From the twentieth to the thirtieth night, the uproar continued with undiminished vigour; while ornaments, hats, waistcoats, and placards, all sporte magic letters in abundance. On the thirtieth nigh O. P.'s thought of the new scheme of leaving the th in procession, which they did accordingly, visitin newspaper offices before they separated, and che those which supported the O. P. cause, while they gr and hooted its opponents. Generally the O. P.'s we *the greatest* good-humour. On the thirty-second

they all joined in expressing a sort of mock indignation at a man who appeared in the garb of a venerable *Jewish Rabbi*. The dress, which was of course assumed for the occasion, added variety to the confusion. He wore a large black beard and slouched hat, and suffered himself to be pushed about the pit, by his companions, without betraying the slightest symptom of displeasure. While he was the object of attack, many exclaimed: 'Turn him out—a Jew, a Jew!' The sham Israelite continued the deception until he was quite exhausted, when his many roaring followers allowed him to sit down and recover his wind. The row was then kept up by a very athletic man, who was at last overpowered by constables, and carried off to Bow Street. On the thirty-fifth night, the Pitites were still more frolicsome. The row, as for some time back, came to its height at the hour of half-price, when the theatre usually filled to overflowing. The O. P.'s commenced operations by clearing the centre of the pit; and when sufficient room had been thus obtained, they practised feats of agility. One man actually made a standing leap over six seats. When tired of this display, they exhibited several single-stick matches, in the gladiatorial style. An old Roman would have fancied himself in the middle of a circus for these exhibitions. A new dance was also performed by the 'extra corps de ballet,' to the tune of O. P. A violent stamp with the right foot was accompanied with the exclamation O, while the left beat the benches to the sound of P. During this heavy fandango, the house absolutely shook. The Pitites also found out the knack of reiterating O. P. in unison, the effect of which upon the ears was tremendous.

All this while the question was exciting as much agitation without the walls of the theatre as within them. The newspapers ranged themselves on various sides, and were daily filled with letters and pasquinades, on one side or other. The coffee-houses were crowded with disputants on the subject, and the manufacturers and shopkeepers took advantage of the affair, to vend all sorts of articles marked with *the cabalistic* letters. The sense

of the public was against the theatrical people, among the upper and lower classes. Respectable grave professional men did not disdain to deck th selves with the O. P. symbols, and appear in the the with them; while ladies of rank and character cou nanced the same cause. An eminent barrister, na Clifford, appeared with an O. P. hat on the 31st of Oct and was taken into custody. He entered a suit ag Mr Brandon, the box-keeper, for illegal imprisonment; issue of which trial, as well as of the trials of ot seized in the theatre for rioting, will be allude immediately. In the meantime, the course of proceed within the theatre must receive our continued notice.

'On the forty-first night,' says the O. P. historian, row commenced in the third act of *Speed the Plo* and, at half-price, increased to the usual pitch. A much pushing and bustling, the Pitites opened their with the O. P. dance. Wrestling and broadsword were practised in the highest style. During the scen confusion, a party of constables sallied, with the inten securing a few of the gladiators and dancers. The flict was severe, but the O. P.'s soon cleared the field.' Mr Cowlam, however, was seriously injured by a bs stroke, and was carried out amid the lamentations of On the forty-second night, as they had frequently before, the O. P.'s directed their outcries against *private* boxes, and, by their language, speedily caus few ladies present in them to retire. The fifty-ei night was an era in the struggle, as on that day, to indescribable gratification of the O. P.'s, Clifford ga his suit, with L.5 damages, against Brandon the keeper. New vigour seemed to be inspired into O. P.'s by this event. On the fifty-ninth night, persons in the pit appeared in white night-caps, and of them exhibited a large O. P. cut out of pasteb The O he put round his neck, and held up the P in most comic manner. The other knight of the white entertained himself by cracking a whip, and blowi *whistle in* the handle. These gentlemen made t

appearance next night in similar style, and were cheered on their entrance; an honour which made them as proud as victors at the Olympic games. On the sixty-third night, the Duke of Gloucester appeared in the theatre, and was loudly cheered. He was, besides, favoured with a sonorous chant of *God save the King*, and with a vigorous specimen of O. P. dancing. On this night, a person with a tremendous false nose, exceeding that described by Slawkenbergius, and a monstrous counsellor's wig, excited much laughter. He occasionally mounted a white night-cap, and heightened the effect of his appearance by the cool gravity with which he talked to a companion, who wore a red silk handkerchief round his head. A desperate but ineffectual attempt was made by the police to seize the gentleman with the nose. They carried off some persons, however, to Bow Street, as indeed they did almost every night. On the sixty-fourth night, the expression of Job Thornberry, in *John Bull*, that 'he would stay till the roof fell on him,' was paraphrased by the O. P.'s, who roared that they would stay till the roof fell for O. P. Then the frolicsome mob set to work, to prove the endurance of their spirit. Sham boxing-matches, among other entertainments, were got up, which usually terminated in a mutual horse-laugh from the combatants, to the no small amazement of the *uninitiated* part of the company.

Though the spirit of the O. P.'s was unabated, it was not so by this time with their opponents. Obstinate as the proprietors had been, their patience was at length worn out. On the announcement of a dinner of the O. P.'s, to be held in the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Mr Kemble expressed a wish to the chairman, Mr Clifford, to appear with *conciliatory* proposals. On the sixty-sixth night (14th of December), a number of O. P.'s arrived at the theatre, and announced to the audience, that Mr Kemble had just entered into a capitulation at the Crown and Anchor, on which the cries for Kemble became loud and long. The great actor did at length appear, and repeated on the stage *his* proposals for peace. The

private boxes were to be restored to the public, and the pit to return to its old price, while, at the same time, all legal prosecutions were to be stopped. Mr Kemble proposed that the boxes should continue at the advanced price. The majority of the audience were so far satisfied but there was a general cry for the dismissal of Brandon the box-keeper. This consummation of the wishes of the house was not attained till the succeeding night, when Mr Kemble, after an interval of *sixty-five* nights, reappeared as a performer in the comedy of the *Wheel of Fortune*. On this sixty-seventh night of the O. P. tumult, the house was excessively crowded. As if to give solemnity to the scene, the audience called for *God save the King*, and joined in it with heart and spirit. Kemble was received with general applause, but this applause became universal when he announced, with other apologetic remarks, that Brandon had resigned. Then he had the pleasure of seeing placards waving in the air, with the inscription, 'WE ARE SATISFIED.'

This was the close of one of the most curious scenes of excitement that have ever been witnessed in any country or age. From the very first, the O. P. disturbance did not wear the appearance of a common tumult but, on the contrary, took and maintained the semblance of an organised and determined resistance to an oppressive change. As Mr John Kemble was but one of a pretty numerous body of proprietors, it was perhaps unfair in the public to concentrate their indignation so much upon his head; yet, from his influential position, and a known spice of haughty pride in his otherwise amiable character, it seems not improbable that he swayed greatly the counsels on the side of the proprietors. But 'Black Jack,' as he was popularly called, was taught in the end, that those who live by the breath of public favour, must sail the way it blows. Unfortunately, such is the length to which these notices have already extended, that we can *only give* a verse of the many pasquinades which *appeared during* the O. P. contest. Alluding to a *rumoured design* on the part of Mr Kemble to leave the

Morning Chronicle poet thus sings—hitting at
s time with all his might at the great actor's
nical, though generally beneficial, attentiveness
ls and pronunciation:—

'The first of critics—first of actors—
First of semicolon-factors—
Out of patience with the age,
Swears, alas! he 'll quit the stage!

Who shall now, of all his cronies,
To their kind protection take,
All his *vari-a-tiones*—
Made for variation's sake?

Who shall fix, with equal care,
Points—in doublets or in speeches?
Who adjust, with such an air,
Slashed soliloquies—or breeches?'

f the *Public Ledger*, on the other hand, speaks of
's as the

'loud dunces in boxes and pit,
f clamour and nonsense the instruments willing,
o *care* not a *shilling* for genius or wit,
/hile their own is confined to the *care* of a *shilling*.

:ritics, who jingle your *bells* at your ease,
nd flourish on *foolscap* appropriate wit,
both round your noddles instead of O. P.'s,
nd seem to the stage what ye act in the pit.'

lude this long notice of the O. P. convulsion, it
nentioned that, out of sixty persons brought, on
of the affair, before the Westminster sessions, true
e found against twenty-five of them. But, by the
pacification, as has been mentioned, these charges
)arted from by the managers of the theatre. It
what remarkable that, in a tumult continued
and with so much violence, for upwards of two
only two persons received injuries at all serious
:rous. Many a black eye, bloody nose, cracked
ınd sore rib, resulted from the contest, but these
t mishaps very heavily to be deplored. After
can laugh with much more freedom at the O. P.
account of *this guiltlessness* of blood.

SONG FROM THE DUTCH:

AS TRANSLATED IN THE STUDENT'S ALMANAC OF LEYD

I.

Long for thy coming I've waited and sighed,
Breathless the air, love, and calm is the night;
Golden with stars, oh, the heavens are bright:
Long for thy coming I've waited and sighed,
Mary, my love!
Sweet are the perfumes of flowering May;
Soft through the meadow the brook sighs its lay;
Tender the moon beams with glittering ray,
Mary, my love!

II.

And is thy name not Angel, maid?
Thy locks of blackest jet are made;
More white the lily is thy bosom,
Than on the banks the waving blossom;
As on the rose the sunbeams play,
So from thy cheek a smile does ray;
That modest look of thine did move me,
O didst thou love me as I love thee!

III.

My boat is on the wavering sea—
O to my cottage come with me;
There, lonely, the shade of beeches,
No noise, no human talk, should reach us;
There, playing with thy curling hair,
For fame nor glory should I care;
Naught should I sing but sweetest dove, thee,
If as I love thee, thou didst love me!

IV.

A heaven is opened on thy brow,
O don't belie that heaven's show;
Nor be the sun of bounty thwarted,
Since from me freedom's sun has parted;
O let no pitying laugh, then, sweet,
Insult the passion I do feed!—
The answer would a kiss of love be,
If thou didst love me as I love thee!

STORY OF QUEEN MATILDA OF DENMARK.

CAROLINE MATILDA, daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, and sister of George III., king of Great Britain, was born on the 22d of July 1751. In her childhood, she exhibited a most amiable disposition, and many personal graces, which qualities suffered no diminution as she increased in years. When she attained to the age of fifteen, she was, indeed, remarkable for almost every attribute that can adorn her sex; and this circumstance, conjoined with the exalted rank which fortune had bestowed on her, might have given rise to the anticipation, that happiness would have been her portion in life. But when she had attained to the age of fifteen, one of those royal matches, in which the affections have no share, was provided for the youthful and blooming princess, and her history was thus ultimately rendered a memorable instance of the instability of human greatness.

Christian VII. of Denmark was the husband selected for Caroline Matilda. He was a prince originally weak in mind, and, though but two years older than the princess, had already impaired his constitution by debaucheries. The royal pair were contracted in 1766, and some time afterwards, the princess was conducted to the court of Denmark, with all the high ceremonials befitting the sister of one of the most powerful monarchs of the

civilised world. Queen Matilda, as she was usually named, was not long in Copenhagen ere, at her husband's hands, in place of the kindness due to a wife, a woman, and a stranger, so young and so lovely, she underwent only violence and ill-treatment. Her only peace lay in submitting to his caprices, which he carried to such an absurd and unseemly length, as to compel her to appear on horseback in male attire with him—for yielding to which whim, she was sharply reproved by her mother, the Princess of Wales. In short, the Danish king behaved to her in every way with extreme impropriety, and often with barbarity. Christian's step-mother, the queen-dowager, and her son Prince Frederick, were also jealous of Queen Matilda's influence, and conducted themselves to her with uniform hostility.

Nearly two years passed away in this manner, when the Danish king thought proper to make a tour through Europe. His adviser in this scheme was his favourite minister Stolk, who was also one of the interested enemies of the poor young queen. Some of the elder councillors wished to prevent Christian from entering on any such journey, conceiving that the only result would be the exposure of his weakness and folly to the whole of Europe. The king, however, would and did go. In this tour, which took place in 1768, it chanced that he required the attendance of a physician at Altona, in the duchy of Holstein. Struensee, the son of a Lutheran bishop in Holstein, had just begun at that period to practise medicine at Altona, after having edited a newspaper for some time. He was recommended to the Danish king as a physician, and soon crept into extraordinary favour. Struensee was then twenty-nine years old, possessed of an agreeable exterior and pleasing manners, and neither deficient in talent nor in information. He had, moreover, the proper degree of subserviency, and a power of amusing which sealed his success. In Christian's visit to England, Dr Struensee, as he was termed, formed one of the royal suite.

On the return of Christian to Copenhagen, Struensee,

who had continued to advance in the good graces of the king, was immediately appointed a cabinet minister, and intrusted, in fact, with the supreme power. Struensee was not long in sending for his brother, whom he made a councillor of state; Brandt, another adventurer, was appointed to superintend the palace and the imbecile king; and Rantzau, who had been Struensee's colleague in the editorship of the Altona newspaper, was nominated to the post of foreign minister, though he had formerly been sent in disgrace from the court. The majority of the former officials were at the same time removed. Such was the complete change which the introduction of Struensee—who, with his colleague Brandt, was made an earl or count—effected at the court of Denmark. As far as the political conduct of Struensee is concerned, it need only be remarked here, that, in the course of his term of power, he abolished the torture, emancipated the enslaved husbandmen, and introduced religious toleration into Denmark—acts which must be placed in the balance against many ill-judged measures which his inexperience led him to adopt.

It is in so far as it affected the fate of Queen Matilda, that this change in the face of Danish affairs is to be considered in this place. Struensee made the young queen comparatively happy for the first time since her departure from her home. He exerted his influence to restore to her the good graces and affections of her husband, and this object he easily accomplished. It was natural that the grateful queen should have bestowed her confidence on one who had so materially improved her situation, and whom that very act had shewn to be possessed of the power to change it at will. The confidence thus founded led to unhappy consequences. A strong party in the kingdom looked with distrust and hate on the band of favourites, whose conduct, in many respects, merited reprobation. As became better known afterwards, than it was at the time, the private habits of Struensee were depraved and licentious, and he and his associates were open free-thinkers in religious matters.

The people, who were in general religiously disp
attributed to them all the misgovernding and ba
which went on perpetually at court, though thi
reality, arose from the weak king's own tastes, indu
merely by them. Unfortunately, in whatever the mini
of the young queen was held to be a participator, tho
according to the description of a close observer,
disposition was averse from all such revelries as t
alluded to. 'Matilda was of a mild and reserved
nature, and one well qualified to enjoy and impart ha
mind.' The queen-dowager continued, it has been
to the misfortunes of the young queen, by artfully lea
her, under the semblance of friendship, into all
steps as were calculated to make her unpopular; w
of these very steps, the dowager-queen's emissaries
advantage, by swelling and misrepresenting them ev
more to the young queen's injury.

Such was the condition of things when an attemp
to corrupt the royal guards with other regiments, exc
a mutinous spirit among them, and the enemie
Struensee saw a favourable opportunity for overthrov
him. On the night of the 16th of January 1772, a mas
ball was given at court, where the king appeared,
treated his ministers with the same favour as u
Conspirators and victims mingled in the festivities, it
after-meals served, with more than their wonted ga
but three o'clock in the morning, a different scene be
The king was asleep in his chamber, when the qu
dowager, her son Prince Frederick, and Rantzau—
ungrateful colleague of Struensee—entered the r
apartment, compelled the valet to awaken Christ
and required his majesty instantly to sign an order
the apprehension of the Queen Matilda and Co
Struensee and Brandt, who, they pretended, were
engaged in a plot to depose, if not to murder him.
king hesitated, perhaps from some remnant of huma
or moral restraint. But the queen-dowager told him,
his wife and her accomplices were at that moment bu
for inventing an act of remonstration, which they w

immediately come and compel him to sign. The terrified king then yielded so far as to give a verbal assent, and Rantzau rushed, with his sword drawn, to the apartment of the queen, and forced her to rise from her bed, with the infant which was then at her breast. The unfortunate lady was alike alarmed and indignant, and when informed of her arrest, endeavoured to make way to her husband, to hear it from his own lips. But Rantzau, telling his associates that, if she was allowed to see the king, it would cost them their lives, hurried the queen into a carriage, and conveyed her, with her child and Lady Mostyn - her attendant—to the fortress of Kronborg, near Elsinore, a place upwards of thirty miles distant from Copenhagen.

The assertion, that the queen and Struensee were at the moment plotting against the king, was shewn to be utterly false, by the condition in which the queen was found. Struensee, also, and Brandt were found quietly asleep in their own houses when the messengers came to arrest them. They, and the principal of their adherents, to the number of eighteen, were speedily thrown into prison; Struensee and Brandt being chained down to the floor, and otherwise most cruelly treated. The charges made against Struensee were all of a political nature except one, which accused him of an improper intimacy with Queen Matilda. No evidence of this could be brought forward; but it is said that a confession was obtained from Struensee by threats of torture, facilitated by hopes of life held out to him. As the queen-dowager and her son issued to the public anything they chose on the subject, there can be no confidence placed in these statements. Struensee and Brandt died on the scaffold, their right hands being cut off before they were beheaded. One of the principal charges against Brandt shews the atrocious nature of the whole of these proceedings. He was accused of having *struck* the king; but it was proved that the king had a taste for boxing, and had repeatedly engaged in trials of this *exercise* with Brandt and many others, *whence came all the blows* ever inflicted on the *royal person.*

Queen Matilda remained for some time in the c
of Kronborg, ignorant of the fate that awaited her.
first intimation that she was charged with the br
of her nuptial vows, was received by her through C
cillor Schack, who was purposely sent to cajole, chea
frighten her, by all or any means, into some admissic
error. When he spoke to her, says an authentic acc
of these events, of an intrigue with Struensee,
listened with indignation. He then assured her
Struensee had made a confession, and artfully intim
that the fallen minister would be subjected to a
cruel death, if he was found to have falsely crimin
the queen. 'What!' she exclaimed, 'do you believe
if I was to confirm this declaration, I should save the
of that unfortunate man?' Shack answered by a
found bow. The queen took a pen, wrote the first syll
of her name, and fainted away. Shack completed
signature, and hurried off with the document in trium
Thus was the half-forged piece of writing obtained, w
formed the only colour for the charge against the qu
and when it is considered that she was then only twe
one years of age, helpless, in fear for her life, and an
strangers, it will scarcely be wondered at that she sh
have been persuaded into this seeming and pa
admission of what the solemn declarations of her death
contradicted.

So much beloved in her circle was the queen, an
confident of her innocence were those who had l
constantly in her society, that almost all her ladies vo
tarily followed her to Kronborg, where, out of
probably, of the English court, her confinement was
rendered severe. It may be thought remarkable,
the English court has not been earlier mentioned.
ambassador, Colonel Murray Keith, did interfere spirit
at the first, but it was only after some months that
could procure the queen's liberation. As Christ
under the influence of the queen-dowager, was forcing
a divorce, it was resolved by the British court to
away Queen Matilda at once from the country. Qu

Hanover, was the place fixed on for her residence. When this was announced to her, the queen burst into a flood of tears. They were tears of pleasure, but a change came over her feelings when told that her infant was to be detained. This child had been ill, and she had watched over it incessantly. For a long time, when the bark was in waiting to take her away, the poor mother could not be prevailed upon to bid a final adieu to the infant. 'At length,' says Archdeacon Coxe, in his *Travels through Denmark*, 'after bestowing repeated caresses on this darling object of her affection, she retired to the vessel in an agony of despair. She remained upon deck, her eyes immovably directed towards the palace of Kronborg. The vessel having made little way during the night, at daybreak she observed with fond satisfaction that the palace was still visible; and could not be persuaded to enter the cabin so long as she could discover the faintest glimpse of the battlements.'

On reaching Celle, a little court was formed around the queen. But though she retained a comparatively calm exterior, the heart of this unfortunate princess had received a shock which it was difficult to sustain. The children whom she had left behind occupied all her thoughts. She obtained their portraits, and kept them in her most retired apartments, where they were ever before her eyes. She often apostrophised them in language that melted those who accidentally heard her. One day, a lady of her chamber came behind her, and heard her speaking. The words were these:—

> 'Ah! who like me could prize the joy divine,
> My lovely babe! to mix my soul with thine?
> Torn from my breast, I weep alone for thee,
> Amid the griefs which Heaven has dealt to me.'

When she was induced to mingle with society, this princess shewed extraordinary powers of pleasing. She was familiarly acquainted with the French, Italian, German, Danish, and English languages, and had read much, short and troubled as her career had been. The regret of the province was therefore strong and lasting,

when, on the 10th of May 1775, she was cut off by scarlet fever, before she had reached the age of twenty-four. As has been said, her dying words contained an attestation of her innocence of the charge brought against her, and for which she had been exiled from her family.

THE YEARLY FAIR OF CASHMERE SHAWLS.*

PERHAPS the last idea that would ever enter into the head of a London or Parisian belle, when she is the envied possessor of a rich Cashmere, is the manner in which these costly shawls are transferred to European merchants. I have been witness to the extraordinary scene presented by a fair held for this purpose on the banks of the Volga, and I think the ladies will be interested with its description.

A conflagration which took place on the confines of Europe and Asia, in 1816, burnt down the little village of Makariev. This event, unnoticed in the European journals, was of some consequence in the mercantile annals of the world, since in that miserable village had been held, from time immemorial, every year in the month of July, the fair where all the Cashmeres were sold that were brought by land into Europe. With the village were burnt the warehouses and shops used by the merchants. Ever since that time, this fair has been transferred to Nijnii-Novgorod. The Russian government had long been desirous that such should be the case, on account of the fine commercial situation of that town at the confluence of the Oka and the Volga.

Just at the confluence of these rivers, thousands of temporary shops are constructed with the promptitude for which the Russians are celebrated. We see rise with

* *Translated from* an article in a French periodical, stated to be *derived from* the note-book of a traveller.

marvellous celerity taverns, coffee-shops, a theatre, ball-rooms, and a crowd of edifices of painted wood, constructed with some taste, all ready for the opening of the July fair. A crowd of people from all corners of the earth assembles to fill these ephemeral streets. Russians, Tatars, and Calmucks are the natural population; these are joined by Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Indians, Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of tongues, the most perfect order reigns among this assembly of many nations. The riches amassed in this place are incalculable. The silks of Lyon and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, and the merchandise of Persia and China, are seen on every side. But among the precious productions of Asia, certainly the shawls of Cashmere bear the first rank.

The sale of these beautiful articles is a sort of contract which never takes place excepting in the presence of witnesses. One of my friends, who dealt in this species of merchandise, requested me to be one of his witnesses. I therefore accompanied him to the fair, and by this means beheld all the proceedings of the negotiation. On our arrival, we were joined by the other witnesses and two Armenian brokers, and my friend led us to a row of stone-houses, without upper storeys; here we were introduced into a sort of cellar. The Indian merchant, who was the seller, sat here, surrounded by immense riches, in the form of fourscore bales of Cashmeres, which were ranged and piled against the wall: he dealt in no other merchandise. The extraordinary part of the business is, that shawls of the greatest value are sold without the buyer ever seeing them opened; they are never unfolded, nor does the buyer even examine a corner; nevertheless, he is perfectly informed of their state by the descriptive catalogues of the brokers, who obtain these catalogues from Cashmere, drawn up with the utmost care and *fidelity*.

As soon as we entered, we squatted on the ground *without speaking a word,* and the brokers who conduct

the whole affair proceeded to business. They began by placing the buyer and the seller at diagonal points of the apartment; they then ran perpetually from one party to another, making known the price asked and the price bid, in many mysterious whispers. This negotiation went on with great earnestness, till the prices seemed to approximate nearer, owing to one party lowering his demand, and the other raising his offer. The bale of shawls was then brought out, and placed between the owner and the buyer. The seller vaunted their beauty and value, and the buyer regarded them disdainfully, and hastily compared their number and marks with his catalogue. Then the scene grew more animated; the buyer made a positive offer, declaring it was the highest price he would give. The Indian merchant then rose to quit the warehouse; the brokers cried aloud with a high voice, and seized him by the skirt of the garment, to detain him by force; one hauled him on one side, the other pulled him on the other, and, between them, they raised in a moment the most outrageous uproar. The poor Indian seemed very passive in all this confusion: I expected that the brokers, in their zealous activity, would do him a mischief; and I found that is sometimes the case.

Now comes the third act of this odd farce. If a fair price has been bid, the brokers endeavour to force the Indian merchant to give the buyer his hand, who holds it open, and repeats his offer in a loud voice. This is the most amusing part of the business, for the brokers seize the poor Indian, and try to get hold of his hand. The Indian defends himself, resists, escapes to the other end of the warehouse, enveloping his hand in the large sleeve of his robe, all the time whining out his first price in the most dolorous tone of voice. At last they catch him, and in spite of his resistance, and even his cries, place his hand in that of the buyer.

Complete tranquillity succeeds this scene. The brokers congratulate the buyer. The Indian sighs piteously, *and complains* in a doleful tone of the violence and ill

behaviour of the brokers. The brokers seat themselves, and prepare the bill of sale as the last act of the ceremony. All that has passed is pure acting, and considered indispensable to the etiquette of the sellers of Cashmere shawls; for if the Indian merchant has not been sufficiently pinched, and pulled, and pushed from side to side, and his head and arms bruised with the ardour of the sale, he will fancy he has parted with his goods too readily, and repent of the sale before the next July fair brings him to Nijnii again. The whole affair rested on this important difference: the Indian merchant asked 230,000 rubles for his bale, and the buyer gave him but 160,000—of which the brokers receive two rubles out of every hundred.

The whole company—buyer, seller, witnesses, and brokers—then seated themselves cross-legged on a carpet with deep fringes. We were handed ice, served in vases of China porcelain. Instead of spoons, we had little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, whose silver handles were ornamented with a ruby or an emerald, or some other precious stone. When these refreshments were taken, the shawls were delivered. All the marks and descriptions were found perfectly right, the goods being precisely as the brokers had declared. The time of payment caused another contest; and when that was adjusted, all the parties concerned were expected to say a private prayer. I did as the others did; but I fear I was more employed in reflecting on the variety of religions that had met together on the business. There was the Indian adorer of Brama and other idols; two Tatars, who submitted their destinies to the regulation of Mohammed; two Parsees, worshippers of fire; a Calmuck officer, who, I verily believe, had a reverential regard for the Grand Lama; and three Christians, of different communions—an Armenian, a Georgian, and, meaning myself, a Lutheran. One of the company told me he had prayed that the ladies of Europe might abate their extravagant desire of possessing Cashmere shawls. As he was, like me, only one of the witnesses, I may venture

to conclude, that he did not draw any profit from this article of luxury, or he would never have put up so perverse a prayer at the grand fair of Nijnii-Novgorod.

INSECTS IN THE STOMACH.

In the country parts of Scotland, we often hear stories related of people swallowing, by accident or unwittingly, small reptiles or insects, which live and breed in the stomach, and put the unhappy person who has received them to great pain. There is reason to believe that these stories are in general fabrications, or that they are greatly exaggerated. It is found that, except in rare cases, no animal can live in the stomach, from its heat, and from the juices which prevail in it. Worms of a certain description, however, can exist with perfect security in the stomach and intestines. We are informed that 1200 species of these intestinal worms have been discovered, and that sixteen of these have been found in the human body. Some of these worms are thin, flat, like pieces of tape; and others are round, or consist of a sort of elongated cartilage in joints. 'That insects were, in some rare cases,' says the author of *Insect Transformations*, 'introduced into the human stomach, has been more than once proved; though the greater number of the accounts of such facts in medical books are too inaccurate to be trusted. But one extraordinary case has been completely authenticated, both by medical men and competent naturalists, and is published in the *Dublin Transactions*, by Dr Pickells of Cork. "Mary Riordan, aged twenty-eight years, had been much affected by the death of her mother, and at one of her many visits to the grave, seems to have partially lost her senses, having been found lying there on the morning of a winter day, and having been exposed to heavy rain during the night. When she was about fifteen, two popular Catholic priests

had died, and she was told by some old women that if she would drink daily, for a certain time, a quantity of water mixed with clay taken from their graves, she would be for ever secure from disease and sin. Following this absurd and disgusting prescription, she took from time to time large quantities of the draught. Some time afterwards, being affected with a burning pain in the stomach, she began to eat large pieces of chalk, which she sometimes also mixed with water. and drank. Now, whether in any or in all of these draughts she swallowed the eggs of insects, cannot be affirmed; but for several years she continued to throw up incredible numbers of grubs and maggots, chiefly of the church-yard beetle." "Of the larvæ of the beetle," says Dr Pickells, "I am sure I considerably underrate, when I say that not less than 700 have been thrown up from the stomach at different times since the commencement of my attendance. A great proportion were destroyed by herself, to avoid publicity; many, too, escaped immediately by running into holes in the floor. Upwards of ninety were submitted to Dr Thomson's examination, nearly all of which, including two of the specimens of the weal-worm, I saw myself thrown up at different times. The average size was about an inch and a half in length, and four lines and a half in girth. The larvæ of the bipterous insect, though voided only about seven or eight times, according to her account, came up almost literally in myriads. They were alive and moving." Altogether, Dr Pickells saw nearly 2000 grubs of the beetle, and there were many which he did not see. Mr Clear, an intelligent entomologist of Cork, kept some of them alive for more than twelve months. Mr S. Cooper cannot understand whence the continued supply of the grubs was provided, seeing that larvæ do not propagate, and that only one proper and one perfect insect were voided; but the simple fact, that most beetles live several years in the state of larvæ, sufficiently accounts for this. Their existing and thriving in the stomach, too, will appear less wonderful from the fact, that it is exceedingly

difficult to kill this insect; for Mr Henry Baker repeatedly plunged one into spirits of wine, so fatal to most insects, but it revived, even after being immersed a whole night, and afterwards lived three years. That there was no deception on the part of the woman, is proved by the fact, that she was always anxious to conceal the circumstance, and that it was only by accident that the medical gentlemen, Drs Pickells, Herrick, and Thomson, discovered it. Moreover, it does not appear that, though poor, she ever took advantage of it to extort money. It is interesting to learn that, by means of turpentine in large doses, she was at length cured.'

A QUEER OLD JUDGE.

On the appointment of new sheriffs for the city of London, it was, and, we believe, is still customary for them to be harangued on the duties of their office by one of the judges or barons of the high courts of the land. On one of these occasions, in the year 1659, the following speech was delivered. The speaker was an inferior or *puisné* baron of Exchequer, by name Baron Tomlinson, and a merry, truth-telling old soul he must have been—a good deal, we suspect, like the Scotch judge, the late Lord Hermand. Two citizens, named Warner and Love, were the newly appointed sheriffs whom Baron Tomlinson addressed.

'How do you, Mr Warner? Save you, Mr Love. Gentlemen citizens, I observe in you three things: first, that ye are well clad; from whence I note, that ye are no slovens. Truly I wish I were a sheriff, so it were not chargeable, and that I might always be in the office; for certainly a sheriff can never be a-cold, his gown is so warm; and, on my word, yours seem to be excellent good scarlet. Some men may ask, why do you wear red gowns, and not blue or green? As for blue, it is a colour *which signifies* constancy; now constancy cannot be

attributed to sheriffs; for a sheriff is a sheriff this year, and none the next. As for green, it is Mohammed's colour, and so too heathenish for a Christian. I confess *fuille morte*, which signifies decay, had been the most proper colour for a sheriff, because he puts off his gown with the fall of the leaf; and, secondly, because it may decay his estate, if he be too expensive in his office. But next to that, red is the most convenient colour; for indeed most handsome and delectable things are red—as roses, pomegranates, the lips, the tongue, &c.; so that, indeed, our ancestors did wisely to clothe magistrates with this decent and becoming colour. It is true I have a gown too, but they make me wear the worst of any baron of the Exchequer; it is plain cloth, as you see, without any lining; yet my comfort is, I am still a baron, and I hope I shall be so as long as I live: when I am dead, I care not who is baron, or whether there be a baron or no. The next thing I observe is, that ye look plump and ruddy; from whence I give a shrewd guess, that ye feed well; and truly if you do so, then you do well, which is my third and last observation concerning ye. But do you know wherefore you come hither? I do not question but you do; however, you must give me leave to tell ye; for in this place I am a better man than either of you both, or indeed both of you put together. Why, then, I will tell ye: ye come hither to take your oaths before me. Gentlemen, I am the puisné baron of the Exchequer: that is to say, the meanest baron; for, though I am not guilty of interpreting many hard words, yet this hath been so continually beaten into my head, that I do very well understand it: however, I could brook my meanness well enough—for some men tell me that I deserve no better—were it not the cause of my life's greatest misery; for here I am constrained, or else I must lose my employment, to make speeches in my old age, and, when I have one foot in the grave, to stand here with the other talking in public. Truly, gentlemen, it is a sad thing; you see what a forced put I am put to. May I soon be out of this sinful world; for when my bones are at rest, my tongue

will be at quiet! I remember, gentlemen, when I was a child, if my mother asked if I would have any victuals that pleased me not, why, then, I would grow sullen, and make no answer; then would she say: "Sirrah, will you have it? speak!"—still not a word from me. "Nay, then," said she, "if you won't speak, you shall have nothing." This is my condition now: either speak, or have nothing; that is, be no baron. I have prayed that my weak capacity may be mended; now I speak better to-day than I used to do; you will know he hath heard my prayers; if not, then it is as it was. But since it is my misfortune, I shall talk to ye as well as I can: but, friends, you must not expect that I should bawl to you, like fellows who cry carrots and turnips in the street; for that would be troublesome to me, and perhaps cause the almonds of my ears to fall with overstraining my impotent lungs. And now it comes into my mind, I desire you, when you are in your office, not to let those fellows yaule so in a morning; for, besides that they will not let the people sleep, the cry of Wisdom can never be heard in your streets for the perpetual bawling those carters keep; and truly if you do not remedy it, I am afraid you will as soon hear the lamentation of wild nightingales as the voice of Wisdom in your city. Yet though I do not bawl, do not think that I will whisper neither; for then it were impossible you should hear me, and I should seem to sit upon the bench like a madman talking to myself; besides, the proverb says, "that where there is whispering, there is lying." Truly, gentlemen, I am an old man, and have lived long in the world; and I can assure you, I have observed these proverbs, and find them to be wise sayings. I remember when I was a young youth—it is a great while ago, gentlemen; I warrant ye it is above five-and-forty years ago—my mother saw me fooling with a knife: "Lay down the knife, boy," said she; "it is a dangerous thing to play with edged tools." Truly, gentlemen, I believe you find the truth of this; for had your city never meddled with edged tools, they and you, I believe, *had been* in a more thriving condition than now. At

first, you played with these edged tools in your military and artillery grounds, and made sport with them before your wives; but I think they have made sport with you since. Truly, for my part, I cannot tell what to do for these edged tools; and I believe you are in a quandary too: for my part, I resolve never to meddle with them; and I hope you have so much grace and cowardice, as to do so too. King James would never meddle with them, you know: now, if you will not take my foolish advice, take his wise counsel.

'But to return where I left. I say, gentlemen, that I will neither bawl nor speak softly, but talk in an indifferent tone between both, that you may hear me, and I may hear myself, and so we may all hear one another; and truly there is great reason for it; for by hearing we convey our reason one to another. Now, that I have reason, I will prove; for every man is a rational creature; now, I am a man, therefore I am a reasonable creature. Gentlemen, this makes as much for you as for me, for by this do I prove you likewise to be rational creatures, and so fit to be sheriffs. Thus I find ye qualified for your office. And truly, gentlemen, sheriffs are men of great antiquity and authority: some are of opinion that sheriffs were invented in Tyre and Sidon; truly, gentlemen, it stands with reason, for I am sure they were the first inventors of scarlet. But to leave this opinion, I do find in the Bible, how Joseph was, by Pharaoh, king of Egypt, made sheriff of Grand Cairo; and Daniel also was, by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Assyria, made sheriff of Babylon. In the first place, their habit proves this to be true, for they wore the same badges of their authority as you have; that is to say, scarlet gowns and gold chains. I will not dispute whether their gowns were lined with fur or no, neither was it material, nor indeed so requisite; the hotness of their countries not permitting that formality. Secondly, we read how Joseph arrested his brothers for carrying away his plate, which he could not have done had he not had bailiffs and sergeants under him, officers peculiar to a sheriff: and to make it more evident, we

do not find that he took out his writ out of an
office but his own; which he could not have wa
had he not been sheriff himself. But you will say
were the two sheriffs to parallel our two sheriff
that I answer, where was there a county of Mi
belonging to any of those cities, for the other pe
be sheriff of? Was it requisite there should
sheriffs in those places, where there was never a
of Middlesex, because there are two sheriffs of
where there is a county of Middlesex? No; t
the county that makes the sheriff, not the sheriff
the county. This, gentlemen, is law. Now, gentl
shall tell ye more than ever you heard before,
you that I have not spent my time in idleness, w
this; that as there is an archangel and an arc
and an archdeacon, so is there an archsheriff, w
Saturn or Beelzebub, the prince of the air.
evident from the duty of his employment; for
your duty to punish offenders and sinners in thi
so it is his duty to punish sinners and offenders
this world and the world to come.

'And now I speak of your employment, I shall
what it is: first, you are the chief jailers of the
and it is your duty to keep those prisoners w
committed to your charge, as close as your wiv
up their best jewels: to this purpose, Mr Warn
the two counters at your disposal; and Newgate, M
is appointed for your portion. Secondly, you are t
executioners of sentences upon malefactors, wh
be whipping, burning, or hanging. Mr Sheriff,
entreat a favour of you: I have a kinsman at y
of the town, a rope-maker; I know you will hav
occasions before this time twelvemonth, and I
have spoken in time. Pray make use of him; j
do the poor man a favour, and yourself no pr
Pray, gentlemen, what have you for dinner? for I
I forgot to go to market yesterday, that I might
speech by heart. Truly, gentlemen, I count it
honour to go to market myself; there is no tru

servants; had you lived as long in the world as I have done, you would say so. When I was a young man as you are, I scorned to go to market then as well as you; but since I went myself, I find that my servants cheated me of, I warrant you, five pounds in the year. They would reckon me two shillings for a leg of mutton, which I can buy as good a one now for five groats and twopence. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock: well, good-by to ye, gentlemen. But stay! I have forgot the main thing ye came for: I must give you our oath. Lord, what a crazy memory have I! But you must excuse me, gentlemen; my thoughts are not ubiquitary; they cannot be in your kitchen and my head both at one time. Gentlemen, there are several sorts of oaths: there is the Protector's oath, "By the * * *;" there is the Cavalier's oath, "* * * *;" and there is the chamber-maid's oath, "As I am honest;" then there is an oath which you are to swear, and which all men swear who take upon them employments of trust—"So help me God." Now, some men say this is not an oath, but my conscience tells me the contrary. Truly, there are so many opinions, that a man cannot tell which to believe. . However, I have sworn this oath twenty times, and would do twenty times more, before I would lose my place. But why do I use persuasion? I see you are come with a resolution to swear, and I am come to swear ye; and so we are agreed. Well, now you have heard what those things are which you must swear; lay your hands on the book, and say: "As God help us, Mr Baron, we will perform all these things as well as we can." Thus, Masters Sheriffs, you hear what you have sworn; pray be diligent and careful to observe every particular; fear God, obey your superiors, and rule your city with prudence; that as you are sheriffs, you may become mayors; and being mayors, may be knighted; and being knighted, may die full of age and worship, and be buried with escocheons. Now, Mr Sheriffs, get ye home, kiss your wives, and by that time the cloth is laid, I will be with ye; so good-by till I see ye.'

EXPEDITION OF JAMES V. AGAINST THE BORDER THIEVES.

THE remarkable expedition of James V., in the year 1529, into the southern Highlands of Scotland, to inflict judicial punishment on the marauders of these Border districts, furnishes various amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the state of society in the sixteenth century. Having very sagaciously, as a first step, secured in safe custody the principal chieftains by whom the disorders were privately encouraged—namely, the Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, and Ker of Fernyherst—James assembled an army, and set out under the pretence of enjoying the pastime of hunting. The track which the king and his retinue pursued led him first through Peeblesshire, taking in his route the ancient burgh of Peebles. Here, at the old castle of Smithfield, which was situated on a hill overlooking the town, James held a species of court, and, according to tradition, received the homage of the neighbouring barons. It is stated that among others who on this occasion waited on the king, was the lady of the Laird of Ormiston, to present him with a Red Rose, such being the redendo of her husband's lands. Spending only a short time at Smithfield, James hurried westward into the upper part of Tweeddale, from whence he made a detour to the left, through Ettrick and Ewesdale. It is ascertained by tradition, that in penetrating the wilds in the upper part of Tweeddale, he felt himself very much at a loss to discover the proper path into the Vale of Drummelzier. It is supposed that the main body of his attendants was sent up the strath of Manor Water, while he and a few retainers made a stretch westward, through the demesnes of Sir James Tweedie, a thane of considerable power in this quarter at the time, who resided in a strong peel-house, *called* the Thane's Castle, near Drummelzier, and the ruin

h is still extant, on the point of a steep conical
Here the chief of the Tweedies used to reside, and
er over the adjacent region. He was likewise in
it of exacting a species of court by persons passing
ness, in much the same way that the petty princes
a oblige travellers to wait upon them, either to
heir love of power or plunder. The king having
l a guide through the district of the Tweedies, a
bouring man of the name of Bartram offered
and was accepted. This person assiduously
. him from near the Rachan to Glenwhappen,
the vale commanded by Tweedie's castle; and
was James pleased with his attention, that he
him a freehold property, called Duck-pool, in the
of Glenholm. It is somewhat curious, that the
escendant of this Bartram still possesses a portion
state so conferred. In the course of 300 years,
been much reduced in size, as much from the
ons of the more powerful lairds, as from the
ies of the family. Its dimensions are now to the
of little more than an acre, yet it acknowledges no
, and, from the peculiarity of the tenure, pays no
ssessment.

hane of Drummelzier having been informed that
ger, evidently of some note, had passed his
without paying the wonted obedience to its
owner, or craving his hospitality, pursued the
ith sixteen attendants, uniformly arrayed, and
l on white horses, to Glenwhappen, where,
found the refugee among his friends assembled,
riously demanded corporal satisfaction for this
front; whereupon the king discovered himself,
the proud Sir James on his knees for pardon,
t is mentioned, was more readily granted by the
an forgiven by the thane.

king having shortly fallen in with his troops,
ed onward to the tower of Henderland, standing
e mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the
little lake of St Mary, in Selkirkshire. This

fastness was the habitation of a person of the nai
Piers Cokburne, who was noted for the great exte
his depredations. Not having been made aware c
approach of royalty, or the purposes of such an
dition, he and his family were encompassed and s
unawares. Tradition tells, that they were sittii
dinner when their gate was surprised. James's impe
temper seems to have dictated that execution s
follow rapidly on trial and condemnation, or rather
accusation. Cokburne's wife and family were glad
permitted to make their escape in opposite direc
The freebooter was himself instantly pinioned,
hanged over the gate of his own tower. Whil
execution was going forward, the unhappy wi
Cokburne took refuge in the recesses of the rocky b
Henderland Burn, which passes near the site c
castle. Here she is said to have striven to drown,
the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous
which announced the close of her husband's exis
By the ballad of *The Border Widow*, which is sup
to apply to this incident, it appears that she ven
out after the deed was perpetrated, and took char
the corpse. The words she is understood to utte
very affecting:—

'I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I satte;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.'

After the execution of Cokburne of Henderland, J
marched rapidly forward, to surprise in a similar m
Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the B
and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path th
the mountains, which separates the Vale of Ettrick
the head of Yarrow, is still called the *King's*
and seems to have been the route which he foll

Tushielaw was a tower, or peel-house, now in ruins, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick. Here the same feat was performed. It is understood that other executions followed this, but of these none was of so bold a character as the killing of the famous Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie.

Johnnie Armstrong is a noted person both in history and tradition. He appears to have been a Border depredator on a singularly magnificent scale. His tower is still extant. It occupies a pleasant situation among the bewildering beauties of Eskdale, in the south-eastern part of Dumfriesshire, and within an hour's ride of the Cumberland side of the Border. It is of considerable extent and space, though now only serving in the capacity of a cow-house to the neighbouring farmer. There is now reason to believe that Johnnie, the proprietor of this castle, and the head of a potent clan of Armstrongs, was not ignorant of the exterminating principles which actuated the king. It is rather evident that he had determined on braving it out before 'his grace.' As the sovereign proceeded down the Vale of the Ewes towards Langholm, the freebooter presented himself before him with 'a gallant companie' of thirty-six well-mounted Elliots and Armstrongs, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. The spot at which the meeting took place was at Carlinrigg Chapel, ten miles south of Hawick. It turned out that Johnnie had entirely miscalculated on the effect likely to be produced by the imposing appearance of his train. The king was incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, and commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying: 'What wants this knave, save a crown, to be as magnificent as a king?' On this, John Armstrong made earnest entreaty for his life, offering, at first poll, four-and-twenty milk-white steeds, and afterwards increasing his ransom in amount to twenty-four 'ganging-mills,' with as much 'gude red wheit' as would keep them in grinding for a whole year; but all was of no avail. He, as a last shift, offered to maintain himself with fifty men, ready to serve

the king at a moment's notice, at his own expe engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject indeed, had never been his practice; and undertal that there was not a man in England, of what degree—duke, earl, lord, or baron—but he would eng within a certain time, to present to the king, dea alive. But the king would listen to no offer, how great, whereupon John broke out into a fume of p indignation, and, as the ballad has it, exclaimed:

'To seek het water aneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folie;
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me;'

continuing that, had he anticipated such usage, he w have lived on the Borders in despite of both King H and James, and that the former would downweigh best horse with gold to know that he had been pu death. No further parley took place. Johnnie and his retinue were immediately hanged upon some grov trees near the above-mentioned chapel. They were bu in its deserted church-yard, where their graves are shewn. The country people, who hold the memor the unfortunate marauders in very high respect, beli that, to manifest the injustice of their execution, the t immediately withered away.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

A SIMPLE STORY.

THE only youthful inmate of a large old-fashioned ho in an ancient town in the very centre of Old Engl was Maria Walker. She lived with her grandmam and two maiden aunts, whom she would have ca very old indeed, though they by no means were of same opinion. Indeed, the little girl most strenuo *maintained* on all suitable, and many very unsuita

occasions, that they never could have been so young as they seemed in their pictures, which represented them as two tall awkward girls, just struggling into womanhood; one with a parrot on her hand, the other with an ominous kitten in her arms, and both with the blackest of hair, the reddest of cheeks, the whitest of frocks, and the pinkest of sashes.

Most people would have expected to find little Maria a very dull unhappy child, it seemed such an uncongenial atmosphere for the buoyant spirits of a merry little girl; for the stillness of death reigned through the house, whose echoes were seldom awakened by any sound, save that of Lilly's tail patting against the drawing-room door, when, finding it shut, she took that method of gaining admittance to the fireside circle, where her beautiful white fur contrasted very well with the rich folds of grandmamma's black silks and satins. Lilly was the descendant of the kitten in Aunt Maria's pictured embrace, and this was a circumstance which sadly perplexed the youthful mind of Maria, who could not reconcile the idea of so old a creature being the grandchild of so young a one; her grandmamma and herself, she justly observed, were the very reverse.

Maria, however, was a very happy child, though she durst not make a noise anywhere except in her own play-room at the top of the house. Of course she had her troubles like all other little girls, even those whose voices are never checked, and she used to get into sad scrapes sometimes; but then she used soon to get out of them, and she was neither perplexed by regrets for the past nor fears for the future.

The very first serious difficulty Maria could recollect finding herself in, occurred one day when grandmamma and both aunts were gone out to dinner; an event of very rare occurrence, and of momentous interest in the family. Both aunts had had some scruples about the propriety of leaving Maria so very long alone, for company dinners at Oldtown were celebrated at two o'clock; but as neither of them seemed for a moment to

contemplate the possibility of staying at home to take care of her, their anxieties assumed the form of strict injunctions to Mrs Martha, the housekeeper, on no account to let her out of her sight.

Now, Mrs Martha had not the slightest intention of being guilty of a breach of trust. But she had bought some fine green tea, and baked a very superior cake, and had asked two ladies-maids to drink tea with her; and it did not at all comport with her ideas of comfort, that Miss Maria should be beside them all the afternoon, and have it in her power to retail in the drawing-room next day all the news which she hoped to hear.

Anxious to avoid equally the frying-pan and the fire, as she said afterwards to Hannah the housemaid, she determined to give Miss Maria the materials whereof to make a little feast, with her Tunbridge-ware dinner-service, and conveyed the little girl's little table and little chair to a spot on the grass-plot opposite the large window that opened to the ground from her own room. There she placed them, with a large basket of toys, in the shade which the spreading wings of a monstrous eagle cut in box afforded, believing that the child would be constantly within sight, and, if she strayed, that she should miss her directly, and would quickly follow. Why the ladies were so very anxious on this particular day that she should be watched, she did not know, as Miss Maria was accustomed to play by herself in the garden for hours every day; 'But I daresay it's but natural,' she soliloquised, 'when they so seldom go a pleasuring, that they should be frightened about her.'

Maria was, in general, a very good little girl, and if she had been allowed to have her childish curiosity reasonably gratified, the desire that now filled her whole mind would have had no place there. But Aunt Charlotte so invariably insisted that little girls were never allowed *to ask questions*, for that, when they grew up, they would *know everything* that was good for them to know; and she had very recently smarted so severely under the

laughter of her aunts, when she had asked if rivers had teeth as well as mouths, that she resolved she would ask no questions, but try to find out for herself what at present she so much wished to know; and the day when grandmamma and aunts were to dine out, appeared so suitable for the attempt, that it was with unqualified pleasure she heard that Mrs Martha was to exercise the rites of hospitality on the same evening. Maria's education had been far from neglected. She could read very well, had begun to learn to write, and had received lessons in geography and history, though, from the dry tedious manner in which they were administered, her ideas of time and space were very confused. She had formed a theory of her own, that all celebrated persons of different countries whose names began with the same kind of sound, were contemporaries; that, for instance, Queen Anne and Hannibal, Queen Mary and Marius, Brutus and Bruce the traveller, might have known each other, if they had but lived near enough. Her ideas of geography were not much less vague, as may be inferred from the fact, that she believed certain mounds in the church-yard to be really what Mrs Martha asserted them to be—the graves of the infants slaughtered by Herod. Her grandmamma told all her friends what very great pains she took to give Maria good principles. Her lectures on these points might all be reduced to five heads—namely, to put everything in its proper place, to do everything in its proper time, to keep everything to its proper use, to be genteel, and to hate the French. It will not be surprising that, with such training, the perusal of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a copy of which had recently been presented to her, gave an entirely new bias to her thoughts. Sorely puzzled was she to guess how much of it might be true, when, one day as they were driving out in the carriage, she saw at a little distance from the road a very handsome house. On some one asking the name of it, she did not hear *the answer distinctly*, but was quite sure she *heard the word beautiful*; and as they presently

began to descend a hill, she immediately conclud
that it was the palace Beautiful, and that the hill w
the hill Difficulty. One great point was now ascertain
—that there were really such places; but she began
be sadly distressed, when it occurred to her that th
were travelling in the wrong direction from what th
ought to be doing.

Oldtown was a town where fewer changes occurr
than in more populous and modern places, and Ma
scarcely recollected ever to have heard of any on
leaving it. Certainly, she had never heard of any o
going on a pilgrimage, and she wondered very mu
how her aunts, who had told her the *Pilgrim's Progr*
was so very good a book, should have read it witho
thinking it necessary to take the advice it conveyed.

The rector of the parish happened to call the ve
next day at Mrs Walker's, and as he was going awa
inquired so kindly after the little girl, that she w
called in from the garden to see him. He asked wh
book it was she was reading; and when she said it w
the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he stroked her head, and sai
he hoped she would not delay setting out on h
pilgrimage till she was the age of Christian, addin
that a youthful pilgrim was the most interesting obje
he knew. This last observation was addressed to h
aunts, who assented to it, as they did to everythin
Mr Roberts said, and it confirmed the resolution whic
Maria had already taken of setting out alone. I nee
hardly add, that the day she fixed upon was the one
which we have already so often alluded.

The party assembled in the housekeeper's room ha
just reversed their cups in their saucers, as a sign
that they did not wish them replenished, when one
the party requested Mrs Martha's permission to besto
a piece of bread, thickly buttered, and covered wi
sugar, upon Miss Maria—we presume, as a token
gratitude for her keeping out of their way. Consen
was obtained, but as Miss Maria was not to be see
the whole party issued forth into the garden in sea

of her. Every walk was explored, but in vain; and at last a little gate leading into a wood being found open, the wood was searched, but with no better success. What anguish did Mrs Martha suffer when she thought how faithfully she had promised not to let the child out of her sight! They retraced their steps to the house, some one suggesting that she might be there. But no!—all their search was vain. Hannah thought she might have gone to buy some barley-sugar, but she had not been seen at the shop, nor on the road to it, for Hannah stopped to ask every one she met if they had seen the child. Hour after hour was spent in an unavailing search, and at last the ladies arrived at home, when a scene of confusion ensued that baffles description. In the midst of it, a boy arrived with a little shoe, which he said he thought must belong to young madam: of its being hers, there could be no doubt; and many were the tears shed over what Mrs Martha said was all that now remained of Miss Maria. The boy could give no information as to where this relic was found, for a woman whom he did not know had given it to him, to bring to Mrs Walker, saying only that she had got it from a man, whom she did not know, who said he had found it, but she did not ask where; but she had heard that a little lady had been lost at Oldtown, and she thought if it was hers, it might be a comfort to her friends to have something that had belonged to her.

But it is time that we should return to Maria. When she had made up her mind to set out, it was a distressing thought to her, that she knew not the direction in which to turn for the purpose of finding the path she was to pursue, and she was determined to ask no one by the way, for fear of encountering Mr Worldly Wiseman. The road by which they came in the carriage, she knew did not bring them through the Wicket Gate. She concluded, therefore, that there must be some different route through the fields to the foot of the hill *Difficulty, which she could* distinctly see from the *garden; so she resolved* to make her way through the

fields for the chance of finding it; but should sh
succeed in getting there by the right path, she wo
anyrate get there; and when she reached the po
lodge at the gate of the palace, she would there
them to take her back to the beginning of the
which she was sure some of them would do. Sh
out, then, expecting every moment to hear her
called from behind her; for she remembered
Christian's friends were clamorous that he should re
and she naturally supposed hers might be so too
she was firmly resolved to pursue the same course
he did, and put her fingers in her ears, that she
not hear. She had her misgivings, certainly,
the propriety of leaving home; but then she th
Mr Roberts had so distinctly recommended her jou
that her aunts could not blame her very much,
cularly as it had not escaped her observation,
cordially they had agreed with him as to the nec
of it; and they had so often, on a Sunday eve
exhorted her to do during the week all that Mr Ro
had enforced in his sermons, that she thought, or
to think, that for once they would have no cau
complain. She scrambled over or through se
hedges, without seeing anything at all like a
through the fields; still she fancied she was ga
upon the hill, and she thought if she reached the P
they would allow her to sleep there, although she
not come in by the Wicket Gate, since she really w
to go through it; and she amused herself by wond
whether she should sleep in the same room v
Christian had slept, and whether they would giv
any armour, or whether it was only worn by men-pilg
She was interrupted in her reverie by seeing a numb
cows running, as she feared, towards her; so she beg
run too, and it was not till she had climbed a gat
the next field, that she missed one of her shoes,
had fallen off in her rapid flight—that same shoe
caused so much lamentation at home. She dare
go back to look for it, as a dog was still chasing the

but she thought she could manage to walk without it, as the grass was so very soft, and she was sure either Prudence, Piety, or Charity, would give her a new one. At last she reached the high-road, and began to ascend the hill. By this time she was very tired, very sleepy, and very hungry, but she remembered Christian had felt sleepy here also; and she resolved, however tired, not to sleep in the arbour, for which, however, she looked in vain, and concluded it had been pulled down. She could not help feeling very glad of it, as with her tired little limbs it certainly would have been very difficult to resist the temptation. She was very much shocked to see how many people were coming down the hill, and that no one but herself was ascending it. At length she saw two tall big men apparently running a race down, and her little heart beat more rapidly as she thought how very awful the lions must look: for if these were not Timorous and Mistrust themselves, she did not for a moment doubt that they were terrified in the same manner. She had not seen any lions the day they passed in the carriage, and she had sometimes almost ventured to hope that they no longer existed; but how the poor little thing trembled, when, on reaching the bend of the road, where it swept off to the lodge she had before seen, there appeared, reposing under the shade of two fine beech-trees, two enormous lions! Maria was no great naturalist, or she would have perceived at once that they were made of stone; but she never for a moment doubted that they were really *the* lions. She stood gazing and trembling for some time, continually repeating, 'the lions were chained, but he saw not the chains;' and then, summoning up all her courage, she ran swiftly between them, passed through the gate, and knocked with all her little might at the door of the lodge. It was opened, by a tall, good-humoured-looking man; and Maria, awestruck at beholding at length one of the individuals of whom she had thought so much, dropped a *deep courtesy, and said*: 'If you please, sir, are you *Watchful?*'

'Why, miss, as to that,' said the man, smiling good-humouredly, 'I hopes I be. What did you please to want?'

'I want Discretion, if you please, sir,' replied Maria.

'I say, missis,' said the man, looking over his shoulder at his wife, 'didst ever hear the like of that?—here's a little maiden as says as how she wants discretion. Well, I've seed many a one as wanted it afore, but never one as owned to it.'

A sharp-featured, vinegar-looking woman now appeared, looking very unlike anything Maria expected to see so near the house Beautiful. 'So you want discretion, miss, do you? Well, I wonder if there's anything else you want?'

'I thought,' said Maria, trying to feel brave, 'I might perhaps be allowed to sleep either here or at the palace.'

A private confabulation now took place between the husband and wife, in which it was agreed he should take Maria to the quality at the great house, as maybe they would make something of her. Maria felt very proud when she found herself with her hand in that of Mr Watchful, and actually on the way to the palace. Her guide left her outside, while he asked to speak to Mrs Adams, to whom he said that the little lady's intellects seemed all of a heap together—it was such a queer thing to hear a child like her talk of want of discretion, though no doubt it was all very true. Mrs Adams told him to get a horse ready, that she might send him off to the friends of the little girl, as soon as she had ascertained who they were; and she came and led Maria by the hand into the drawing-room so tenderly, and looked so very kindly, that Maria began to feel quite reassured. She was delighted to see three young ladies in the room, who, of course, were Piety, Prudence, and Charity. Mrs Adams, as soon as she had given her a large slice of bread and butter, and some new milk, said: 'Now, my dear, you'll tell us what your name is, and who your papa and mamma are.'

'*My* name, ma'am, is Maria Walker, but I never had

either a papa or mamma,' replied Maria, with the utmost simplicity.

'And where do you live, dear?'

'At Oldtown, with my grandmamma.'

'And where were you going, my love?'

'I did not want to go further than this house to-night. I always intended to sleep here.'

'And does any one know you were coming here?'

'No, ma'am. No one knew exactly that I meant to come to-day; but our clergyman, Mr Roberts, strongly advised me to come, and he said I could not set out too soon.'

'And what was your object in coming, Maria?'

'I wished to set an example to all the people in Oldtown,' was the answer; and both Mrs Adams and her daughters were quite at a loss what to think of their little visitor.

Maria, however, had gained so much courage, that she thought she might now venture to ask a few questions, and begun with: 'Do many children come here, ma'am?'

'Yes; sometimes we have children here. We're all very fond of them when they are good.'

'And have you got any armour for little girls, ma'am?'

This was almost too much for the gravity of Mrs Adams, but she determined not to let her see how very much amused she was, but rather to encourage her in asking any questions she pleased, hoping by that means to obtain a clue to the very extraordinary state in which her mind seemed to be. 'Oh no!' she said; 'but why do you want to know?'

'I was afraid you had not,' said Maria. And then looking very serious, 'Please, ma'am, tell me is this house very near the Valley of the Shadow of Death?'

'My poor little child,' said Mrs Adams, drawing her close to her, and kissing her, 'that, none of us can tell; it may be nearer than we think.'

'But you won't send me there to-night, will you?' and the child half cried as she asked the question: 'You'll let me stay and sleep here?'

'Yes, that you shall, dear little wanderer; and I think you must need sleep very much, for you look tired, and your little hand is very hot.'

'I suppose nobody ever comes back here that's been through the Valley,' continued the child, almost as if thinking aloud.

This touched a chord in every bosom present, that thrilled through them, for their mourning was yet new for one very dear to them, who had been suddenly hurried through that valley of which Maria spoke.

'I've been thinking, ma'am, it would be a terrible thing for a little girl like me to go there alone without any armour. Oh! please do let Piety go with me—oh, pray do!' said the child, wondering what she could possibly have said to make them all cry so.

At this moment the porter arrived to say he was ready, and Mrs Adams desired him to tell Mrs Walker her little Maria was safe, but very tired, and she would either take her home in the morning, or would be very happy to see the ladies, if they liked to come and fetch her.

'I don't want to go home,' said Maria; 'I only want to go back as far as the Wicket Gate, that I may begin at the beginning.'

'O, now I see it all!' exclaimed she whom Maria was sure must be Charity; 'you dear delightful little creature, you've been reading the *Pilgrim's Progress* till your little head is turned, as I'm sure mine would have been at your age, if I had not had a good mamma to explain it all to me; and as you never had a mamma, how could you know anything about it?'

A few judicious questions now drew forth from Maria the whole story of her pilgrimage; and when her aunts arrived before breakfast next morning, they were quite surprised to find her looking so well and happy and rational, as they had been very much frightened by Mr Watchful's account of what he called her light-mindedness and want of discretion.

Mrs Adams begged she might be allowed to stay a *few days* with them; and before the time came for her

e, the beautiful allegory which had so much
d her, was made so very plain, that she thought
t have been extremely stupid not to have found
neaning for herself.
oung readers will, I am sure, be glad to hear
ria, who has now little girls of her own, has
ce found the true Wicket Gate, and is anxious
to others the privilege of being permitted to
. Few in the present day have not greater
es than she had; and if any are induced to
mselves the question—whether, with superior
on, they are equally in earnest to obtain in the
health Piety for their companion through that
lley, which sooner or later all must tread, my
ll not have been written in vain.

ATIVE OF A PRISONER OF STATE.*

moirs of Silvio Pellico have fully informed the
the watchful severity with which the Austrians
d every insurrectionary movement in the north
, after the fall of Napoleon had re-established
premacy in that country. The story of a new
in the cause of Italian independence is now
s, and contains much interesting matter, from
e shall cull some portions for the benefit of our

nder Andryane, a young Frenchman of good
and of a warm and enthusiastic temperament,
uced by some Italian refugees, whom he met
udying at Geneva in 1822, to proceed to Milan,
ret mission to the leaders of the anti-Austrian

irs of a Prisoner of State in the Fortress of Spielberg. By
r Andryane. Translated by Fortunato Prandi. H. Hooper,
East, London.

party in that country. Andryane took the precaution of leaving the ciphers, statutes, and other dangerous credentials of which he was the bearer, on the Italian frontiers, with directions that they should be forwarded to him. But, on reaching Milan, and holding communication with various friends of the cause, he found everything in a most unpromising state for any revolutionary movement. Count Confalonieri, one of the most pure-minded of Italian patriots, and several of his friends, had been thrown into confinement, and were suffering the greatest severities at the hands of an arbitrary commission, appointed for the purpose by the Austrian emperor. These circumstances caused Andryane to send back a letter, forbidding the documents in question to be forwarded to him, being now well aware of the danger of having such papers in his possession. But they *were* sent to him, and he then resolved to put them into the hands of a friend who had the means of secreting them effectually, and without personal danger. Alas! ere this could be done, the evil hour arrived. On the morning of the 8th of January, Andryane heard his door-bell ring. Imagining it to be his friend come for the papers, he took the case containing them from its hiding-place, and laid it below the cushions of the sofa, ready to be delivered up. The expected party did not enter, but a gentleman in a brown coat, and of a sinister and cadaverous visage, came in, followed by several gendarmes. 'I shuddered,' says Andryane; 'a thought struck me like a thunderbolt—"It is all over with me!"—a moment of intense agony, which, however, I mastered sufficiently to assume a polite and unconcerned air, and ask the personage in the brown coat to what I owed the honour of his visit. "Excuse me," he replied; "I am sent by the customs to search whether you have contraband goods in your possession." "I am not a merchant; the customs ought to be aware of that." "*I trust you* will pardon me, but it is my duty;" and *so saying*, he and his myrmidons entered my room.' *Andryane* tried several feints, to shew his composure

of mind, and to lead them off the right scent; but at length the Commissary Bolza, who was the head of the party, advanced all at once to the sofa. 'The first cushion he lifted discovered the case; he eagerly clutched it, and held it up. A mortal chillness ran through my veins; I felt that my fate was about to be decided.' The papers were sealed, and in a few moments the unfortunate Andryane was on his way to the presence of the director of the police. Nothing passed at this interview except the drawing up of a list of the suspected papers; and when this was finished, Andryane was conveyed to the prison of Santa Margarita, the same building in which Silvio Pellico had been confined three years before. 'Passing through a low and dark corridor, which looked out upon a small court surrounded by a high wall, the jailer opened a little door studded with iron, on which my eyes had been from the first presagingly fixed. "May I trouble you to enter?" said Bolza. I entered; the door closed behind me with a hollow sound. May God one day or other recompense the intense anguish which fell upon my heart at that moment!'

It may well be believed that this poor stranger, then only twenty-four years of age, should have felt his spirits at first lamentably depressed, on finding himself in a dark cell, three paces by five in dimensions, and with no single article of furniture excepting a stove—conscious, at the same time, that his jailers and those destined to be his judges were the dreaded emissaries of Austria. At first, a degree of hysterical excitement characterised the thoughts and motions of Andryane, but he gradually grew calmer. A bed, a set of drawers, a chair, and a table, were brought to him by the head jailer Riboni, a fat, good-natured man, who strongly counselled the prisoner to eat something, recommending the prison-cook as the best in Milan. Andryane took a little soup, and lay down to rest; but his anxiety was too great, and his *situation too distressingly* novel, to permit him *to taste sound repose. His* thoughts were fixed on the

course which he ought to take when subjected to examination, and the principle he ultimately laid down for himself was—'to deny all he could deny, to refuse all explanation, all avowal.' On the following morning he was examined by the director of police, and adhered to his plan, in spite of the warnings of the examinator. To reveal the names of the Italians with whom he had held intercourse both in Switzerland and Italy, and to explain the meaning of the papers in cipher, and others found in the case, constituted the information sought from Andryane, and he was assured of free pardon in case of compliance. In reality, the young Frenchman was able to give but little of the information required from him, so hastily and thoughtlessly had he entered on the enterprise. But what he did know he would *not* tell, and hence the numberless examinations to which he was in the sequel subjected. 'Young man,' said the director of police, on seeing his obstinacy, 'you are ruining yourself. Once out of my hands, you will be delivered to the jurisdiction of the Commission.' To await the tender mercies of this body, accordingly, Andryane was remanded to his cell.

Before his new examinations commenced, Andryane had found a remarkable way of beguiling time in his solitary cell. Having discovered the cells on each side of his own to be inhabited, he bethought himself of a mode of communication with his neighbours by tapping on the wall, which he had heard of as being practised among Italian prisoners. The alphabet, according to this scheme, consisted of a regularly increasing scale of taps—*a* being marked by *one* tap, *b* by *two*, and so on. When Andryane first tried this, he had little hope of success, but after repeated trials it was found to succeed; and he was able to carry on a slow and laborious conversation with a prisoner equally unhappy with himself in the adjoining cell. At length, this person ceased to answer his taps, by which he knew that he must have been removed to another cell.

The grief occasioned by this loss of society, if it may

be so called, was diverted by new occurrences of interest. He was called before the terrible Commission, at the head of which was Salvotti, a personage but too famous in Austrian Italy for ability and cruelty. Believing firmly that Andryane possessed all the secrets of the Italian refugees spread over Europe, Salvotti bent all his powers of cajoling and threatening to the task of extracting from the young Frenchman all that he knew. Andryane was firm in his resolve to reveal nothing; and Salvotti, after innumerable examinations by day and by night, found that he could not weary out the patience and resolution of his prisoner.

Meanwhile the unfortunate youth found new associates in his tapping converse. Some time after the removal of his first correspondent, he chanced to try the wall on the opposite side. To his great joy, the signal was answered. His new friend proved to be a man named Confortinati, who had been confined for four years on mere suspicion. After twelve days' intercourse by the wall, Confortinati was in turn taken away, and Andryane left once more solitary. Some time afterwards, however, a new prisoner was brought to the same cell, and with him also Andryane was able to communicate, for such alphabets of captivity were but too well known to the Italians of these days. The Colonel Moretti, as the new-comer was called, did not remain above a few weeks. Whether these friends in misfortune were taken to the scaffold, or died in their cells, poor Andryane could not tell. He only knew that the wall returned no more the well-known signal, which cheered the prisoner's loneliness. But the youth of Andryane, and his ingenuous character, had gained him friends among even the officials of Austria. The Counsellor Minghini, in particular, a member of the Commission, had formed an attachment to the poor young stranger, and got some books sent to his cell. These were a source of great consolation to Andryane, and a still greater joy awaited him, after he had been about four months a captive. His sister, with her

husband and family, arrived in Milan, in orde
every possible exertion on the spot for his li
For some time, Salvotti would not permit an i
between the brother and sister. On the con
dragged the sister before the Commission, an
voured to extract from her such evidence, re
certain former doings of the brother in Fr
might throw the latter into deeper peril. I
this, he visited Andryane in his cell, and end
to work on his feelings by painting the joy w
liberation would cause to his sister, as well as
aged father in Paris. At the same time, he c
Andryane's obstinacy as arising from nothing bu
and overstrained notions of honour. Thoug
moved by the tempter's words, the young priso
fast by his resolve: he betrayed nothing.
standing this, Counsellor Minghini's influence
about an interview between the brother and si
was a brief one, but it sufficed to strengthen An
resolution, by shewing him that his noble-minde
though wrung with anxiety for his fate, appr
the principles on which he had taken his stand.

Andryane's examinations came at length to
and, as the last step, he was desired to draw up a
of his conduct, which might be laid before the
before sentence was finally pronounced. So
this defence was given in, Andryane, with a
named Rinaldini, who had lately been the s
his cell, was conveyed from Santa Margarit
prison of Porta Nuova, situated in a different
of Milan. As the carriage was passing with them
the streets, the young Frenchman looked dejec
the houses and the people. 'The circumstan
he, 'of two individuals meeting and shaking ea
warmly by the hands, gave a new current to my se
It is impossible to express what a pang this
meeting inflicted on me. How many remem
how many regrets, crowded on my mind!'
one of those touches of nature that impress a

with the stamp of sincerity. The feeling here described could have arisen only in the mind of a poor captive, or of a Defoe, perhaps, expressing the sentiments of one! When the prisoners reached Porta Nuova, they found that they had the liberty of walking in a large gallery, but that in other respects their situation was by no means improved. Rinaldini and Andryane had a third companion, named Bigoni, added to their society. Both Rinaldini and Bigoni were men of excellent dispositions, and were suffering on mere suspicion. One day, after having been in this new prison for some weeks, Minghini the counsellor came to the walking-gallery, and took Andryane aside. The communication of Minghini was to the following terrible import. 'Your sentences have been sanctioned by the Senate of Verona, and only wait the emperor's approval. The two greatest criminals are doomed to the scaffold.' 'And who are these two?' said Andryane. 'Yourself and Confalonieri!' was Minghini's reply.

Assured of the truth of this intelligence, which the good Minghini only communicated for the purpose of advising the doomed captive even yet to throw himself on the emperor's mercy, and to confess all, Andryane sought the privilege of solitude, that he might prepare for his fate. This indulgence was granted, in so far as he was removed to a new cell, with Rinaldini for his sole companion. One day, soon afterwards, Andryane gave a tap on the wall of the next cell; no answer was returned. He tried it a second time, and a faint response was given. '*Chi sei?*' asked Andryane. 'The first letter of the reply,' says Andryane, 'was a *c*, the second an *o*, then an *n*, then an *f*, followed by an *a*. My attention was redoubled; after the *a*, I heard an *l*, an *o*, and an *n*. I became breathless; all my nerves were on the stretch. I then articulated the letters *i*, *e*, *r*, *i*, and exclaimed: "It is he!" "Who?" asked my companion eagerly. "It is he! it is he!" I repeated with joy; "it is Confalonieri!"' It did indeed prove to be the most famous of the patriots of modern Italy. The

lofty virtues of this nobleman's character were that Andryane, young as he was, was almost rec to death by the thought of having so glorious a ciate in his doom. After this discovery, Confa who was wretchedly ill, partly from natural we of constitution, and partly from the torture a lingering confinement he had undergone, con through the wall frequently with Andryane, of firmness under examination he had been fully inf Confalonieri said that the confirmation of the sen must soon arrive from the emperor. He himse prepared for death. This mural discourse was b to an end for a time by the introduction of guar the cell of Confalonieri. One night, however, all were asleep, Andryane heard some slight t the wall. 'I got up,' says he, 'and went to liste was Confalonieri, who, availing himself of the s his guards, summoned me once more. "The sen have been sanctioned by the emperor; they are they will be executed in a few days; *I shall be h* "In the name of Heaven, tell me whether I a demned to the same punishment as yourself?' did not answer, but his silence spoke more than I therefore raised my soul to Him who is the of resignation and courage, and prayed for fortit die worthily!'

Some days more elapsed ere the prisoners kne certainty what was to be their fate. Meanwhile exertions were being made to move the mind emperor to mercy. The wife of Count Confa a woman of extraordinary virtues and beauty, an sionately devoted to her husband, went to Vien throw herself at the emperor's feet. But Fran Austria was inflexible; he was bent upon mak example, to terrify the disaffected, and Confaloni *one* of those whom he was determined to cons *death.* At her second interview with him, the em *turned* away from the countess, saying: 'Madam *is barely* time for you to reach Milan, if you

see your husband once more.' To the aged father of Confalonieri, an ancient servant of the house of Austria, the emperor said: 'Rise, my dear count! Submit to the sacrifice, and behold your son already in paradise!' — by these words indicating his perfect consciousness that, in the eye of Heaven, his victim was pure and without stain. The unhappy countess and her father-in-law left Vienna in despair, fearful that, with all the speed they could exert, the sentence of death, which a courier bore on the way before them, would be executed ere they could arrive in Milan. And such would have been the case but for an accident which delayed the courier for ten hours in the mountains of the Tyrol, and which delay not only permitted the countess again to see her husband, but saved that husband from death; for a second courier had thus time to reach Milan with a *respite* wrung from the emperor by the tears of the empress, who had interested herself deeply in the sorrows of the Countess Confalonieri. That respite also saved one other person, Alexander Andryane, from the scaffold! These two were the selected examples.

At twelve o'clock on the night of the 20th of January 1824—exactly one year and two days from Andryane's arrest—the prisoners concerned, or suspected of being concerned, in treasonable offences against the imperial authority, were taken from their beds and carried to the Palace of Justice. Here they met in one large room, and for the first time Andryane saw the majestic features and figure of Confalonieri. The count was distressingly, pitiably ill, but Salvotti had sworn to bring him forward *dead or alive*. Confalonieri was laid on a couch as soon as he was brought into the room mentioned, and soon after fell into convulsions. But he recovered in time, and was conveyed before the Commission, to hear his sentence read and those of his companions. The secretary produced a paper, and read thus:—'By the sentence of the Imperial Commission, the Count Frederick Confalonieri, accused and convicted *of high treason, is condemned* to death.' To enjoy *the terrible effect which* this sanguinary doom must

produce on the victim, Salvotti cast on him piercing triumphant looks. But he was deceived; no alteration visible in the countenance of Confalonieri. After a pause, the secretary continued: 'But, by the inexha ible clemency of the emperor, the capital punishment been commuted to imprisonment for life in the fort of Spielberg.' Andryane's doom ran word for word that of Confalonieri, and, among their companions, s were condemned to remain twenty years, and others in the same fortress.

The prisoners were not yet freed from this trial. T were kept till morning in the large hall, and then to out to a scaffold or pillory, that their sentences m be again read before the assembled populace of Mi Here the prisoners, however, found sympathy. Altho the streets were lined with Austrian soldiers, the cr could not restrain their emotions of pity at the sigh Confalonieri. On him all eyes were fixed, as if to him a tribute of respect, and the groans of commisera uttered by the crowd warned the police of the dange continuing the spectacle. They were removed to t prisons, preparatory to being sent to Spielberg.

Andryane was allowed to see his sister before departure. His last words were: 'I am buried at f and-twenty, but my resignation will not abandon Under all circumstances, I hope I shall prove worth you.' Confalonieri also was permitted to see his no minded wife, and bid her farewell. Under the ch of a strong party, the prisoners were then removed carriages to Spielberg. Confalonieri was in the s carriage with Andryane. It was delightful to th even though captives, to look once more from the carri windows upon the sun. 'Happy, how happy are th exclaimed the count, 'who, dwelling in the lovely l on which the sun pours its full tide of genial influe can taste in peace, under the roof-tree of home, blessing of its wonderful beams!' But we are g to a clime where it shines without warmth, and never enter our miserable cell. I am a child of

wing south, and the sun is necessary to my existence.'
they receded from Milan, indeed, the health of Con-
nieri seemed gradually to decline, and at length it
s found necessary to leave him by the way, while the
t continued their journey. But Confalonieri recovered,
l joined them in the cells of Spielberg, there to spend
ny unhappy years.

Alexander Andryane's narrative ends with the intro-
ction of himself and his companions into the fortress
Spielberg. He was liberated after an imprisonment
several years, and his narrative was published in
nce after his restoration to his family. Considering
t it is the work of an Italian, the English version is
ll executed. The translator says that he has cleared
s memoir of exuberant ornaments, but there is even
t room for pruning. However, the story as a whole
extremely interesting, much more so than this outline
, we fear, give any fair idea of.

It is pleasing to have it in our power to state, in con-
usion, that, at the late coronation of the Emperor
ancis's successor at Milan, an edict was issued, recal-
g those yet in exile, and giving freedom to all yet in
rance, on account of the cause for which Andryane
d Confalonieri suffered.

STORY OF THE PICTURE.

CCIDENTALLY resting for a moment in a small room
tely in the house of a stranger, an oil-painting hanging
the opposite wall arrested our attention. There was
thing very remarkable certainly in the execution of
e piece, of which it might have been said, in the gently
rcastic words of Goldsmith, that 'had the painter
ken more pains, the painting would have been better
ne.' But the disposition of the figures constituted the
riking feature, as this plainly indicated the piece to

have been intended to commemorate some real inc and that of a curious nature. The figures were thi number, all of them of the masculine branch of hum One of them was erect or standing, another was s while a third was resting on the floor on his knee hands. In the centre of the group stood a large the lid of which was raised and thrown back, expos view nothing distinct. So much for the relative pos of the men and the box; now for the individual e sion of each of the parties. The person on his leg one hand extended, pointing to the open chest, whi countenance was directed to the sitting gentleman *vis*, with a look that said as plainly as words: 'Wh you think of *that* now? Doesn't that astonish you?' sitting gentleman's sense of wonder responded to th thus made upon it, and he replied, in the same mute 'Well, I never!—Did I ever?—No I never—saw the r of *that!*' The kneeling figure afforded some glimpse cause for these feelings of the gentleman on his leg the gentleman in the chair. He had a board lying b him, on which some *silver spoons and forks* were r in rows. This board was about the size of the lid o chest, and it was plain that there was some conne between them, which caused the uplifted palms o gentleman in the chair, and had brought the other vidual to an erect posture. A tea-pot or coffee-pot some other articles of silver-plate, were placed o floor, a little aside, and corroborated the impression silver was a substance deeply implicated in the affair.

To use a favourite expression of novelists when are sensible of having been *more* than commonly dul long-winded, 'what has required so much time in de tion was discerned by the eye at a single glance.' I case of this painting, having taken in all at one loo became most amazingly anxious to know the cir stances to which the piece referred. And the hi of the painting was told to us, as we shall now t *again.*

gman, of good estate and repute, thought fit on on to change his residence from one of our ns to a place at the distance of some thirty or i in the country. At his departure, finding it nt or unnecessary to take his stock of silver th him to his new residence, he deposited them dsmith in town. The agent in handing over o the jeweller, was the proprietor's servant, a o was to accompany his master to the country. ppear that the plate had not been looked over signment to the jeweller—at least, not at the time of the gentleman's departure. The latter mily, including the servant who had had the lelivering the plate, went to the country accord- ıtion, and remained there some few weeks. An however, of the plate existed; and, ultimately, entleman wished again to come to town, finding ce in the country not to be so comfortable as ticipated, this inventory, at his request, was oy the jeweller with the stock of plate consigned en some of the articles were found wanting.

discovery being made, suspicion at once fell, nnaturally, upon the servant, who had been vith the plate. He denied the charge when it o him; but there appeared no other way of the deficiency in the chest, than upon the ı that it must have been abstracted at the consignment, as the quantity of plate existing ession of his master, when the family were in perfectly well known. The servant was o prison, in spite of his protestations of inno- ıere he lay for several months; the belief of hat he alone *could* possibly be the purloiner of ; articles, as no person but himself, it could be d touched or intermeddled with the plate-chest consignment to the jeweller. The lost plate, here added, consisted chiefly, if not entirely, of spoons.

ıssizes did not come on for several months in

the district where the accused servant was confined, the consideration of his guilt or innocence was necessarily delayed for that period, as far as an open trial, by a jury of his countrymen, was concerned. What would have been the result of such a trial, it is impossible to say; but the probability is, that it would have gone hard with the accused. He, in the meanwhile, during his imprisonment, begged hard and often to be permitted to go to town, declaring that he himself would speedily discover what had become of the lost plate. Impressed with the idea of his guilt, however, his accusers would not permit of this, and he remained in his cell, to await his doom.

But before the period arrived for settling the case by a definite decision of a jury, a strange and most unlooked-for circumstance occurred, which totally altered the face of affairs. The plate-chest, from which the articles were missing, had been removed, as a matter of course, from the jeweller's premises to the house of the proprietor. That gentleman, on the imprisonment of his servant, had engaged a new one, to whom the care of the chest in question, as well as of other affairs of the household, was intrusted. Now, it chanced that, while this new servant, on a certain time, was employed in turning up and examining in the course of his duty this identical plate-chest, he discovered a *slide*, or sort of false top, which, on being taken out, revealed to his eyes a row of forks and spoons, not in the list of those over which he had been appointed curator. This slide was fixed into the top of the chest, in a way that will be perfectly intelligible to all who have seen trunk-lids that had a depending portion, forming part of the sides. Having, of course, heard of the charge made against his predecessor in office, the servant at once concluded that these were the missing articles of plate, and hurried to inform his master.

On receiving intelligence of this discovery, and satisfying himself of the mistake which he had been led into, *the gentleman*, it is natural to suppose, felt great contrition for what had happened. His first impulse was to

for the jeweller, who had been a party to the mis-
The jeweller came, and it is this meeting which
artist has put upon canvas. The jeweller is the
d personage, the proprietor of the plate is the
eman on his legs, and the new servant is the party
ling on the floor, exhibiting the recently discovered
on of the contents of the chest. Undoubtedly, the
chose a good point of the story for delineation on
as.

this revelation being made, the accused servant was
ated, as might have been expected. But it was not
supposed that he could put up patiently with the
nded charge made against him, and the confinement
h he had suffered. He claimed compensation, and
parties from whom he claimed it were under the
sity, willingly or unwillingly, of buying indemnity
heir mistaken accusation, at the cost of several
red pounds.

ch is the story of the painting. It has a moral, or
ps two. The first and least pointed or special,
s to the danger of preferring rash charges; the
d and most directly applicable, may be conveyed in
words: 'Let every man take care to know the
and ins of his own plate-chest.'

HE CONTINENTAL BLOCKADE:

A STORY.

Continental Blockade was one of the gigantic ideas of
leon. Master of the whole of Europe, either directly
directly, he still found all his schemes thwarted by
indomitable opposition of England, and, to weaken
enemy, whose whole strength and wealth lay
edly in her commerce, he exerted all his power to
the ports of the continent against her shipping. To
ain extent he was successful. Almost the whole

line of the shores of Europe was blockaded again British shipping; but the natural consequence wa a contraband system was established, which undi effect of the whole blockade. Even France itself, might be supposed to follow up the Emperor's v with the greatest strictness, had been too long tomed to depend on Britain for commercial suppli be able to do entirely without them. In spite c closest watching on the part of Napoleon's officials, quantities of smuggled goods were introduced Britain into the Channel coasts of France. It was of the French ports in this quarter, that the foll incidents took place, which will be more intelligible this explanation of the state of matters at the ti their occurrence.

The port in question, like others in France, had su severely from the blockade, inasmuch as its shippi idle and useless, through fear of the terrible enemy held the mastery of the seas. The inhabitants of th consequently endured very considerable privations, portion of them were not unwilling to profit by the of smugglers from the other side of the Channel. O again, and among these all the old sailors who had f against Britain, would have died sooner than have sn a bit of tobacco, or drunk a glass of rum, that had brought into the port in violation of the blockade. day, an old privateer captain, named Scipio, was s with a number of old mariners like himself, on the of the *Halcyon*, a dismantled hulk which Scipio had in other days from the English, and which now sto a corner of the harbour, converted into a stati residence for the privateer and his associates. 'Is shocking,' said Scipio to his companions, 'that the should have abundance of tobacco, sugar, coffee, and articles, when it is certain that for many weeks merchantman has cast anchor in the harbour?' 'S *ing,' repeated* every one around. 'My friends,' said S *'we are daily* and nightly betrayed. The blocka *not respected*. Though we have customhouse-

oast-guards, they are worth nothing. There is some
rance between the towns-people and the English,
enables the smuggler—for it is one vessel, I am
ıced, that does the whole mischief—to approach the
always at the very moment when the coast-guard
ıt of the way. These wretches of grocers would sell
:ountry for profit.'

'ou are right, Master Scipio,' said one of the seamen,
muggler should not be far off now, since the guard-
's gone for a day or two.'

ıio turned his head slowly to the west as he
this remark, and gazed on the long line of blue
ı before him. In an instant he cried: 'My glass!
ıss! that villainous smuggler is there again!' The
ivateer's telescope was handed to him, and, after
ing it, he sank gradually on one knee, and sweeped
)rizon with his experienced eye. From sea he
his gaze to land, and examined that portion of
)spect with equal attention. 'What, in the name
ıder, brings that girl in the blue robe so often to
ck by the sea-side? And at such a distance from
vn too! She must have a purpose!'

old mariners around could not comprehend the
ıg of Scipio's remark. 'The smuggler,' said one;
of the smuggler?' Scipio rose smartly to his feet,
oused from a reverie. 'The English smuggler is
to land somewhere not far off this night, my
ı; and shall we allow it? No! though the guard-
be away, we shall find some boat or another to
ıs to sea, and I am sure we are men enough, old
are, to stop for once the smuggler's pranks. I
o this instant, and demand letters-of-marque from
)mmissary of marine. There is treachery some-
, my friends, but we shall make the blockade be
ted!' The ancient mariners cheered old Scipio
pirit, as he departed on his errand to the house of
)mmissary. 'We shall make the blockade be
ted!' cried they.

o was not long in reaching the house of the

commissary, from whom he had to recei
marque, or commission, necessary to ena
the purpose he had in view. But whe
his destination, he found that the comn
about to sit down to dinner. A servant, h
him into an elegant hall, and promised
wish to see the commissary. Scipio sat
half an hour, biting his nails at the th
night was advancing, and the smuggler v
his business done. The impatient old pri
seized the bell-rope, and rang it violen
reappeared, and, after an apology, on a
being company at dinner, informed Scipi
missary would be glad to hear his busi
'To-morrow!' cried the veteran; 'tell y
I want a letter-of-marque; that the Eng
in sight; and that in an hour or two, if n
cargo will be landed, and the blockade
domestic disappeared, and soon returned
to Scipio to wait till after dinner. Scipio
ing the meal might be soon over. But fir
course, and dessert, successively passed by
and nostrils of the privateer, and more th
taken up with them. Scipio was now
bounds, and he burst through the crowd
the dining-room, where the commissary
the head of a splendid party.

'Master Commissary!' cried the ang
monious seaman, 'why have I been k
nearly two hours in your hall, when I o
of paper, and when you have been told t
is on the coast, and is violating the bl
guests sat astonished at this speech.

'I don't require to be taught my d
commissary; 'leave the house, fellow!'

'I will go,' returned Scipio, in tones a
will say to the whole town, that you hav
scrap of writing which would have given
battle these foes of my country! There

e who know but too well the place and the
nuggler's descent'——
e irritated veteran came to a pause. His
on the young daughter of the commissary,
ed gazing upon her in a species of stupor.
the angry discussion gave an opportunity
ieutenant in the naval service, who was
› and approach the privateer. Scipio per-
uth to lead him out of the room and tho
a word of resistance.
old friend,' said the lieutenant, when tho
ɔ, 'what is the cause of this conduct?'
r Augustus, it was I who made a man,
ou; and if you have any kindness for
ore, get me a letter-of-marque, and a boat
and let me go and punish that rascally

ınd may be reasonable, or may not, Scipio,'
ɛ officer; 'but you took a strange way to
› commissary, and on the night, too, of his
trothing.'
ıt girl whom I saw just now?' asked the

vas the reply; 'that very young lady at
·ed so strangely.'
om may she be betrothed?' said Scipio.
old friend,' returned the lieutenant.
a long 'whew!' and then was silent for
ro. 'Master Augustus,' said the veteran at
vill have a wife who is strangely fond of

ımprehend you, Scipio,' said the youth.
r Augustus,' replied the old privateer
ıre how you marry that girl! Well might
ızement at her. She is an enemy to her
s some base connection with its enemies.
ıonths *past*, I have seen her clamber along
after day, at some distance from the port;
in that it is she who gives signals to the

English smuggler, and lets him know when it is s
land his cargo.'

'Scipio, you are mad!' exclaimed the officer;
daughter of the commissary of marine, my Cecile
signals to a smuggler! This is pure raving!'

'It is no raving, Master Augustus,' returned the vet
'I cannot be mistaken. The dress, the figure, every
tells me that she is the same person on whom my
has been fixed a thousand times. Ah, beware, M
Augustus!' The young officer was confounded by t
seaman's pertinacity in making this assertion. 'Cor
morrow evening to the *Halcyon*,' said Scipio, 'and
will probably be convinced by the evidence of you
eyesight.'

The bewildered lieutenant gave his consent t
arrangement ere the two parted for the evening. I
was so strongly attached to the youth, that this disc
so deeply affecting his happiness, drove the lett
marque almost out of the old man's mind. Too
time, besides, had been spent to render them now
able. But the privateer was right. On the followin
it was well known in the town that the English smu
had discharged a cargo not far from the port.

For several successive evenings after the one desc
Scipio and the young officer of marines watche
rocks along the coast from the deck of the *Halcyo*
on each occasion were disappointed. No Cecile
anybody resembling her, appeared to confirm the vet
statement, and Augustus by degrees became con
that Scipio's conjecture was utterly unfounded.
daily sight of Cecile was enough of itself to over
all jealous suspicion. As the enamoured officer
on her slight but exquisite form, and her lovely c
nance, as yet almost childish in its beauty, or lis
to her sweet voice as it accompanied the motion o
delicate fingers on the harp, he thought he must
been mad to imagine for one moment that a cre
so young, so tenderly nurtured, should take up th
which Scipio had assigned to her, even if it c

supposed that her father should be so false to his official trust as to countenance the contraband-trade. And then, as to the chances of her loving another, how could the lieutenant believe this to be the case when her truth-speaking lips so openly avowed her affection for himself? No, no; Scipio had seen some fisherman's daughter on the rocks, if he had seen anybody at all. Such was the train of thought that passed through the mind of Augustus as he sat by the side of Cecile on the fourth or fifth day after their betrothal.

'But a few days now, Cecile,' murmured the lover, 'and you will be mine—mine for ever.'

'Would that the time were come, Augustus!' said the daughter of the commissary.

'Fool that I was to doubt her love!' thought the officer. 'Ah, Cecile!' said he aloud, 'you make me too happy.'

At this moment the pair were interrupted. The commissary himself entered the room—a cold, stern, reserved person, most unlike his daughter in seeming temperament.

'Augustus!' said the commissary; 'there are bad news of our cruisers. You will have to depart to-morrow for the eastern part of the Channel.'

Cecile grew pale, and cast her eyes on the ground; and when she raised them to reply to the adieus of her lover, they were filled with tears.

On the morrow, Augustus set off to join the frigate to which he was attached. On the evening of the same day, Scipio sat at his post on board the *Halcyon*, with his glass in his hand. His gaze was turned long, long to sea, and at length he directed it to the land. He had no sooner done so, than a sort of yell escaped him. 'Is not this horrible, abominable?—the very day of his departure!' cried the old seaman. 'There she is again on the rocks; her blue dress, her figure, nay, her face, her mouth, her eyes—I see them all as plainly as if she were two paces off! It must be she! Treacherous, wretched girl! Oh, my poor Master Augustus!' As Scipio uttered these *exclamations, he* turned his glass again to sea. *'By heavens, there goes the* smuggler already! Already

does he know the time to be favourable, and
blockade will be broken, while I lie here idle
do nothing.' Convinced of the connection of th
sary with the smuggler, Scipio did not again
needless errand of seeking letters-of-marque, b
many bitter resolutions of exposing him. At
time, Scipio prayed most earnestly for the spe
of Augustus. The old man was gratified in
Scarcely had night closed in, when the frigate
Augustus belonged entered the harbour with a
—two English East-Indiamen. The young offi
immediately, and went to visit Cecile. The
of the commissary listened with an obvious m
fear and delight to her lover's narrative of th
of the two vessels. She separated his long lig
to see if he spoke true—if the bullets which h
over his head had not wounded him. She p
hands in hers: she was so happy! But Aug
abruptly called away from this interview. It
who sought him. What was the result of their
will be immediately seen. Suffice it to say
frigate had not been many hours in the harbo
again stood to sea.

On the ensuing morning, the people of the to
a stirring sight. At a short distance along the
frigate was seen hemming the well-known smu
in to the land. After an attempt to escape on sev
the smuggler ran almost upon the rocks. T
could not follow it without danger, but a boat ful
men soon left the frigate to board the contrab
There was yet one chance of escape for the
To seaward was the frigate, and on one side w
of the town, shutting out all chance on these qua
on the other side was a narrow passage betwe
sunken rock and the shore, which might yet
escape, for through that passage the frigate
have attempted to follow. But the question wa
or not the smuggler knew of this passage. A
it did not; for it seemed to await the appr

, at the head of whom was Augustus, with
his hand. Scipio, too, was in that boat,
had pressed to be taken on the service.
nearing the smuggler, and it was the hope
ontrabandists were ignorant of the passage,
a girl, dressed in blue, appeared on the
a signal to the smuggler to throw itself
The signal was noticed by those in the
d by all. The trumpet fell from the hand
he beheld that girl's figure. But some of
e irritation of the moment, raised their
ioulders.
i Scipio.
is in sport,' cried Augustus. But his
oo late. One of the men fired, and the
of the girl fell to her side. In a moment
y was seen to fall prostrate behind the
e had appeared. The signal was not in
he smuggler, if indeed it was fully under-
s no necessity for detailing the particulars
which followed. It is enough to say, that
vas taken, brought into the harbour, and
o publicly burned on the streets of the
e acclamations of the multitude. The
marine officiated as the regulator of the
irew the first article into the fire with his
he commissary was somewhat pale at the
oy his side stood a young officer whose
of a corpse.
after this affair, a letter reached Augustus.
from a convent. Part of it ran thus:—
hat purposes I was furthering in so doing,
often, often, by my cruel father, whose
in was avarice, to appear on these unhappy
en I did become aware of all that lay under
I sought to free myself from the task, but
spicion was more unlikely to fall on me
ly stern parent's influence over me was
er to escape from; and at the very last,

on the day of the smuggler's capture, he compelled me to make an attempt to save the vessel. I longed for our union, Augustus, because I loved you; but I also longed for it to rid me of this most unnatural servitude. . . . . I know you will pardon me, beloved, and the thought will sustain me under our endless separation. Earlier would I have written, but for my wounded hand; it is now almost well. Adieu!'

Some years after this period, Augustus de Bussy was a married man. His wife was a beautiful woman, but it used to be remarked by all her friends, as a very odd circumstance, that she always wore a glove on one of her hands. The reader, however, will not wonder much at this circumstance, for he will conjecture, and rightly, that Cecile was the person in question. As long as the commissary lived, Augustus, though he kept the strange old man's secret, never could bring his mind to think of connecting himself with such a being; but when the commissary died, which took place within two years of the affairs related, the young officer took Cecile from the convent where she had found a refuge—although she had not become a member of its sisterhood—and made her the mistress of his home. Old Scipio, notwithstanding the thoughts he had once entertained of her, was happy in being allowed to teach the mysteries of ship-building and ship-sailing to the little ones who had her blood in their veins.

Thus closes our episode of the Continental Blockade.

A WEST INDIA SKETCH.

THE OLD SAILOR, AUTHOR OF 'TOUGH YARNS,' &c.

negro has a soul, an please your honour,' said the corporal
sigh.
n not much versed, corporal,' said my uncle Toby, 'in things
kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one any
han thee or me.' STERNE.

ICA CREEK, although bearing so humble a designa-
s in many parts half a mile in breadth; and after
ing the waters of several tributary streams, empties
nto the sea, between the fifth and sixth degrees of
latitude, on that part of the coast of South America
rly known as French, then Dutch, but now British
a. The planters on both sheres of the creek take
tage of its aid, to send their produce down to vessels
ome to load at the entrance, or else ship it in colonial
, to be conveyed round to the river Demerara. The
extremely rapid, and at low-water the channel is
row and shallow as to render it unnavigable for any
s except those of very light draught; therefore great
n is required to catch the proper time to descend.
st of the planters whose estates lie adjacent to the
, are provided with handsome boats, rowing with
four to eight oars; and as the negroes are rather
l to such excursions, they make excellent boatmen,
ie with each other in the speed and appearances of
little craft, which generally have a raised roof abaft,
lter passengers from the intense heat of the sun.
as visiting my friend Mitchell—who managed a very
estate that the creek divided into two parts—and
xpressed a great desire to inspect an Indian encamp-
, about forty miles up the Mahaica from the place of
sidence, near the ferry that forms the line of com-
cation between the east coast of Demerara and the
of Berbice. *It was* indeed a most beautiful place

in which the proprietor of that plantation had pitched his tent, and though on a perfect level, yet the best had been made of situation, by the disposing of the surrounding trees, with all their exquisite loveliness of colour in foliage, flower, and fruit, so as apparently to exclude that distant prospect which in reality did not exist. But the proprietor had made an ample fortune, and returned home to England, leaving Mitchell with a handsome salary, and privilege to act as his deputy; for notwithstanding all the attractive splendour of nature, attired in her richest costume, notwithstanding the luxury of West India enjoyments, notwithstanding that hundreds of slaves were ready to the utmost extent of obedience to a beck or nod, there was one small winged insect—the mosquito—that did more to terrify and torture its victims than the royal tiger of Bengal, or the kingly lion of Southern Africa; and from that pestiferous little creature all are equally ready to flee.

The smoke-wreaths had been scarcely wafted away from the daybreak-gun, when Mitchell aroused me, to say that his boat was waiting for us at the ferry, and the morning delightfully cool. A cold bath, and a cup of delicious coffee and a roasted plantain whilst dressing, occupied only a few minutes, and by the time the sun had jumped up on to the verge of the horizon to see what the world was about, we were embarked and gallantly flying up the stream, propelled by six stout negroes, each in a glossy suit of nature's own tailoring; in fact, except the cloth round their loins, they were as naked as they were born.

The day before had been intensely hot, and the night till two in the morning had been extremely sultry, but the cold aguish chill that now made us tremble and shake, appertained more to the icy regions than to the torrid zone; but as the day advanced, the influences of the master-spirit prevailed, and a more genial warmth *diffused itself*. We had also a breeze soon after starting, *and the men* lay on their oars and spread the canvas; *and as we glided* smoothly along, I must own that the

beauty of the river scenery was delightful to the eye, especially as there was nothing on either hand in the distance to draw the attention away from objects immediately in the vicinity; in truth, the sight on both sides was bounded by the towering trees upon the banks of the stream, except where a break opened to a plantation residence, and in one or two places a space had been cleared, and sugar-houses erected.

As we proceeded higher up, the creek became more narrow, and as the lofty trees prevented the wind from reaching our sail, it was consequently lowered, and the negroes once more took to their oars: the evergreen foliage in all its variety of shade; the splendid plumage of the birds, as they flashed to and fro in the sun; the long pennons of crimson flowers that waved on high from the branches; the delicious scent of the orange-blossom —all grew into greater luxuriance, whilst the only sounds that disturbed the stillness which would otherwise have prevailed, was the voice of the whip-poor-will, whose notes here became, 'Who—who are you?' the scream of the parrot or perroquet, and the everchanging tones of the mocking-bird.

Suddenly, on a signal from their spokesman, the negroes struck up a song, to which they kept time with their oars. The leading songster sang a line solo, taking up any occurrence that crossed his mind at the moment, or that took place in our progress. Thus, when the looms of the oars were thrown aft to replunge the blade in the water, the leader sang his line whatever it might be, and as they one and all took their stroke together, every voice united in a general chorus. The first subject was connected with our voyage. The leader commenced—

'We da boy for pull da boat,'

to which the rest instantly rejoined—

'Sing cheerly row!'

Then the first line was repeated, and the response again *followed; and it was* extremely rare that a subject was

alluded to more than once; indeed, as the scenery and circumstances were changing, he was seldom at a loss for a theme; and when it flagged, some sly hit at the manager, myself, or their fellow-negroes, supplied the deficiency. There was something extremely musical in the tone and manner of singing, that rendered it anything but unpleasant; and as it acted upon the energies of the negroes, to incite them to greater exertion, we had no objection to it. Two or three other lines I remember were—

'Sun him get abub da bush,
Sing cheerly row;
Sun him get abub da bush,
Sing cheerly row.

Captain hab da grog-bottell,
Sing cheerly row;
Captain hab da grog-bottell,
Sing cheerly row.'

At one time, the voice of the leader became low and solemn as he pronounced—

'Poor Charley neber cum again,
Nigger boy cry oh!
Poor Charley neber cum again,
Nigger boy cry oh!'

There was something exceedingly plaintive in the tone of the leader, as well as the response, and Mitchell informed me that they referred to the death of a favourite slave belonging to his plantation, who had been drowned at that very spot about twelve months previous. The motion of the oars was equally slow with the utterance of the singer, and several other allusions to the deceased were made in the same mournful strain, till all at once the leader shouted—

'Alligator in da mud,
Sing cheerly row;
Alligator in da mud,
Sing cheerly row.'

And true enough my friend pointed out to me, at a few *yards' distance*, what appeared to be part of the trunk of

tree, but its motion and its glistening eyes soon
ed its real character, and with a noise something
m a heavy sigh and a groan, the creature slid into
ter and disappeared.
ere was a rather melancholy story about poor
y,' said Mitchell; 'but as you have not yet break-
, you would perhaps prefer waiting till you have,
I narrate it.'
would perhaps be more unpleasant for you to tell
or me to hear,' answered I, 'as you must be some-
exhausted; therefore I will not tax your breath.'
ou speak merely from your own experience, my
,' said he; 'I am so well inured to the climate, that
become perfectly natural to me; and, therefore, as
is no time like the time present, you shall have the
ive at once:—Poor Charley was one of the finest
est domestic slaves in the colony, always ready
wanted, and willing to perform his duties with
t good-humour; but there were times when the
of the white man that ran in his veins would stir
ide, for, though holding so inferior a station, he
fact the son of a man of rank, title, and distinction,
eld one of the highest offices in Demerara. His
r was a domestic in the establishment of Sir
rd, and I have heard, for I never saw her, that she
remarkably well-made woman; and as negresses
tremely fond of shewing off their figure to the best
tage, it may naturally be supposed that Celia was
little proud in displaying her handsome person;
d, but for her colour, she might have been considered
uty. At all events, she attracted the notice of the
et, who carried her with him to England. There,
ver, her heart sickened at the indignities which were
d upon her on account of her colour; and, as she
for her kindred and her home, she was sent back
colony, with a handsome sum of money, and pro-
of emancipation. The vessel quitted England, but
ever were Sir Richard's good intentions, or whether
ault was his or not, no instructions were forwarded

to procure the poor girl's freedom; and when she lande in George Town, she was immediately claimed for th estate, and was once more a slave. Still implicitly rely ing on the promise of her master, she submitted to he hard fate, and looked forward with eagerness for th period to arrive when she should obtain her paper and her child be born free. The money she had receive —together with other valuables—was placed in th manager's hands for security, and she pleased herself i airy speculations as to its appropriation.

'Several months passed away; her time for delivery drew near, and still no instructions arrived. It is true the labour imposed upon her was but nominal: she did pretty well what she pleased; but, somehow or other, after negroes have breathed the air of England, they return with strange notions of liberty and freedom! Celia keenly felt the disappointments, as vessel after vessel arrived without the promised letters, till at length intelligence came that Sir Richard had lost his life in a duel he had provoked; the estates had passed into the hands of the next of kin, and Celia was yet a slave. Rage, grief, and vexation, brought on premature labour, and the unhappy girl after bringing forth a fine boy, which she attempted to destroy, was found by the nurse, after an absence of only a few minutes, a lifeless corpse. Intelligence of the circumstance, together with a full statement of particulars, were sent to the new proprietor, who was a needy and avaricious man. He knew nothing, and would know nothing, of Celia or her infant; but as the mother was no more, and a slave by law cannot hold property, he directed that the money deposited by the poor girl in the hands of the manager should be placed to his own account and uses. Thus was Charley ushered into the world a helpless orphan slave; but the manager was a humane and generous-minded man: he kept the child in the house with every care, as if it had been his *own; no menial* occupation was ever allotted to him: *he gave considerable* promise of quickness of intellect *and by stealth* one of the overseers taught him to re

. As he grew older, his history was unfolded
id he felt a conscious superiority over his fellows.
e became strongly attached to a young Creole
eighbouring estate, who was somewhat similarly
rith himself; for she was also a slave, though
arents were yet living. Charley was well aware
freedom he enjoyed was held by a very frail
he change of a proprietor or a manager might
im to labour in the field, for it rested solely
price of his owner or his agents. Andrews was,
s already said, a worthy soul, and at his own
risk and expense, he availed himself of an
ty of sending the youth to England.
/ and sad was Charley's parting with Sophia,
their natures had been polished by instruction,
· attachment was pure and ardent; but the
arley had in view embraced the future prospects
namely, emancipation from slavery; and though
s well aware that the negro taint would exclude
n the society of white people, yet, if free, with
nation of his mother's money, they could main-
iselves and be happy in each other's society.
y softened the affliction of separation, and,
in their expectations, they did not contemplate
intment. But unhappily it came; for although
ucceeded in behalf of Sophia, yet his own pro-
peremptorily refused his request for freedom, or
ion of that which had been so unjustly taken
. But the owner being about to dispose of the
arley was of too much value to be allowed to
n England, and the laws would not sanction his
by force. Duplicity was therefore called into
; inducements were held out, and fair promises
hich, coupled with the young man's earnest
bear good news to Sophia, prevailed upon him
k for Demerara; but the very same vessel
out a transfer of the property to other hands,
ley, on his landing, discovered that he had been
lly betrayed. It certainly was a villainous

transaction, for at the very moment that the promises of emancipation were making, the individual who promised had sold the young man with the estate. Andrews was superseded in his management, and a harsher man appointed; but, through the intervention of some influential gentlemen in the colony, Charley was disposed of and purchased by my principal, who placed him as a sort of clerk and butler over the household. The papers to emancipate Sophia had been forwarded by the young man, who could not now aspire to a union with a free woman, and her means were not adequate to buy his liberation; but the devoted girl determined to toil with unceasing industry to effect such purpose, whilst I endeavoured to promote their views by the means within my power. His trip to England had given Charley more exalted views of human nature than could be afforded by a slave colony. He had been a free man, had mixed unrestrainedly with the whites, and received many a hearty welcome. It is true he discerned that one man in England did more work than any three negroes, and that extreme wretchedness and distress, such as the West Indies never witnessed, was prevalent amongst the poor; but he likewise enjoyed that liberty which is congenial to the home soil of my native land, and he doubly felt the degradation of being again a slave. Still the amiability of his disposition, and his constant readiness to oblige, endeared him to every one; and, jealous as the negroes are of favouritism, they nevertheless made every exception as far as Charley was concerned, and were themselves amongst the first to do him honour. At length our proprietor sailed for home, and I was left in sole management, with permission to free the poor fellow as soon as his purchase-money could be raised. By dint of perseverance on the part of Sophia, and some small sacrifice on mine, the required amount was forthcoming; *and as* it was thought best to do the thing quietly, so as *not to make* any unpleasant impression on the other *slaves, I sanctioned* Charley's visit to George Town, to *take up his freedom*. Never shall I forget the mingling

otions which prompted the poor fellow's expressions
en he received his papers, and was declared a free man.
ere were anxious doubts as regarded the future; regret
parting with those whose kindness he had experienced;
d joy, irrepressible joy, that there was no longer a
rrier between him and Sophia. But, above all, there
s a deep utterance of fervent gratitude to Providence
his merciful interference in his favour. Confound
s fellow, the remembrance makes a child of me!'
Mitchell's voice faltered, and there was a moisture
his eyes as vivid retrospection came over his mind;
d during his recital I could not help being struck with
s fact, that long habit and prejudice struggled against
s operations of a kindly disposition; and the latter
iquently caused him to controvert his arguments in
vour of the former. The boatmen could hear very
le if anything of our conversation; but seeing us
rnestly engaged, they ceased their chant, for they
eased poor Charley's history was the theme: still they
rrowly watched our looks, and spoke in an under-tone
each other; and when my friend could no longer
press his feelings, the spokesman suddenly burst forth
a loud song that was really startling, on account of
s previous stillness—though it expressed the honest
atiments of the negroes' hearts—

'Massa Mitchell bery good man,
Sing cheerly row;
Massa Mitchell bery good man,
Sing cheerly row.'

The heart-expressed animation with which this was
ng, was evidently pleasing to the manager, who looked
me with a smile, as much as to say: 'You see the
llows are happy enough;' and I returned it with another,
express my gratification; at the same time I felt more
sured than ever, that men who are capable of evincing
rong feelings of a grateful nature, were not exactly
the class of those who should be kept in bondage. In
minute or two my friend waved his hand for silence,
proceeded.

'Well, Charley was at length a free man, a thing being settled to his perfect satisfaction, we to the plantation; and as Sophia was then loc an estate well up the creek, he insisted upon once, to be himself the bearer of the glad in He should have had the boat, but the water very considerably, and he could not brook a four or five hours. Away he went; and next feeling a desire to witness the happiness of the couple, I manned the boat and rowed up; but attention attracted to an alligator that was d body down the mud bank, at the place the ch men pointed out, we drove the creature away, great horror and amazement discovered that was no other than the lifeless remains of poor How he lost his existence, will probably remai those mysteries which cannot be solved. At f conjectured, that he had perished in attemptin across, but there was great improbability in t was an excellent swimmer; then, again, his dro attributed to alligators, which are here pretty though small; but there were some who did n to say that he had been murdered by a disappoi —for there *was* a rival in the case—but nothi was ever ascertained. As to Sophia, the u girl could not sustain the heavy affliction, an than a month she was laid in the same grav lover. Now you have had poor Charley's st must look out for some place where we may ge

'And a most melancholy story it is,' said fellow, he deserved a better fate. But as for fast, where will you find a house of entertai this wilderness?'

'Every plantation we come to has a resident one of them would give us a hearty welcome,' he. 'We have no hotels or inns here—*without money* and without price if you lik *for a week.* But I cannot make up my w *whom we shall* quarter ourselves upon.

higher up is old Johnny Maclean, the burgher
n of the district, an honest, hearty old fellow
as been twenty years at sea before he squatted
in his present place. Then there's Squire Aubrey,
e and particular, everything in grand style, and
ock-work. Next, we should find Macarthy, as free,
generous, and as glorious in his living, as a prince.
do you prefer?'
must leave it entirely in your hands,' said I; 'but
ible pick out some interesting character.'
shall be so,' said Mitchell, looking out ahead upon
ft bank of the river, where the varied green of
liage and the bright hues of the flowers were
tfully blended together, and giving the boat a
inshore; 'we will stop at Hammerton's.'
as going to inquire who Hammerton was, but the
on was delayed by the peculiar mournful cadences
negroes as they continued their chant. Their
sank yet lower, as the leader, having looked
ls a clump of plantain and papaw trees, uttered—

'Old man tan upon da shore,
Sing saafly row;
Old man tan upon da shore,
Sing saafly row.'

ish, Sam—hush!' said Mitchell; 'leave off your
he is indeed there, bending over the grave of
ild.'
ssa Hammerton like for hearee we peaka too
sorry,' answered Sam, the leader of the chant.
d who is Hammerton?' asked I, as Mitchell gave
oat a sheer in to a sort of jetty that ran out
ie stream, and the next minute her nose was fast
the shore. Mitchell did not answer my question,
ointed to the clump of trees before mentioned,
h which I perceived a small marble monumental
nd bending over it, with one hand resting on
op, was an elderly man, who, on our landing,
iately quitted the spot of his apparent meditation,
ne towards us: he was tall, and when at his full

height, in the days of strength, had measured six feet three inches in altitude. At that time he must have been a perfect giant in the muscular power of his frame; but now grief and age, like the storms and ice of winter to the foliage, had shorn him of those attributes, for which he had once been so much admired. His arms were of more than ordinary length in proportion even to his vast body, and his hands were of such dimensions as to excite astonishment at their size. His dress was a mixture of court fashion and shabby-genteel, with an enormous broad-brimmed hat that completely shaded his features; but when he removed it on our approach, with the most perfect gentlemanly ease, I could perceive that time and sorrow had ploughed deep furrows on a countenance that indexed a benevolence of heart. His welcome was cordial, and given with a politeness of manner that marked him as one well acquainted with all the courtesies and accomplishments of polished society; yet there was a singularity in everything that he did, which plainly manifested he was no servile imitator of other men, but a perfect original in himself.

'You have come to breakfast with me, I hope, Mr Mitchell,' said he, after I had been formally introduced. 'Your friend, you say, is desirous of seeing all that the colony can present to the view; I shall be proud to shew him my plants.'

Of course I expressed my thanks, and we walked towards the house, through grounds laid out very differently to any that I had yet seen: the soil was kept perfectly clean, and there was great order and regularity, whilst the shrubs had more the appearance of an experimental nursery than a plantation for immediate profit. There was the breadfruit-tree, carefully planted out; various kinds of almond-trees; the cocoa-*tree*, with its large green bulbs; the shaddock; and *numerous* others.

The house, like its master, was falling into decay; and *the interior* was in a very ruinous condition, though

it remained several traces of former comfort, some detached parts even of elegance. It was on a ground-floor, with a lofty roof resembling galoes of the East; but the winds of heaven hrough between the rafters, and in the wet ne rain took the same course, so that a dry as indeed a blessing; but as the showers were far between—sometimes four or five months—nvenience was not much felt.

xterior situation of the house was such as fancy ure, but which neither the pencil of the artist pen of the writer could adequately describe. is the garden in front, with its eternal summer y stretching down to the river, whilst on each e tall mora, piercing a hundred feet into the d its proud head, adorned with streamers of d flowers that wreathed its brows; the parasite, w its nourishment from the tree, sapped its and smiled in gorgeous array whilst it inflicted From the branches hung the curious nests of cing-birds, waving to and fro in every breeze, reatures of the most lovely plumage hovered the leaves, mingling all the colours of the

Flights of parrots in their variegated hues of the scarlet as well as the white flamingo ds of birds about the size of a thrush, with glossy black wings, body, and tail, but the head nall portion of the breast of a deep crimson; o, was the little humming-bird, glistening and like detached sunbeams hovering round the and then darting away with the rapidity of ; it was indeed a sweet, a heavenly spot for with the clear blue sky above, and the choicest 's productions below.

ack of the dwelling was also a garden in the an immense amphitheatre, the area of which served by the towering trees; here were pine- *exquisite profusion*, and all the delicious tropical *greater perfection* than I had ever seen them

before; in fact, the proprietor employed his
in experimentalising on the productions of
under the ardent hope of rendering future be
fellow-creatures.

Our breakfast was a usual one in the West
far as materials went, but nothing could be
the cloth that was spread over the table, and
old-fashioned plate, and the costly service o
played without ostentation—as the common
constant use contrasted strangely with th
wretchedness of the great room—whilst the w
laden with the perfumes of the orange-blosso
mellifluous fragrance of ripe pines, came throu
windows, almost overpowering the sense.

The conversation was on general topics, a
Mr Hammerton the finished gentleman in p
demeanour, the scholar, the man of science,
in literature and classical lore, a human
nature's own creation, on whom a diadem
conferred no additional honour, a philosop
Christian. Such were the ideas which two h
course with this remarkable man forced upo
and my desire momentarily increased to asce
thing of his history; for, notwithstanding all
endeavoured to describe him, there was
wildness in his manner, and a fierce gleaming
that seemed to be nearly allied to a dera
intellect.

At parting, I very candidly and warmly
the gratification I had enjoyed during my
could I forbear from hinting my surprise th
seeming intelligence and worth should be
in the wilderness. Never shall I forget t
gave me; what its meaning was, I could no
divine. We were standing near the jetty,
few feet from the clump of trees, beneath w
was that monumental urn; his eyes flashed
ness; his long arms were extended at full le
large hands spread as if to repulse me with

body swayed to and fro with agitation, and a
n of heavy groans seemed to rend his very heart:
stood for more than a minute; then suddenly
round, he strode amongst the trees, and fell
, or nearly so, with his arms encompassing the

nust render him assistance, Mitchell,' said I,
I undisguisedly own that the circumstance had
an impression of alarm.
assa—nebber!' responded an aged negro, who
wed us from the house; 'let him a be, sposo you
ie for come better, by littlee minute when you
He for taalk too much dis morning; make him
y for noder time long ago.'
ire right, Cæsar,' observed Mitchell; 'but look
r him, boy. I was in hopes he had quite re-
rom these attacks.'
assa for good deal much better,' said Cæsar;
tranger dere,' pointing at me with his chin,
face all same; palavar all same as da poor
' em bury in de bush.' The fallen man moved.
a, go,' continued the negro; 'you no top longer;
bless Massa Mitchell; go den quick, and no
ys sing em chant hearee, sposo you please.'
astily embarked, and the boatmen, who had
the scene, were too eager to get away from the
require any orders to stretch out; they bent
to the oars, and in a few minutes we swept
oint of land that entirely separated us from the
agerly inquired of Mitchell the meaning of the
nd remarkable incidents which I had witnessed.
me a brief outline of Hammerton's history, that
ed to prompt my curiosity, and induce me
itly to collect all the information I possibly
l which at some future time may be presented
der.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

A work of merit, entitled the *Fan-qui in* 1838-7, by C. Toogood Downing, Esq., was som presented to the public. Of all the accounts yet been given of the customs and charac Chinese, as observable in their intercourse with —or Fan-qui, as they are termed by the pe Celestial Empire—this seems to us to be the most ous and complete. A few extracts will satisfy of the interesting character of this production

At the date of the book, the whole of t foreigners with the Chinese was restricted to th of Canton. This city is situated on the south-e of China, near the mouth of the Tigris, a riv the same size as the Thames. The Tigris de a bay or rather a firth, at the opening of wh sea is situated the ancient Portuguese static distant some eighty or ninety miles from entering this bay or firth, numerous ships a seen, indicating sufficiently to the visitor th food of the great port where traders are ass every country on the face of the earth. reaching the proper mouth of the Tigris tha teristic wonders of the Canton port are seen. —using the word in an exact sense—of nati all kinds and dimensions, stud the river for miles between its mouth and Canton. The are small craft, that in various ways at derive profit from, the foreign vessels that The subjoined list includes but a few of thes some of which carry government agents, and the greater number, have private pur pilot-boats, clerk-boats, fishing-boats, smugg boats—called Centipedes, from the number burden-boats, egg-boats, duck-boats, bar

CHINESE SKETCHES.

A WORK of merit, entitled the *Fan-qui in China*, in 1836-7, by C. Toogood Downing, Esq., was some time ago presented to the public. Of all the accounts that have yet been given of the customs and character of the Chinese, as observable in their intercourse with foreigners —or Fan-qui, as they are termed by the people of the Celestial Empire—this seems to us to be the most luminous and complete. A few extracts will satisfy the reader of the interesting character of this production.

At the date of the book, the whole of the trade of foreigners with the Chinese was restricted to the single port of Canton. This city is situated on the south-eastern coast of China, near the mouth of the Tigris, a river of nearly the same size as the Thames. The Tigris debouches into a bay or rather a firth, at the opening of which into the sea is situated the ancient Portuguese station of Macao, distant some eighty or ninety miles from Canton. On entering this bay or firth, numerous ships and boats are seen, indicating sufficiently to the visitor the neighbourhood of the great port where traders are assembled from every country on the face of the earth. But it is on reaching the proper mouth of the Tigris that the characteristic wonders of the Canton port are seen. Thousands —using the word in an exact sense—of native vessels, of all kinds and dimensions, stud the river for the seventy miles between its mouth and Canton. The most of these are small craft, that in various ways attend on, and derive profit from, the foreign vessels that visit the port. The subjoined list includes but a few of these native craft, some of which carry government agents, while others, and the greater number, have private purposes in view: *pilot-boats*, clerk-boats, fishing-boats, smuggling or smug*boats—called* Centipedes, from the number of their oars—*burden-boats*, egg-boats, duck-boats, barber-boats, fruit

oats, wash-boats, &c. One of the most remarkable eatures about these small craft, the uses of most of which re indicated by their names, is that the people on board f them spend the greater portion of their lives there, oing on shore only for a short time when necessity equires. Families, including of course wives and hildren, pass their days in these water-houses as happily others do on dry land. As the existence and numbers these floating dwellings constitute the most striking haracteristic of the port of Canton, we may extract Mr owning's description of the wash-boats :—

'The wash-boats are about twenty feet long, and of a roportionable breadth, and appear, like the present ashion of our shoes, to be cropped at the ends. The ole of the inside is covered over with boards, so that s decking is within a few inches of the gunwale. ne of the planks are made to be removed at pleasure, d thus there are very extensive cupboards between m and the flat bottom of the boats. Pieces of wood then fastened in an upright direction round the e of the boat, which support the covering or house. is is made of a very coarse kind of matting, formed thin pieces of bamboo woven together, and fastened o a semicircular form by ribs of stiffer portions of the e material. Two or three of these tiles are placed n the tops of the uprights; and as one portion over- s the other, the whole forms a very good protection m the heat of the sun. In the winter, or during rainy ather, pieces of rough cloth are hung round the sides this domicile; and always during the night, when the abitants wish to be private, the open end of the house front is closed with a piece of matting. One oar at side, and another astern, which is managed by lling, serve to put the whole affair into tolerably quick tion. The only furniture to be seen within, is a square natting and a wooden pillow for each inmate.

This desirable mansion, "surrounded with every con- *ience of wood and water*," as the auctioneers would *is occupied by three* or four Chinese girls, who

perhaps hardly ever stir out of it the whole
unless to attend to their religious duties. T
beggar in England would shrink from bei
to such a place, yet these girls seem not o
but even cheerful and happy. Their red, g
faces are to be seen peeping out of the n
always with a smile or a laugh at your se
fruit-boats are also managed by girls. 'The
says our author, 'are remarkably strong, a
their sanpans (boats) so well, that I have
seen one of them with a single scull at the ste
with a four-oared cutter, and keep up the ch
as she thought there was a chance of selling
On emerging from the hubbub of boats an
vessels on the river, the stranger who vi
is shewn to one of the two great hotels,
majority of those who come to stay but a sh
the place reside. Mr Downing gives a curi
of the inconveniences to which a stranger i
in these hotels. You are provided with a sma
apartment, which you lock on leaving it, carr
key with you. One of the many Chinese s
loiter about the establishment, attaches hims
service, which he does not quit till you depa
English he is master of consists generally of '
you wantshee ?' or 'No saavez;' or 'Can;'
word is the token of assent, corresponding t
These men are faithful enough attendants, as
abilities go, but they league themselves with
of the city, and thus lead to annoyances whic
ing describes as follows:—'In the mornin
awaked rather early by a rap at the door, a
answer you can obtain to your repeated s
know who it is, and to desire the disturbor
is a repetition of the knocking in a louder an
noisy manner. After wearying yourself to
with quietly desiring your visitor to enter, yo
obliged to bawl out with all your force, and
some little asperity, believing it to be

hambre. This decisive conduct produces some effect, or you hear the handle turned round, and quickly afterwards see the head of a Chinaman thrust in, and peeping through the half-opened door. You look at the pig-tailed apparition, and try to discover an old acquaintance, but you are generally disappointed; while he is doing all he can to make his intrusion acceptable. He smiles, and grins, and nods his head at you, as if he had known you for a dozen years, and was delighted to recognise you again. To his repeated salutations, you cannot help returning the like, however much you may have been annoyed by the disturbance; and thus the scene would be highly ridiculous to a looker-on, to see two heads grinning and bowing to each other, while the rest of the body was perfectly hidden, on one side by the door, and on the other by the bed-clothes.

'After these preliminary salutations have proceeded for some little time, your visitor slowly discovers the remainder of his person, edging timidly and slowly within the door, until he has fairly shut it behind him; but yet keeping his hand upon the handle, to secure an immediate retreat in case he should meet with a bad reception. He then goes through the ceremonies which are necessary to be observed by those who enter a room, and which consist of a certain number of bendings of the body, according to the rank of the respective parties. Having completed this part of his duty, he then proceeds to inform you of the nature of his visit; and you soon discover that he is a shopkeeper, or an agent of one, who goes about to collect orders. A small bundle or bag which he carries under his arm is quickly unfastened, and as he shews the contents one after the other, he says: "I like werry much do litee pidgeon* long you. What thing you wantshee? You wantshee all same sealee, all same chessmen, all same paper-knife?" or whatever he may have about him. Some of these men come from the best shops, are intelligent, and able to talk English

* *Pidgeon is the Chinese word for business, and to an English ear most ominous of plucking.*

pretty well. Through their means, you may often procure things from the inside city, which you could not obtain from the common shopkeepers without the walls. Whilst you are examining their goods, and during the time of dressing for breakfast, you will hear repeated knocks at the door; and you would be inundated by these itinerant dealers, unless you took the precaution of locking them out. Even then they continue their summonses, until, to get rid of them, you often feel obliged to let them say their say, and be gone.

'Some will come in who appear to be but just commencing trade for themselves, and, unable to understand the meaning of a word of English, have just learned by rote the words necessary to be said on these occasions. Thus they repeat like parrots the list of their wares, and drawl out the syllables to an unreasonable length, stopping between each to bring to memory the remainder. "What thing-ee you—wantee-shee? Can catchee all same—shellee—insectee—fance? Can doa—pidgeon." The only answer you can obtain from these beginners to any question you may ask about their goods, is a repetition of a list of their wares, until you mention the word *dollar*, which seems to touch another key of these automatons, and they then launch out into an account of that most interesting part of their "pidgeon."' Tailors and shoemakers attend these sort of levees, to exhibit specimens of their handicraft. It used to be said that the imitative faculty which the Chinese possess so highly, led their tailors, in making new clothes, to copy on them every little patch that chanced to exist on those worn when the customer was measured. But they are much improved now-a-days, it seems.

As we do not profess here to give any connected view of the contents of Mr Downing's numerous observations, we may now quote his remarks on the much famed feet of the Chinese ladies. 'The curious Chinese custom of *forcing the feet* of the members of the fair sex into their *distorted and* unnatural shape, is not of great advantage to *them when* they walk abroad. It appears very ridiculous

ean eyes, to see an old lady, verging into dotage, g all eyes are turned upon her in admiration, her feet are no larger than those of a child six years of age. As she walks through the her progressive motion would incline you to hat she had had the misfortune to lose both her l was obliged to get about as well as she was a couple of wooden stumps. The pain which ese beauty must suffer before her charms can ht to perfection, must be extreme, and can only ared to the agonies of those compelled to wear trument of torture, formerly used in Scotland, e *boot*. Very soon after the birth of a Chinese of the upper rank, it is the duty of the parent the toes of her child under the foot, and then the whole very tightly together. This binding is every day, and is not removed during the night, painful or inflamed the joint may be. As the rowing all this time, a constant pressure is kept ist the bindings, producing a degree of agony ; would be difficult for us to conceive. Those blest with a pair of tight shoes or boots, just om the maker, can form a faint estimate of the i they must experience. In process of time, after suffering, the growth of the part ceases, and become of one piece with the rest of the foot, the lower extremity very similar in appearance f a club-foot. When you examine an old Chinese ppears as if that part of the instep near the toes n cut off, and the rest of the soft parts in the brought together in a lump, in order to form ushion to the stump. Our western notions are at startled at this odd custom, and we inquire how it is possible to discover beauty in this ig spectacle. But every man to his taste. It to have been in practice among the upper classes elestial Empire *for many* centuries. The cause *ngular practice is completely* veiled in obscurity, *ow that it originated* towards the close of the

ninth century, near the termination of the dyn
Tâng. In the absence of any information on the
the following speculation may perhaps be allow
is a matter of history, that during the reign
emperors of the Tâng dynasty, the power of the
and eunuchs had arrived at its greatest height, a
the ill effects of their interference in the affairs of
ment were severely felt. Great efforts were th
made to overthrow their authority, which in t
completely succeeded. The eunuchs were either de
or banished the court, and the ladies disgraced. V
suppose, that in order to debar the latter in futu
interference in state matters, and to render their
incapacity more apparent, the practice of retard
growth of the foot was instituted. If such were its
I should think that it must fully answer the in
The constant personal suffering endured, must nec
prevent the cultivation of the mind, while the
condition of the beauty must render her an objec
of pity than of fear, if she should aim to tread the
path of ambition. In process of time, these d
members were admired; and now, forsooth, they
name of "The Golden Lilies!"'

Though the quotations now made will not,
sure, be thought uninteresting, this work has ab
of matter of a much more valuable kind scatt
and down in its pages, and is altogether one th
reward the perusal of all who take an interest
affairs of China.

END OF VOL. XIII.

CHAMBERS'S

)CKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XIV.

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1853.

CHAMBERS'S
POCKET MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THE OLD SAILOR, AUTHOR OF 'TOUGH YARNS,' ETC.

'Till then I banish thee, on pain of death.'
King Henry IV.

THE period of my narrative is the year 1797, and the opening scene is in the city of Paris. The parties in the French Directory were at daggers' points; and notwithstanding the efforts of Madame de Staël to bring about a reconciliation, the Constitutionalists refused to swear fealty to regicide supremacy, or to acknowledge a power formed exclusively from the most sanguinary faction of the Revolution. The great dependence of the Terrorists was upon the army, under Generals Hoche and Bonaparte, who contemplated a *coup d'état* to overwhelm the Girondists, who, though in a great measure sensible that danger was hanging its dark clouds over them, yet knew not from what quarter the thunder would burst, and felt themselves unable to shun or counteract it *when the storm* should roll its overwhelming force to destroy them.

It was on the evening of the 15th of Septembe
Madame Michaud sat with her husband in a parl
their house, which commanded a view of the Boule
The evening was rather sultry; there was but
wind; the sun was hastening down to the ve
the western horizon, mantled in his richest spl
of gold, and purple, and vermilion. Martial
filled the air, for the morrow was to present a
review to the citizens of Paris, and the troops
Augereau were marching into the capital, to ta
their positions.

'How delightfully those strains come upon the
said madame to her devoted and attached husba
he stood gazing with emotion upon the beautiful w
'I dearly love at all times to listen to the soul-ins
harmony of music, but never more so than whe
swell of a full military band breaks the silen
approaching twilight. Hark!' she continued;
yet it makes one shudder to think that such hea
sounds should herald the messengers of warfar
blood!'

Michaud started, and a paleness overspread his c
'It is but too true, Eulalie,' said he mournfully;
are indeed the agents of death. And perhaps
now'—— he added hastily, but instantly checked hi
and paced to and fro in the apartment.

'You appear to be disturbed, my dear,' utter
lady, rising, and throwing her finely-moulded
arms round his neck. 'Surely I could have said n
to displease you.'

'You! Eulalie! O no!' responded the husband
have ever been a treasure to me, and had I fol
your counsel—but it is too late now. But come
may, I must meet it as a brave man ought.'

'What do you apprehend, Michaud?' inquire
lady, labouring under painful alarm. 'Do you s
the troops? I cannot think that any evil is int
It would be a death-blow to the liberty the co
have struggled through seas of gore to attai

rill be but a show to please us women. Hark! can nything sanguinary be connected with such exquisite nusic?'

'I may be mistaken, my love,' replied the husband, ndeavouring to assume a composure he was far from eeling, for Pierre Michaud was a Constitutionalist and national representative, against whom the vengeance f the opposing party would be unsparingly levelled, nd he had looked upon the expected review as a mere ubterfuge to get possession of the capital. He would ot, however, terrify a mind that he felt it was his uty, as well as his affectionate inclination, to soothe nd tranquillise; therefore he concealed the presenti- ents of evil that had seized upon his mental faculties,) as greatly to depress his usual flow of animation, nd forced nature into a burst of hilarity foreign to is heart.

That night the faithful and attached pair sat till near orning holding sweet converse, and enjoying that de- ghtful communion which flows from purity of affection. ; was a night of exquisite gratification, and in the illness of the hour did the eloquent Michaud pour eth, in energetic language, his ardent and faithful love r his wife: he seemed as if inspired; there was an nusual glow of feeling in his breast that he himself uld not account for; a heavy weight hung upon his ind, and seemed to force out the ardour of his soul in autiful and energetic language, and Madame Michaud as happy.

Suddenly the heavy report of a cannon came booming rough the silence of midnight; the deputy started;) caught his wife in his arms, and clasped her to m with a fervour and strength which seemed to say: 'hey shall not part us.' For several minutes a death- e stillness prevailed; neither of them scarcely breathed; t the discharge was not repeated, for the sound of single unshotted gun had annihilated the French *public. Augereau had* surrounded the Tuileries—the *rd surrendered—the* palace was taken possession of—

several members of the Five Hundred were arrested and conveyed to the Temple, that prison to which many of them had been instrumental in consigning the unfortunate Louis—and the army was triumphant. But Pierre Michaud knew nothing of all this; and the next morning, after a most tender parting with his lovely wife, he repaired to the hall of sitting, was apprehended on his entrance, and sent to join his companions in the very apartments which had been occupied by the royal martyr and his devoted queen. Some of the prisoners had been in the Convention, and had given their votes for the death of their sovereign; and now the wheel had nearly performed its revolution—the period of blood had approximated to its cycle—they knew and felt themselves to be victims appointed to die. O! could it have been possible to enter into the secret recesses of their hearts, and witness what was passing there, when retributive justice unbared her arm, and demanded 'as they had meted out to others, so should it be measured back to them again.' But in this instance the guillotine was not resorted to; there was a cruelty in the mercy that condemned the prisoners to perpetual banishment to Cayenne. Michaud was not even allowed the mockery of a trial; and without any attention to his prayers and entreaties, to give one last embrace to his beloved and almost heart-broken wife, he was hurried to Brest, and embarked, with many others, on board a frigate bound across the Atlantic. The ship remained but a few days in port; orders came for her sailing; the wind was fair, her anchors were weighed, and she stood out to sea. There is a feeling connected with the departure from our native shore that operates even upon the roughest nature. The bold land which, when near, seems to lift its head with daring pride from the depths of the ocean, sinks lower and lower as the vessel recedes; and to the uninitiated in this deception, *the ship appears* to be stationary, and the land departing. *It was this* that made Michaud exclaim, in the extreme *of his agony*: 'The land is leaving me—beloved of my

heart, I shall see thee no more!' Each believed the separation was eternal. The God of nature and of Providence has implanted in the human heart a veneration for the place of nativity—an attachment to the soil on which we first drew our breath. Men may affect philosophy; they may call themselves 'citizens of the world;' but, O! even the most crude and callous cannot resist the appeal which is made to the kindlier emotions by the mention of the word 'HOME.' And here were individuals banished from *their home*, and all that endeared them to existence; here were individuals bidding farewell to their native land—a long, an eternal farewell; here were parents, brothers, all the male ties of relationship, torn from those loved ones whom they could never hope to see again. Nor were these the poor, the destitute, or the outlawed felon—many of them had inhabited palaces, and lived in splendour; there were the once wealthy and highly privileged noblesse; there were the ministers of religion, the learned scholar, and the devoted patriot; but there were also the sanguinary regicides, who had consigned their monarch to a public execution, and had been present at the scaffold to witness his last sufferings. Recollections of such a spectacle were not calculated to alleviate misery.

Pierre Michaud was about twenty-seven years of age, possessed of a very fair estate, and fairer prospects, when he contracted marriage with a lady whom he long had loved. They had only been united a short time, when he found himself dragged into the vortex of the Revolution, by being chosen one of the deputies for the south of France. To have declined, would have been tantamount to rendering himself suspected; and having a liberal bias towards a constitutional form of government, he repaired to Paris, accompanied by his young wife. His only crime in the eyes of the Terrorists was his being a Constitutionalist. Had he been permitted to choose, *he would have retired* from the revolting scenes *that shocked his spirit*, to homely peace and love. He

was no regicide. He loved his country, and s
longed to see the wolves that preyed upon it de
Yet Pierre Michaud was a banished man.

And what had become of his attached wife!
parting with her husband, she employed herself
little offices as she knew would gratify him, a
a smile and embrace on his return to take her
review. Martial music was once more filling
with its thrilling swells, but there came a sound n
with it that brought the chilliness of fear. The
other sound like it in creation. It proceeds fr
voices of assembled thousands, uttering wild but
taneous shouts of revolutionary vengeance.
heard those rolling shouts in different parts of the
when all that is human has been laid aside, and
is infernal reigned paramount in savages, and
has been the same, though dissimilar in la
Eulalie had not been habituated to those fearful
sions of brutal passion, when the yells of mu
roll upon the breeze; but a shuddering instin
through her frame, as, mingled with the pealing
trumpets, she heard the sounds, more like the
groans of a prostrate army, than the triumphant
of conquering victors. She listened with an ind
sensation that she could not account for; never l
sounds which she had heard produced such stra
appalling effects. They evidently grew loud
indicated a nearer approach to her dwelling. A
of some calamity, but of what nature she kn
darkened her mind, and caused a tremor to sh
frame. Suddenly a friend of her husband rushed f
into the room. 'Fly, fly, madame!' he h
exclaimed; 'fly whilst there is yet hope of
The blood-hounds are coming to wreak their fury
to their advent!'

'And Pierre? what has become of him?—w
my husband?' inquired Madame Michaud, rall
her energies to meet the approaching danger.

'*There* is no time for converse now; retu

son addressed. 'Pierre is a prisoner, and well needs
r best exertions to support him in his adversity.'
'And he shall have them,' responded the lady with
nness. 'This is his house and his property, and I will
abandon it to strangers.'
'You will defeat your own purposes,' uttered the man;
you remain, you perish, and the prospect of saving
r husband lost. Hark! they are close at hand, and
now it may be too late. A fiacre awaits. Slip on
r bonnet and shawl. Heed no other dress, and hasten
your life.'
Thus solemnly warned, Madame Michaud complied.
fiacre was gained, and drove off. The mob assailed
dwelling; the work of demolition commenced; and
me short hour the place presented a scene of revolu-
ary ruffianism and wreck. The unfortunate lady,
ugh she had saved her life, could not obtain a refuge.
was a woman of talent and integrity—two dangerous
lities to the regicidal faction; and, consequently, she
proscribed, and driven into obscurity, at the very
iod that her husband was quitting Brest harbour for
colony of Cayenne.
Away flew the ship over the foaming waves, bearing
hin hearts sad, and stricken, and despairing—con-
nces, over which a sense of crime was exercising a
potic sway—blood-guiltiness, that left a stain upon
immortal soul—groans, and complaints, and cries,
ngling with the clanking of chains and the ringing
fetters, came up the hatchways, and were wasted
the desert waters. Yet the sun by day, and the
n by night, shone bright and clear. The heavens
re a smiling and a cheerful aspect, and none who
r that gallant vessel proudly stemming the billows,
ld have conjectured that she carried a freight of
h appalling misery. The dreaded Bay of Biscay
s crossed in pleasant weather, and Cape Ortegal
eared. It was opening daylight when they made the
k blue *land arising* from the azure ocean, and a few
ties afterwards a strange sail was visible from the

deck. Glasses and straining eyes were directed the object; many a conjecture was hazarde a gasconade was uttered; but none, though sev well assured of the fact, declared her to be actually was—a British frigate, full of eager engage. Being under the land, she had the s of the Frenchman in seeing the enemy first; s discovered, was already crowded with canvas, But the French captain was fully acquainted admirable qualities of his noble ship. She of the fastest sailers in the Republican navy, an her broadcloth with the stiffness of an alderm was the British frigate any way inferior, either ir or stability; and from the moment of intervie break, till the twilight hour of evening, whe shades were gradually deepening into night, no p change had taken place in their relative positi what anxious moments were these for the prisoners in the hold! They would be cc remain captives if taken; but then it wou England, where the hand of the oppressor reach them.

Sometimes, during the day, the bold bu St George, by various manœuvres, contrived upon the democratic citizens; but the Frenc was a seaman, and by cutting away his anc retrimming his ship, was again enabled to wal and as they were not within reach of shot, hostility had occurred. Anxious and earnest gazers during the whole of that night; and thou times, when a haze was on the horizon, it was the French captain that he had escaped from his yet no sooner did the mistiness evaporate into than the indefatigable and watchful enemy more visible, and carrying on to come up with t During the darkness, the British frigate had th *rockets, burnt* blue-lights, and fired guns, to at *attention of* any friendly cruiser; and when *again* dawned upon the waters, another lar

early abeam of the Frenchman, and about
distant. At first she was standing towards
can, but the superior sailing of the latter
lenced that there was no chance of nearing
ship but by running on a parallel line, and
hauling up, for the Englishman was to
An engagement now appeared inevitable;
ronch captain dexterously avoided it, by
s course two points to windward; and though
were exchanged, yet but trifling injury was
ther side. For four days and three nights
se continue; the British sometimes bringing
of wind, and getting within gun-shot, and
'rench frigate would catch the breeze, and
il them. The fourth night a heavy gale of
on, that continued for nearly a week. The
nents, though they did not calm the passions
ile parties towards each other, yet drew all
ion to their own peculiar safety, and the ships
eet no more.
scarcely could exceed the horrible situation
e-prisoners during the storm. From their
they suffered the utmost indignity and
. Several of them perished in that loath-
pestilential hold; and eight or ten having
mn council, frenziedly determined on self-

the frigate arrived at Cayenne. The ap-
the island in its rich fertility was beautiful,
rdure presented a grateful spectacle to the
e wretched captives. But on landing, the
t of the climate almost overpowered them,
pprehension aided the attacks of fever that
minished their numbers. They were placed
logie as a temporary prison, and provisions of
uality were served out to them in very scanty
and they were kept under extremely rigid

ichaud, although the bitterest anguish op-

pressed him when he thought of his home and his wife, yet struggled with his afflictions, and, like many others, determined upon attempting to escape. It is true that several had lost their lives in their endeavours to reach Surinam or Berbice, or to penetrate into the interior to the Spanish settlements of Paraguay. Some, in fact, after almost incredible hardships, succeeded in getting to Pernambuco. Michaud at length was enabled through the generous aid of a Swedish gentleman, a planter, who was about to embark in an American brig for the purpose of conducting a sick wife to Europe, to obtain concealment in the same vessel. The brig was bound to Gottenburg; and, oh! the delight that swelled in the heart of the banished man when they gained the mouth of the river, and were rapidly running off from the land. The very air, as it came laden with the perfumes from the orange-blossoms, was now the breath of liberty to him, and hope resumed its wonted hold upon his mind; he was free, free, and he felt in his whole frame the expansive powers with which emancipation had blessed him.

> 'Oh, blest liberty! it is thou alone
> That gives to fleeting life its sweetness and perfume,
> And we are slaves without it.'

The winds were fair, the weather favourable, and the captain promised a speedy passage. Monsieur Berthollon had laid in his own provisions for himself, his wife, his daughter, and his friend; and trusting to the assurances of the captain, who was poorly supplied, they lived merrily and unsparingly upon their stock, which was daily decreasing. It was the month of December when the brig neared the British isles, intending to run through the English Channel. But north-easterly gales set in; the cold became piercing; and to their dismay, they discovered that there was even, upon the most economical scale, not more than a week's victuals remaining, *and a very* scanty supply of water. Day after day *passed on,* and still those hard-hearted winds prevailed.

he food disappeared, till their only nourish-
ıted of a single biscuit, about a quarter of
salt pork, and one glass of water, for twenty-
The sails were several of them split; the
deep in the water, the sea broke fearfully
ıd at length she became leaky, so as to keep
ıished and nearly worn-out crew incessantly
ıps. But the thrilling dread of starvation
ıe horrors of prospective shipwreck; scarcely
f nourishment was left; the water, except
ıll portion, which, to the eternal honour of
, was preserved for the females, was gone,
stared them in the face with that gaunt
ag look which ravening hunger and parching
ɔ. The captain of the brig proved inadequate
by his soundings he discovered that he was
r out in his longitude; and when emergency
ırompt activity and exertion, terror overcame
ɔ shrunk back dismayed, confining himself to
nder pretence of illness, which, however, was
'ore it came in reality.
pitiable spectacle to witness the despairing
ɔs of those unhappy creatures, whose hollow
ı betrayed the urgent wants of nature, and
ish eyes glared wildly upon each other as
ɔngings arose that made them sick to shudder-
r means had been resorted to that human
ɔuld suggest to prolong existence, but the last
ıs failing. No vessel appeared in sight; the
ɔaven seemed to be closed to their earnest
s, and despair triumphed over even the con-
religion. And there sat the father gazing
anxiety, verging upon agony, at his wife and
ith his tenderness there came also a mingling
hat he could not subdue. The demon hunger
ɣ upon his vitals, and the corroding tooth of
r poisoned the source of generous feelings.
rthollon possessed a most kind and indulgent
isease had made her petulant, but impatience

and repining were swallowed up in the pro dreadful death which awaited them, and the the wife and the mother raised her above th of corporeal suffering. The incessant breacl the sea kept them constantly wet; their be thing was saturated with water; whilst, to misery, they had seventeen hours of darkn of light.

In time, the gale suddenly shifted to the west, and bore them along with great rapi England. Hope once more revived, that, might not reach a friendly port, yet, getting way of the Channel, there was a chance of fa a vessel from which they could obtain assista and a night passed away, and still they we onward without having been able to spe although several had hove in sight. Dis increased their irritability; there was a unnatural savageness in all that the crew wrangled, they fought, without knowing wh fore; and there was a tiger-like desire to appetites with flesh. A little negro lad, Monsieur Berthollon, disappeared; it was had been washed overboard, and one or two t they had seen him struggling for his life. true, but the men had food: where they proc would tell; but conjecture was not long in d what the horrible banquet actually was, and n without questioning further. At the close of day, the wind veered round more to the nor increased in fury so as to compel them to before its close, the land was dimly seen, dense haze, dead under their lee. Where whether on the coast of Ireland, England, o one could tell. They had not been able meridian altitude for ten days; the reckonir *wholly neglected*; and though to the passeng *presented a* prospect of safety, yet to th *threatened* wreck and death. A long, dark

was before them; there was the blackness of darkness above, there was the blackness of darkness below, and the gloom of the sky and ocean were united by links of white sparkling foam. The water gained so fast upon the brig, that she was nearly ungovernable; the billows threw their lofty feathery heads clear over her, washing everything from the decks.

About two o'clock in the morning, a tremendous shock told them of their fate: the brig had struck the ground, and shook and trembled as in agony. She was lifted on the curling summit of a mountain breaker, borne along with irresistible velocity; and then, as she descended, was dashed upon the rocks, that rent her stout timbers, already shattered by the gales. The crew and passengers had crowded on the deck, grasping anything that promised security; but their hands were benumbed by the cold, and the relentless billows washed them away into the yawning abyss, or crushed them on the craggy rock on which the brig was heaving with convulsive throes. Again rolled in a mountain wave, roaring and raging in the power of its might, the remnant of the wreck was hove further in, and fixed, where, though the sea was not so violent, it still beat incessantly over them in showers of spray. At the first shock, Monsieur Berthollon, aided by his friend Michaud, succeeded in lashing the mother and daughter to the stancheons of the winch near the mainmast. Berthollon was performing the same office for himself, his wife and child clung to him so as to impede his labours. Alas! the second wave tore him from their grasp. He caught a rope, but it was not fast. Wild shrieks mingled with the howling of the gale, as the dark form of the wretched father was seen whirling along amidst the hoary foam, and then disappeared for ever. Pierre Michaud beheld the catastrophe, but he could not avert it. He had been with difficulty enabled to make himself fast near the ladies; and futile as his attempts were likely to be to soothe them under affliction, he could not refrain from offering consolatory kindness. But their hearts were bereaved and desolate; the voice of the

comforter—oh, it was almost a mockery to think of comfort then—was borne away upon the wild gushes of the gale; and, exhausted by fatigue and faintness, Pierre found his strength, both mental and physical, forsaking him. A benumbing heaviness crept over his faculties, and he conjectured that he was approaching the termination of his earthly career. His eyes became dim, his recollection faded, he sank into insensibility.

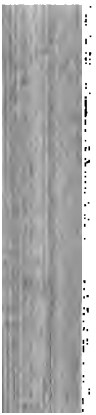
The east had opened her portals, and daylight, in mournful array, had gloomily issued forth, when Pierre Michaud, stiffened with cold, and scarcely alive, awoke to a consciousness of his awful situation. He shook with convulsive agitation, that portended the last struggles against dissolution; he felt his end was near at hand. And what was the spectacle which he beheld? The brig had fallen over nearly on her broadside, and he was in some measure suspended by his lashings. At his side were the mother and the daughter, clasped in each other's arms; the former with her head thrown back and her eyes fixed and glaring, the latter with her face upon that bosom from which she had drawn her nutriment in early infancy; both were dead! At his feet, in the waste of the water, were two seamen, whose only motion arose from the fluctuation of the waves; they were past suffering. On his left hand, a little below the shattered bulwark, lay the captain on his back; but though the sea was breaking over him, he made no movement, for he, too, was lifeless. The shore, a wild rocky coast, could be faintly discerned; but as the gale still exulted in its devastating strength, Michaud dared not cherish a single hope. He resigned himself to his fate; a stupor came over him, and he was lost to consciousness.

Once more the banished man awoke to sensibility; but oh, what a change was presented! There was no longer the howling of the tempest and the bellowing of the waters; there was no longer death and destruction *stalking in* fearful array around him; he lay upon a soft *bed, under* warm coverings; his pillows had been carefully arranged beneath his head, and the curtains were

drawn to exclude the cold air. 'Where am I?'
ed the bewildered man, as with difficulty he raised
up, and, having parted the curtains, gazed with
ment at the scene. 'Father of mercies!' he
ed, 'has it then been only a dream? Eulalie—
Eulalie!' for she was sitting by his side, 'what
is? Oh, there is too much of horrible reality in
embrances that crowd upon my mind!—am I yet
Come, come to my arms, thou partner of my
d sorrows, and by your fond embraces convince
this is no deception.'
me Michaud passed her arms around her hus-
neck, kissed his pallid lips, and shed tears of
in his breast. 'Yes, Pierre,' said she, 'thus
fully restored to me and to your home—blessed
oly name who has wrought out this deliverance.'
—I see,' exclaimed Pierre delightedly; 'we are
wn ancestral mansion. In this room I drew the
ath of existence; and here, Eulalie,' continued
e pressed her to his heart, 'here am I restored to
d life. But how has this astonishing event been
about?'
me Michaud briefly informed him of the wreck
bserved on the coast near to his own dwelling,
nself, with three or four others, rescued from
ng death. Notwithstanding his emaciated ap-
e, he was recognised by many who had known
brighter days, and the papers found upon his
corroborated the evidence of his identity. He
mptly removed, and assiduously attended to by
ted wife, who, after undergoing severe hardships
elties, had been restored to her matrimonial

the Directory,' exclaimed Michaud; 'my enemies,
; will they not discover where I am, and continue
cute?'
Directory is no more, Pierre,' responded his wife;
nsters *have been* shorn of their power. Napoleon
s effected a revolution on the 18th Brumaire, and

a numerous and noble progeny, on whose
inculcated one excellent and wholesome lo
be summed up in two words—NEVER DESP



MAGICIANS OF MODERN

ANCIENT EGYPT was famed for its dext
or magicians, and the country in the pr
boasts of possessing personages of that m
racter. The existing magicians of Egypt,
commonly of Arab descent, display the
always by what is called 'the experiment
mirror of ink.' This is performed in
way:—Being in the presence of those who
the exhibition of his powers, the magician
his task by certain forms of invocation,
usually in writing down on a slip of pap
charmed words. Mr Lane, author of *The*
tians, and one of the first Oriental scholar
examined a charm of this kind and fou

whom the working of the charm mainly depends; r after the preliminary invocations are gone through, e magician announces himself ready to begin his iplay, and desires a boy to be brought to him. A ure and innocent female would do equally well; and me magicians hold that a black female slave or a regnant woman would also answer the desired purpose, t a young boy is generally chosen, as the most conenient party; and those before whom the enchanter exhibiting his art, commonly hire any boy whom ey find accidentally on the streets, in order to prevent, possible, the chance of collusion. When the boy rrives, the magician takes the lad's right hand, and raws in the palm of it a magic diagram, in the form a square. A little ink is then poured into the hollow the same hand, and this ink forms the 'magic mirror,' to which the boy looks intently in the course of the thibition, and sees all the figures and scenes which e the wish of the enchanter and his visitors or employers to call up. A chafing-dish stands all the while the magician's hand, and into this he throws at times e before-mentioned charm cut into slips. Perfumes e at the same time burnt in the chafing-dish, and eir smoke fills the room, circling around the perrmers and spectators, and satiating their nostrils with e odours of frankincense and coriander.

When all is thus prepared, the enchanter begins to estion the boy—'Do you see anything?' If the charm orks well, the boy usually appears frightened, and plies that he sees 'a man sweeping the ground.' (This swer, we believe, is at least a common one, if not iformly given.) The magician then desires the boy call for various flags in succession, and the boy calls t and sees seven flags of various colours. He then lls for 'the sultan,' who is the party that is to shew l the future objects in the mirror. If the sultan comes, e charm is wound up. The chief performer, meanhile, *mutters incessantly* in the intervals, and keeps *wing the fragments of* the written charm into the

chafing-dish. After a time, if all has gone to his mind, the magician turns to the spectators, and announces that any person whom they may select, living or dead, will be called up in the magic mirror, beheld, and described by the boy.

Lord Prudhoe, an English nobleman of the Percy family, and Major Felix, a British officer, were among the first persons who astonished the European world with their report of the magic-mirror experiment. Being men of character and sense, their statement created a considerable sensation, when it was reported by the interlocutors in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' of *Blackwood's Magazine* for August 1831. The experiment, such as we have described it, was performed before the two gentlemen when travelling in Egypt, and they were desired to call up either the absent or the dead. They asked for Shakspeare, Voltaire, and others, and received descriptions of them from the lips of the boy, exactly corresponding with their portraits, as regarded dress, figure, and countenance. They then tested the boy with lesser known living persons. Archdeacon Wrangham was called for, and described by the boy as 'a tall, white-haired Frank, with a smiling countenance, and wearing spectacles,' whom he saw 'walking in a garden.' Even his dress, that usually worn by an English clergyman out of his canonicals, was pointedly described. Warming with wonder, Major Felix then called for a description of his own brother, an officer in the army, and then in India. The boy described a red-coated Frank, whom he saw standing by the sea-shore, with a horse and a black servant behind him. Finally, the lad exclaimed: 'O! this is a strange Frank; he has only one arm!' When Major Felix heard these words, which accurately painted the condition of his brother, his feelings of awe and excitement so much overpowered him, that he fainted away.

Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix were not the only *persons* thus impressed by the magicians of Egypt. The *late British* consul, Mr Salt, a man intimately acquainted

with the language, people, and country, and less liable to be deceived than a passing traveller, found himself completely puzzled on many occasions by the results of the magic-mirror experiment. Having once, for example, private reasons for believing that some one of his servants had stolen various articles of property, Mr Salt sent for a celebrated Mugh'reb'ee magician, with the view of intimidating the suspected person, and causing him voluntarily to confess if he were really guilty. The magician came, and at once declared that he would cause the exact image of the guilty person to appear to any boy not above the age of puberty. A boy was taken incidentally from a band of several then at work in Mr Salt's garden, the forms were gone through, and the magic mirror properly formed. After seeing various images, the boy finally described from the mirror the guilty person—stature, dress, and countenance; said that he knew him, and ran down into the garden, where he apprehended one of the labourers, who, when brought before his master, immediately confessed that he was the thief.

Mr Lane, whom we have already mentioned, and to whom Mr Salt related the preceding story, was another person who witnessed personally the operations of the Egyptian magicians, and who candidly confesses that there is a mystery in the matter to which he cannot discover any clue. The magician from whom Mr Lane received the invocation 'Tur'shoon! Turyoo'-shoon! Come down! Come down!' requested him, on the occasion of that experiment, to call for any person he chose. Mr Lane named Lord Nelson. The boy employed during the process was one taken from among several returning home along the street from a manufactory. He appeared to have never heard of Lord Nelson, for it was with difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. 'The magician,' says Mr Lane, 'desired the boy to say: "My master salutes thee, and desires *thee to bring* Lord Nelson: bring him before *my eyes, that I may see him* speedily!" The boy then

said so; and almost immediately added: "A
is gone, and has returned, and brought a n
in a black suit of European clothes: the n
his left arm." He then paused for a mom
and, looking more intently and closely in
said: "No, he has not lost his left arm, but
to his breast." This correction made his
appear more striking than it had been
since Lord Nelson generally had his em
attached to the breast of his coat. But it w
arm that he had lost. Without saying that
the boy had made a mistake, I asked th
whether the objects appeared in the ink as
before the eye, or as if in a glass, which
right appear left. He answered, that the
as in a mirror. This made the boy's descr
less.' As the Egyptians call dark-blue *es'u*
the naval dress of Nelson was accurately
Mr Lane subsequently called for a friend,
Egypt, resident in England, and who had
confined to his bed by illness. The boy
man 'with a pale face, mustaches, but no
who appeared in the mirror 'on a kind of bi
in a sheet.' This suited the figure of the
and also his supposed condition at the time.
afterwards heard of the recovery of this
did not exactly learn whether at the period
he had recovered his health or remained
succeeding answers of the boy to Mr Lane
on this occasion were imperfect. On another
when Mr Lane was not present, but heard
from unquestionable authority—the same
performances were ridiculed by an Englishm
who said that nothing would satisfy him bu
description of his own father, of whom, h
no one of the company had any knowledge.
was a little staggered when the boy descri
in a Frank dress, 'with his hand placed t
wearing spectacles, and with one foot on

ther raised behind him, as if he were stepping
m a seat. The description was exactly true
respect; the peculiar position of the hand
ed by an almost constant headache; and that
ot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall
horse in hunting. I am assured,' continues
, 'that on this occasion the boy described
y each person and thing that was called for;
ght add several other cases, in which the same
has excited astonishment in the sober minds
hmen of my acquaintance.'

ve now given a fair and reasonable specimen of
els and successes of modern Egyptian magic.
r side of the picture must now be glanced at,
' are we to say that thereby much of the gloss
r of enchantment disappears, though it cannot
at all doubt or mystery is fairly removed. By
utions taken, all possibility of confederacy or
between the magician and the boy has been
l on most of the occasions where Englishmen
nessed these experiments. Nor, indeed, could
understanding between the man and the boy
ch service for the most part; for the man must
y in the dark with his assistant respecting the
r *private* individuals called for. Moreover, the
could not communicate in an underhand way
boy, in presence of such Orientalists as Lane
even if he had any promptings to give. We
refore give up the idea, that the boy in these
wers from the magician's prompting, or is told
's to see. 'Does the boy then really see objects
k?' comes to be the question. The belief of
ervers is, that the boy's imagination is either so
upon as to make him conceive he sees figures,
by some art of the magician, the semblance of
actually presented in the ink. But, then, how
boy come to see the exact objects that are
If *he did always do this*, Egyptian magic would
a thing passing strange. But such is not the

case. If we had goodly evidence on the one side shall produce equally unexceptionable testimony on other, which will, we fear, remove much of the ma from the modern enchantment of Egypt.

Lord Lindsay, son of the Earl of Balcarras, and author of a lively book on Egypt, describes the d which he witnessed with the magic mirror of ink. magician was a famous and long-tried one, and through all the preliminary forms with becoming gra The boy, who was a stranger to the experimenter, at saw a 'man sweeping,' then 'seven flags' in succes and then 'the sultan,' after which the magician decl the charm complete, and bade them call for whom chose. 'The first person whom we summoned,' say lordship, 'was the Rev. ——. He was described, the whole, accurately; but this was the only succe summons. The spirits either would not come, or appe by proxy, to the sad discomposure of our Arab Glend I tried him with Daniel Lambert, who, I was infor was a *thin* man; and with Miss Biffin, who r her appearance with arms and legs. He has equally unsuccessful with a party of Americans; is odd enough, when one considers how strongly Mr Lord Prudhoe, and Major Felix were impressed the belief of his supernatural powers.' Lord Lin concludes by remarking, that 'one thing is unquestion —the children *do* see a crowd of objects, following other, and at the commencement of the incanta always the same objects—as vivid and distinct as if looked out of the window at noonday. How is this accounted for? Collusion is out of the question.'

The next witness whose testimony we shall pre on this subject, is Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, a remarkable for shrewdness. As the colonel tells little article in *Tait's Magazine* on Egyptian M he chanced to reside for a time in Cairo, in 1822, his family, and hearing much of the fame of a ce Mugh'reb'ee magician, sent for him. 'I remember,' *Colonel* Thompson, 'a well-dressed, personable

fter the fashion of the nomenclature in the
of Deputies might be called the young middle-
agreed to shew us a specimen of his art, and
our little boy of seven years old to be his
. He despatched a servant to the bazaar, to
nkincense and other things which he directed;
ir being produced, we all retired into a room,
the doors and windows. An earthen-pot was
he middle of the floor, containing fire, and the
at down by it. He placed the little boy before
oured ink into the hollow of the boy's hand,
im look into it steadily. I think the mother
iled on seeing her child in such propinquity
memy," but recovered herself on being exhorted
e Evil One and all his works. The boy was
f fear; and, on the whole, I imagine there
a better subject to cope with a sorcerer.
little fellow asked the cause of the immediate
s, we told him the man was going to shew
s of legerdemain, such as he used to see in
he magician began by throwing grains of
the fire, bowing with a see-saw motion, and
"*Heyya, hadji Capttan!*" or "*Hurrah, pilgrim*
being, as I understood it at the time, an
by his style and title, of the spirit he wished
When nothing came, he increased his zeal,
l determined that if the "captain" was sleeping,
urney, he should not be missed for want of
One slight variation, in his questions to the
served. Instead of saying to him, "What
e?" as had been reported, he said, "Do you
man?" which, if the boy had been accessible
phantasy, was manifestly telling him what
o look for. The boy, however, resolutely
ie saw nothing, and the sorcerer continued
upon his spirit. When in this manner
had been roused to something like expec-
boy suddenly exclaimed, "I see something!"
tremblingly on the alert; when he quashed

ace? Mr Lane admits, that the experiment
fails on this fundamental point. Now,
see how it should ever thus fail, if the art
n can place the semblance of figures there.
whole be explained on the supposition,
themselves have a partial knowledge of
the art, and that, when placed in such
those described, a dread of the sorcerer's
rhaps excited imagination, may lead them
influence, and answer his leading questions
wish? Doubtless, the subject of magic, its
ntations, will be talked of in all families,
d of sorceries instilled into the ears of
their cradle. Some, indeed, may not hear
; and may not these be the boys who can
the mirror of ink?
ow said enough on this subject, and must
der to form any further conclusions for

E LAIRDS OF INNES.

eriod, the family of Innes was one of the
ible in the county of Moray, as may be
the various ancient records relative to
still extant in the country. The venerable
the surrounding lands, which still retain
nnes, situated about five miles from Elgin,
st direction, was, some centuries ago, the
epresentative of the illustrious family in
propose to lay before our readers some
of a romantic but perfectly authentic
arding the death of one of the Lairds of
the close of the sixteenth century.
Innes, the representative of the family of
the year 1579, having had no children,

settled about this time his titles and estate heir-at-law, Alexander Innes of Cromy, his ow granting him, at the same time, permission to er even in his own lifetime. Robert Innes of Inn of whom a sculptured representation in st recently been discovered among the ruins Cathedral, was one of the cadets of the sam and felt immeasurably chagrined at the conduc John, in thus voluntarily depriving himself of th and influence to which, in virtue of his birth legitimately entitled. He had at the same anxious eye to the title and estate of Innes although, of course, he was careful to conceal as possible, from Lord John and his other fri ambitious aspirations by which he was actuated through threats or otherwise, Innermarky so e wrought on the fears of Lord John, who by this considerably advanced in life, as to make hi repent of his consigning over his honours and his cousin Alexander, that he entered into a c with Innermarky to assassinate the former.

The only thing wanting was an opportunity of their murderous purpose into execution, and opportunity was not wanted long. Alexander time (April 1580) had gone to Aberdeen for th of seeing his only son, a youth of sixteen, at th student in one of the colleges of that city. Alexander's visit to his son, the latter became indisposed; and his father's stay was consequ longed until he should witness the issue of indisposition. The two conspirators, mustering number of their attendants, proceeded to A where they arrived at midnight, and immedi ceeded to execute their purpose.

They found the gate of the close in which their *victim* resided at the time, lying quite open *doors of the* house were closely shut. To hav *open the doors* by any violent means, would *bably have* created an alarm in the neighbo

defeated the objects the conspirators had occurred to them, therefore, that the most l of succeeding in their murderous project, create a pretended dispute among their y which means the inmates of the house ly open the doors, with the view of ascer- use, and witnessing its consequences. One dingly, set up a loud cry of 'Help a Gordon! n!'—the gathering-word of those of that as Alexander Innes was warmly attached sts of the Gordon family, they knew would likely means of inducing him to come out

The stratagem was completely successful. stantly jumped out of bed, laid hold of his o the outside, and inquired into the cause . Although the night was dark, Innermarky rfectly by his voice, and, presenting his gun, ough the body in a moment. A crowd of ors' attendants then rushed on their victim, heir daggers into every part of his person. mes, however, as if either shocked at the witnessed, or repenting of his being at all o horrible a business, stood trembling at ace from the spot on which the revolting committed. Innermarky, on perceiving hn thus stood aloof from the atrocities he g, ran up to him with a terrific expression ce, and holding to his throat the dagger ill reeking with the blood of his victim, t he should in a moment plunge it into f Lord John, if he did not immediately ample he and his attendants had set him, is dagger to the hilt into the body of his d John, aware that death would be the quence of any attempt at resistance, reluc- d the example of the others, and plunged a e body *of his* nearest relation, and the most *dividual who* bore his name. Every other *who had* not already done so, was also

compelled to follow the example they had s
so anxious was Innermarky to involve as
possible in the affair, in order that, in the e
law, all might appear equally guilty, that h
compelled Mr John Innes, afterwards of Cox
a youth at school, to rise from his bed, and als
dagger up to the hilt into the body of his dead

The next object to which the conspirators tu
attention, was to seize the person of their vi
Robert Innes, who was then sick, with a vi
sharing the same fate as his father. On hearing
the cries of murder which his expiring pare
while the conspirators were stabbing him, the y
seriously indisposed as he was, scrambled out
and by the help of a friend, escaped out at a
into a garden, whence he was taken into the hous
quaintance, unknown to those who were meditati

Innermarky then took off the signet-ring
finger of his murdered relation, and having b
servant of the deceased to assist in the ex
his purposes, he despatched him with it to Inr
instructing him to present it to the wife of his
master as from her husband; and at the sam
request, as if by his orders, the box containing
relative to his title and estates—under the pre
Lord John, who was represented as being at the
her husband at Aberdeen, was desirous of mal
important alterations which would render th
valid in the eye of the law than they then we
in order still more effectually to prevent
having any suspicions on the subject, Innermark
bribed servant on her husband's own horse, i
him to add, that the reason why he had sen
and his own horse, was, that he had not at th
opportunity of writing her, and that he th
appearance of these, together with his own
would be sufficient to convince her that all was

The lady of the deceased was somewhat
receiving such a message from her husband on

importance; but seeing the ring which he
, the horse on which he daily rode, and
; who was daily in attendance on him, she
loubt that he had actually desired the box
to be sent to him, and accordingly delivered
e servant, and allowed him to depart from
).

time there resided at Innes House a young
ıtimate acquaintance of Lady Innes's son,
indisposed in Aberdeen; and hearing of the
ing about to return to that city, and feeling
ıe time a strong anxiety to see his sick
:e, he asked permission of the servant to
him to the place in which he lay. The
ısed compliance with the young man's request
grounds. The latter, however, was determined
:ce if not by permission; and with this view,
servant was setting out on his journey, he
behind him on the horse's back. The servant
ıt the youth should dismount, while the latter
y determined that he should not. A scuffle
ween the contending parties, and soon assumed
ın aspect, that the servant drew a dagger he
h him, and aimed a deadly thrust at his
pponent; but the latter, by a masterly and
manœuvre, wrenched it from him, and with
· thrust, plunged it into his bosom. The
l from his horse, and expired almost imme-
'he young man then returned to Innes House
:x, papers, &c.

ıes felt the utmost regret at the fatal scuffle
taken place between the servant and the
in question; and while in the act of giving
n copious tears to the melancholy emotions
event had produced in her mind, another of
d's servants arrived from Aberdeen, bringing
ıore mournful intelligence of his murder by
of his own nearest relatives. When the
and sorrow consequent on the melancholy

intelligence of her husband's death had somewha sided, Lady Innes secured all his papers, and fle protection to her friends, who immediately cond her to the king, before whom she detailed al circumstances connected with the painful affair.

The Earl of Huntly, who was related by blood t family of Innes, on hearing of the murder of Alex Innes, hastened to Aberdeen for the protection of hi son, whom he carried to Edinburgh, and for greater placed him under the guardianship of Lord Elphin then Lord High Treasurer of the kingdom.

Lord John Innes and Innermarky, some days aft commission of the murder, returned so far as to Saltoun's house, then situated in the parish of Rothi from which, after procuring a new supply of horses proceeded to Innes House, and reinvested Lord Jo the titles and estate.

For two years afterwards, both of these men possession between them of the estate of Innes, but end of that time they were declared outlaws; ar son of him they had so barbarously murdered came from Edinburgh, with a commission against them, a others who had been accessory to his father's death. young man had, a few months previously, been m to the Lord Treasurer's daughter; and in conseque his connection with so influential a personage, the he came with was so numerous and well provided the implements of war, that they soon laid was possessions, and slew a great many of those who esp the cause of their opponents. Lord John, howeve to the south, and endeavoured to conceal himself but was discovered, apprehended, and sent back to House, by the friends of the Lord Treasurer. The laird, however, did not make his head the price conduct, as might, under all the circumstances of th have been expected, but contented himself with n *him adhibit* his name to various written papers, *incapacitated* him from any future mischief in regi *his property.*

nnermarky fled to the hills, where he continued to e all the search which was made for him; but being . wearied of the lonesome and unhappy life he led e, he ventured into the house of Edinglassy, where, ptember 1584, he was surprised by the young Laird nes and a party of adherents, who instantly killed and afterwards cut off his head, and gave it to Lady s, the widow of him whom he had murdered in ndean a few years before. Lady Innes was so over- d at the possession of the head of the murderer of husband, that she made a journey to Edinburgh, ying it all the way herself for the express purpose of g it at the feet of the king.*

THE WILD-FLOWER.

BY J. F. SMITH.

Sweet wilding tufts that, 'mid the waste,
Your lowly buds expand;
Though by no sheltering walls embraced,
Nor trained by beauty's hand:

The primal flowers which grace your stems
Bright as the dahlia's shine,
Found thus, like unexpected gems,
To lonely hearts like mine.

'Tis a quaint thought, and yet, perchance,
Sweet blossoms, ye are sprung
From flowers that over Eden once
Their pristine fragrance flung;

That drank the dews of Paradise,
Beneath the starlight clear;
Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes
Her first repentant tear.

* *From the Elgin Literary Magazine*, August 1820.

THE COSSACKS, AND PLATOF THEIR ATAMAN.

AMONGST the numerous distinct tribes that are enrolled as subjects of the present Russian Empire, none have become so interesting to other European powers as the Cossacks. The origin of this people is very indistinctly traced, but as far as can be judged with any certainty, they are fundamentally a Sclavonic race, which by intermixture with different tribes chiefly of Tatars, became distinguished for the qualities which such a descent was likely to unite. Thus the Cossacks have partaken of the characteristics of a settled agricultural people, and of a nomade tribe addicted to plunder and rapine. The severe restraint of laws they have at all times repudiated, but have been found capable of receiving a certain discipline, which has rendered them of great importance in a military point of view.

The Cossacks have been divided, in more recent times, into two great families, the first and most important of which is the Cossacks of the Don. These were, originally, a branch of the Cossacks of the Ukraine, from whom they separated in the middle of the seventeenth century, when they settled themselves on the banks of the Tanais or Don. From them have sprung those scattered portions of the great family of Cossacks which are found on the banks of the Volga, on the Ural Mountains, and throughout the desolate wastes of Siberia, where they form a species of militia admirably adapted for curbing the barbarous hordes which, beyond the research of history, have wandered in that extensive region of Asia. The second great division of the Cossacks has had a variety of fortune, and has occupied far-separated territories. The Ukraine, which now forms a well-*cultivated* and fertile province of Russia, was formerly *an independent* territory, surrounded by the three *great rival* powers of Russia, Poland, and Turkey. It

ɔd by Cossacks, and seems to have formed
ttled abode they ever possessed. Their
tched 300 miles in length, and was divided
arly equal portions by the Borysthenes or
its course from the north-west to the south-
e northern parts, some attention was paid
e; but the southern, exposed to perpetual
the Crim and Little Tatars, was abandoned
forests and marshes. The Cossacks enjoyed
s of an independent people, though always
otection or subjection of one of their powerful
They exercised the right of choosing their
or atamans, the last of whom, selected by
was Mazeppa, whose name has become so
in French and English literature. After the
the Cossacks took in favour of Charles XII.,
anced through the Ukraine to Poltava, in the
eter the Great annihilated them as a people,
most of them to the sword, and carrying
ant to the site of St Petersburg, where they
labourers in the erection of that city. But
ɔ great parent stock of the Cossacks was
y handled, a tribe of them, which had
rmed to the eastward of the Ukraine, was
ɔlved in their fate. This tribe, which formed
ost singular communities ever known on the
earth, was composed of outcasts from all
well as from the Ukraine, and was distin-
ɔhe Zaparoghian Cossacks, or the Cossacks
beyond the cataracts of the Dnieper. These
ned all industry, and every avocation except
and in order to render their minds yet more
y did not permit any women to live amongst
ecruit their numbers, they carried off the
ɔn of their neighbours, and reared them in
ıudacious and vagabond life. These Zapa-
sacks were often employed by Russia in her
urkey, though they sometimes took the part
umodans. *In* 1775, however, Catherine II.

removed them by force from the lands they held, and settling them in the district around Bielgorod, compelled them to marry, and become cultivators of the soil. In a subsequent war with the Turks, Potemkin made use of them in his army; and in 1792 they were transported to the Kuban, and are now known as the Tchernomorski Cossacks, or Cossacks of the Black Sea. They serve to defend that frontier of the Russian Empire from the desultory and predatory attacks of the Circassians, and other inhabitants of the Caucasus, being skilled in the species of warfare for which those mountaineers are famous; and as they join the qualities of the soldier to those of the agriculturist, they have become very useful and important subjects to Russia.

But it is the Don Cossacks that have rendered themselves so famous in the annals of European warfare, and have attracted the principal attention. This people occupy a territory stretching along the Don, which contains nearly 3000 geographical square miles, and their numbers amount to about 250,000. Although subject to the Russian Empire, they enjoy certain privileges, which render them in some degree independent. They are not subject to any tax, but, holding their lands by a military tenure, are compelled to furnish troops, and to maintain them at their own expense, except when called into foreign countries. Their municipal government partakes of the spirit of freedom, as they nominate the magistrates of each *stanitsa* or district into which the country is divided, who are styled atamans. These officers are subject to the head ataman, who is appointed by the emperor, and whose jurisdiction over the Cossacks is both of a civil and military nature. The residence of this superior officer is at Novo-Tcherkask, not far from the banks of the Don, which town is the capital of the country. The occupations of the Cossacks in time of peace are, tending their flocks, the *pursuits of* agriculture and of fishing, and the making of *wine, which* enjoys a high reputation in the south of *Russia.* Their manners and customs are those of a half

ople, being distinguished for their hospitality
ss to strangers, in the midst of a rudeness and
which they derive equally from their descent
he hardy and warlike life to which they are
cy inured. Skill in horsemanship and in
arms, is looked upon as the chief accomplish-
Cossack; and as each of the nation, however
origin, may aspire to the rank even of chief
ambition of every one is fired to distinguish
his brilliant qualities as a warrior. For,
can in quiet times submit to the uniformity
al and rural life, the first summons to arms
with joy, and he leaves his home without
full of ardent anticipations for those scenes
nd licence for which he has from boyhood
d in which alone he can raise himself to
and command.

ners of such a people as the Don Cossacks
better illustration by taking the life of an
amongst them, than by dilating on general
tics. For this purpose, the career of Platof,
ie occurs so often in the campaigns which
he downfall of Napoleon, at once presents
in reference to the Cossacks, and as a dis-
historical character. Out of the ample details
y his Russian biographer, Mr Smirnoi, a few
can scarcely fail to interest the general

'latof was born on the 6th August 1751, on the
e Don. His father was a major in the army
acks, but at the time of his birth was engaged
nan on that river. According to old Platof's
id to the statements still repeated amongst
ks, several prodigies accompanied his birth,
not necessary to particularise. The literary
of the boy did not extend beyond teaching
d, but *in those* exercises which qualify the
body for hardihood in war, he was indefati-
d, and from an early age he surpassed his

companions both in intrepidity and adroitness. The
of his father taught him not only to excel in the
ment of a horse, and in the celerity with w
executed the evolutions of a Cossack soldier,
to exhibit the patience and alacrity requisite
the esteem of his superior officers, so that, learn
essential duty of obedience, he might the b
himself for command. At the age of thirteen,
considered capable of joining the army; and
did he unite the duties of a common soldier
display of a natural quickness and compre
superior to his fellows, that he early attracted
and was not long in receiving the rank of office
attentions bestowed upon him by his superiors, sti
the strong natural talents of the youth; and he
even at this premature age, to have evinced grea
ness of observation, and for storing up remarks ca
to widen the extent of his information. The int
he enjoyed with those older than himself, taug
also the value of acquiring knowledge by bool
such histories of times past as the limited st
Tcherkask could afford him, he perused and p
over. It is to be regretted that a mind so ca
enlightenment should not have had access to be
more varied compilations, for with such oppor
Platof might have remedied many of the de
his own character, and raised the intellectual s
of his countrymen.

At the breaking out of the war between the
and Russians in 1769, we find the young Platof at
to his father's fishery on the Don. But in the fo
year he was unable to resist the martial impul
leaving home unknown to his father, he resorted
Crimea, and addressed himself to Prince Dolg
general of the Russian army. He gained the empl
he sought, and was shortly after made captain,
command of 100 Don Cossacks. From this pe
never ceased to be in active service. He was
in combating enemy after enemy—the Turks, th

nd his followers, the Circassians and the
) till the year 1788, when war was again
ainst the Turks, and Platof was raised by
mkin to the rank of brigadier-general for
rvices. He served under Suwarrow at the
ail; and before the termination of the war,
shed merits as a warrior obtained him the
robation of the empress. His next career
gia, against the Persians; and his fame as
came so conspicuous and established, that
1801, Alexander granted him the dignity
nan of the Don Cossacks, to the prejudice
icers much older than himself.

ars which subseqnently occurred between
rance, Platof and his Cossacks first became
urope. As an irregular cavalry, perhaps
nen was ever more calculated to annoy and
emy. Their restless activity, the quickness
hey attack, retreat, wheel round, and return
e, the novelty and ferocity of their appear-
lesperate and headlong bravery, all united
he Cossacks the most feared of all the
Russian service. As skirmishers to cut off
intercept supplies, and to attack foraging-
are peculiarly adapted, and thus become
army a fearful scourge. Always hovering
enemy is kept in perpetual watchfulness,
an attack, yet ignorant where it will be
ı in the campaign of 1807, so unfavourable
the Cossacks under Platof did dreadful
ıongst the French, and took a great number
of high rank. After the peace of Tilsit, as
erit is estimated by his sovereign according to
can inflict upon his enemies, Platof was loaded
and caresses by the Emperor Alexander, and
l queen of Prussia. Napoleon himself pre-
with a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds,
f received with reluctance, as his enmity
individual even in peace was unquenchable.

In the ever-memorable campaign which was by the capture of Moscow and the destructio French army, Platof bore a very distinguished was a war in which the peculiar tactics of the were of essential importance. In the pursuit of and distressed foe, they are singularly ad energetic. Wherever they appeared, death and tion marked their track. Although little qua extended to the unfortunate French in their me retreat, the number of prisoners taken by squadrons alone amounted to 40,000. The exter of the magnificent army with which Napol entered Russia, was followed by the occupation In the battles preceding that consummation, Pl engaged; and so destructive were his attacks French, that the very name of a Cossack struc into their ranks.

After the overthrow of the man against whom had arisen, Platof reaped an abundant harvest In company with the allied sovereigns, he England, where he was considered by far the 'lion' of the time. Crowds flocked to beh wonderful warrior, who had sprung from the of Europe and Asia to hurl the redoubted N from his throne. Actors turned his name account, for if he were advertised to be pre theatre was sure to be filled to overflowing; t windows were filled with his portraits; and w he appeared, the vociferous huzzas of the m attended him. The enthusiastic reception he r from the Prince-Regent and people of England, the deepest emotions in the breast of the old and to the day of his death, he never spok British nation without expressions of the sincerest and admiration.

Upon his return to Russia, Platof was made *of the empire*, and received some of the principa *of that country*. He then retired to the pla *nativity*, from which he did not again move.

the dangers he had run, and the fame he had gained, he settled down upon the banks of the river that had witnessed his birth, and devoted himself to the interests of his countrymen in peace, as he had rendered their name renowned in war. He founded the new capital of the Don Cossacks, Novo-Tcherkask, to the erection and prosperity of which he consecrated all his endeavours. He introduced various improvements in the civil administration of the Cossacks, and also into their military organisation. He established a branch of the Bible Society in Tcherkask, and also the first printing-press that was ever known amongst his countrymen.

Although it may be most reasonably concluded, that Platof was convinced of the benefits a more extended civilisation produces in communities, he was, nevertheless, morbidly anxious that his Cossacks should not change their manners and customs. His exhortations to that effect were numerous and energetic; and when a proposition was made to alter part of their usual costume, he opposed it as the first step leading to innovation. He himself, in the midst of the most brilliant society, and amongst the most polite of modern nations, always remained a Cossack, and never for a moment lost his nationality. His mind was deeply imbued with a sense of religion, and of loyalty to the Russian emperor: inasmuch as his religion partook of superstition, so did his loyalty border on abjectness. It is a curious phenomenon, and yet one by no means unexampled, that the rudest, the most merciless and unsparing of soldiers, should have his feelings devoted to a religion whose precepts are those of mercy, peace, and good-will.

Platof died on the 3d of January 1818. He left very little property. The emperor had given him 2000 serfs, who composed the bulk of his estate. It is believed he was the first of the Cossacks who possessed slaves, though the practice has now become common amongst the richest of them. His descendants still reside in

Novo-Tcherkask, and at the farm of Misk
Platof himself possessed. His name is venera
the Cossacks to the present hour, and his
actions are repeated with an enthusiasm
marks the depth of their feelings towards him

THE BRAW WEAVER:

A SCOTTISH COUNTRY-TOWN SKET

OF all the beaux who were stuck up in the f
of the meeting-house of Ettleworth, none co
pared to Jamie Caper, who occupied the mi
of the front-seat. His toupee was the lar
church; an enormous frill descended from hi
middle; and when he took a pinch of snuff, t
of a gorgeous ring which he wore on his
dazzled the eyes of the minister, and at
admiration of all the women. Caper, notw
was only a weaver; but at this time wages
and there was a struggle amongst the cra
should look most like a gentleman. The
day was more foppish than it is now; and
appeared on a Sunday, he sported top-b
swallow-tailed coat, while a Marseille vest,
round his jaunty form by one gold button,
tained the volume of small-plaited frill which
before him. There was really something ar
his air; and, to support the character, Caper l
generous; and as he dropped his 'white sill
plate at a collection, he did so with all the
of the best bred in the country. The daug
more affluent class of shopkeepers could not
favourable glances at the weaver, and the s
one and all, bestowed on him unaffecte
admiration.

Had Caper contented himself with these

his superior form and fashion, he might have lived contentedly; but the vanity of being supposed a singer, exposed him to the ridicule of his enemies, among whom were a host of beaux whom he had severely mortified. Accordingly, when the precentor led off the psalm, and when, as is the usual custom, he was allowed to proceed unaccompanied till near the end of the first line, Caper struck in at the third or fourth word with a shout that would have disconcerted any stranger precentor, and shocked any unaccustomed congregation. In this act of rash and ridiculous interference, his personal attractions appeared to disadvantage; for, when he sang, he opened his mouth with a shark-like expansion, and gave to view two immense buck-teeth, which were the greatest defects in his external man. Even his greatest admirers felt that on these occasions there was something asinine about him; and it was observed, that his *real* sweetheart, Jeanie Cairns, always held her head close to her book during the time of psalm-singing. He was confirmed in his weakness by the wickedness of his rivals, who assured him that his musical powers were astonishing.

In Ettleworth, the acme of distinction among the beaux of the common order, was to officiate as precentor. About this period this ambition ran fearfully high, and, at every evening exercise or sermon, some aspirant for musical distinction graced the precentor's desk. To this honour, in a reckless hour, Caper aspired; and having practised two tunes at his loom for a week, he called on the precentor on a Saturday-night, and bribed him with two bottles of porter to allow him to mount the desk on the following evening. There was a confused murmur through the congregation that day, that the *braw weaver* was to present in the evening; and, long before the hour of worship, the meeting-house was crammed. The hearts of the women beat high when Caper entered. The creaking of *his boots on* ascending the little pulpit-stair *was impressively genteel;* and, after hanging up his hat, *eating himself, stroking* up his toupee, and glancing to

see that his frill was sufficiently protrude
distinct and clear hem, designed to intimat
determined to do his duty calmly and res
heart of Caper was, nevertheless, sensible of
ing. He had never before known what
long rows of faces all directed towards hir
his thoughts, and gain the appearance, if n
of unconcern, he took out a splendid silk
and blew his nose in a most sonorous and
manner. Next he took from his apology
little silver box, which contained his scent
dipping therein his thumb and index-finger
three particles to his nose, displaying in the
dazzling ring. All these particulars were c
by the congregation, who were absorbed in
his movements. Feeling now a little reassu
back, and determined to look calmly around.
finished his survey, it was remarked that
whiter than usual. To dissipate his rising
the same time convince all Ettleworth that
at home, he resolved to snuff the candle, at
somewhat startled to observe an ominous wa
spale. This movement was watched with in
The deep and expectant silence of the audie
hand quiver—the snuffers wavered—he snu
but not the wick. Again the fingers relax
perate effort extinguished the luminary. P
now an object of pity; but a suppressed
the church revealed that the very opposit
what possessed the bosoms of his numer
When the minister's-man handed up the can
the perspiration was standing in beads on th
new precentor. At length the sound of
entrance made him summon up all his fort
sat with his teeth fixed, and his right hand
grasping the side of the desk. With all his
determined to act in a new, bold, and das
When he stood up, therefore, to sing, he ope
book-board with his pitchfork, and applied

women of the congregation had never witnessed
rent a proceeding; for the regular precentor,
sing, bent himself down into the desk, and struck
fork out of public view. The sound of the instru-
w distinctly heard through the church, made the
s thrill with horror—it seemed an approximation
troduction of an organ; and what followed was
n as a judgment on the rash innovator. Caper
is jaws; but the machinery of the voice would
, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.
he 'an uncertain warbling made;' and while
ılar precentor, who knew the tune that was
, struck up, from a corner where he was seated,
ssistance of the novice, a group of Caper's
raised a different tune in another part of the
The two tunes thus went on at the same time,
ıggling for individual existence; and the one-
the congregation, at the termination of their
were confounded to hear the other half just
g to the line which they had finished. The
who chanced to possess rather a good ear, and
burly voice, was too much occupied in perusing
in the large Bible, to hear the confusion at first;
liscrepancy at length became so hideous, that he
ıt of his train of thought, and listened for a
to the wild work which was going forward. By
, all who had ears had given up in despair, though
ır-tuned went on without the least concern; when
ster rose, and tapping the unfortunate precentor
ead, thereby admonishing him to sit down, he
gave out the psalm from the high pulpit, and
the congregation triumphantly through. But
paint Caper the meanwhile, as he sat 'pierced by
mazement, hating life, speechless, and fixed in
ath of wo!' Occupied as he was with himself,
not help observing that there was some little
n *that part* of the church where Jeanie Cairns
e thought he saw a figure, like that of his sweet-
ne out of the gallery. She had fainted; and

weeks elapsed before the beau had resolution
her looks. The regular precentor, before th
was sung, left his seat, and mounted the de
two started off pretty triumphantly. But
Caper's could now save him—it was too la
name of the *Sticket Precentor* was fixed f
anything could add to the certainty of his
was the officious condolence of a whole
enemies, who crowded round him at the
congregation.

The next leaf in the page of Caper's life
marriage with Jeanie Cairns. He had seen t
of assuming a more serious part in the world;
misgivings on the part of Jeanie as to the
marrying the sticket precentor, made him p
with unwonted urgency. She had conser
condition of his leaving the front-seat in th
the *kirking*, therefore, the party occupied
But it was impossible to reduce Caper to m
ability: there was something about him deci
cratic; and in his march to and from chur
he assumed the bearing of a man of some
At this time it was looked on as a piece of
sumption in an artizan to go to church w
linked in his arm; and when the fashion did
in, the shouldering awkwardness of the atter
manifest inconvenience which each party su
it appear very ridiculous. But Caper and h
she, too, had a genteel air—linked with all t
grace of two thorough-breds in harness. Wh
too, on this ceremonial occasion, he handed
the other females of the party to the top o
another custom then prevalent among the hi
only; and it was observed by the prying
envious, that he had actually covered the
with green cloth, tastefully interlined with r
nails. No seat in the church had such a di
the minister's; and the minister's wife, wh
up at prayers, absolutely tossed her head,

rs with disdain, when she caught a glimpse of
f the brass nails over the heads of the congre-
: what completely astounded the whole town
h was, that Jeanie Cairns, on going home from
day, did actually hoist up, on the faintest
nshine, what had at first been suspected
teel-looking umbrella, but which now shone
ie gloss of green silk, and in all the purity
parasol!—the distinct and peculiar badge
a parasol! A heave of indignation went
breasts of the woman world; and it is a
ecord, that several females, who were joked
, did rush quickly home and unlace their
great haste, that they might breathe with
l safety.

e style of Caper's acting was a daring attack
blished forms of society. One of the two
ı the young couple occupied had a carpet in
of the floor. It contained a half-dozen of
ılly covered with printed cloth; and over the
of the window there hung a gauze-screen,
itted by Jeanie Cairns herself. In the kitchen,
were several cooking articles; the purposes
re but dimly guessed at by the host of visitors
to see the glories of Caper's new house. It
ed by one or two, that they thought, though
not swear to it, that Jeanie, in talking of
him the gentlemanly designation of *Mr;* and a
ıo lived in the same floor, deponed that Jeanie
desired him to go to the shop with *Mr* Caper's
the height of the astonishment of Ettleworth
:hed, until that day arrived when the *sticket*
d his new wife went off, in a phaeton, to visit a
g rurality. Great, therefore, was the delight,
ied the ridicule, when it was noised through
ıt Caper had upset the phaeton, and broken
arasol, and his own right arm. The conse-
that Caper could not work for a month; yet
ly gratified at an accident which gave him

.he taste for external gentility, but a mind co
.tter things; in short, that a great mistake h
; been committed in fixing him to the ill-re
geries of the loom. He had the good sense,
d-weaving expired, to look for a better ki
ployment, and, by his steadiness and his addre
n his way to favour. An extensive manufa
opted him first as foreman in his warehouse, and
clerk and traveller; and Caper, now a respec
oking middle-aged gentleman, may be seen gi
, through the manufacturing villages of Scotland,
ie is as well known under the appellation of the 'G
Rider,' as he ever was under that of the 'Braw We
or, more notorious still, the 'Sticket Precentor.'

MY TWO LODGINGS:

BEING A FRAGMENT OF THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A RECRUITING-O

I DO not feel disposed to tell you how many year
elapsed since I was a young dashing ensign of se
in a crack regiment of infantry. Suffice it to
although I am now a man of some experienc
world, and one who has, moreover, made some li
in it, and who has perhaps done the state som
and that, too, I should hope, without a spot of di
have not half so great an opinion of my own i
value, or consideration now, as I had when stru
with a rich silver embroidered red coat, a co
formidable dimensions, with a feather of g
most inconvenient altitude, leathern unn
military-boots up to my knees, and a long s
side. In the first place, I then thought
woman's eye was turned upon me, as the he
and dandelions naturally turn towards th
here, in truth, I had some little reasonable
belief. *I was,* in reality, a tall, and rath

; a lad of some prospects, I was so
irls, and so pettled by their mammas,
ans wonderful that I should have had
inion of myself in this respect. But
ually correct in my estimation of the
, I shall leave the reader to judge from
opinions were formed on those of some
ır mess-table—by me deemed infallible
by the corroborative approval of Cap-
r Tomkins *of ours*, I was at all times
verything that I uttered as incontro-
ook with very great contempt, not
ity, upon whatever might drop from
lothes, or *muffis*, as we used to call
ıe whose brown wigs and huge gold
ed considerable advance in life, were
ɔ as altogether unworthy of being
ɜ I was a good-natured fellow, I never
ıgue in giving to all such, when I met
uction I could cram into them. This
ten, according to the different nature
o whom it was administered. All were
ıd and uninterrupted discharge of my
ed in a manner which I did not think
al, and which I attributed to wonder
ıiration; others smiled, as I thought,
atification they experienced; whilst a
ter half-muttered *pshaws* and *pishes*, as
appeared to me, from the mortification
ding themselves so much extinguished
of my intellect. Filled as I was with
owever humbly I might have comported
-table, in the awful presence of Colonel
Iajor Tomkins, I no sooner felt myself
board, than I looked upon myself as
ıttraction, and the great dictator of the
night have been surrounded by digni-
ı—poets, philosophers, or judges of the
hey were all as naught in comparison

to myself, whom I believed to be naturally, and, as a matter of course, admitted by all to be, the greatest man among them. My logic, if I ever used any at that time, was this: all wisdom, as well as bravery, is centered in the British army; *ours* is beyond all question the finest corps in the service; if all officers are wiser as well as braver than all other men, so are the officers *of ours* wiser than all other officers; I being *of ours*, therefore, am wiser than all other officers who are not *of ours;* it therefore follows that I must be wiser than all men in all companies which do not happen to be at the time illuminated by the superior radiance of those stars *of ours*, in whose presence even I am compelled to hide my head.

I do not mean to say, that some of these vain and foolish fancies of mine were not rubbed out of me before my first suit of regimentals had become old enough to be hung on a peg, to be occasionally used for going on picket, or mounting guard on a rainy day. But there is no knowing how long the greater part of them might have adhered to me, had it not been for the circumstance of my having been one of a party sent from the regiment, which was then in Ireland, to recruit in Scotland. The party was commanded by a captain, and I was one of six subalterns who were under him. Our head-quarters were in Edinburgh, and the captain, with the sanction of the inspecting field-officer, distributed us through some of the nearer provincial towns. That which was kindly yielded to me by my comrades, was the chief town of my native county; so that, whilst my sergeant and party were stationed there, I took up my abode with my father in the ancient hall of my ancestors. Being an only child, my father, who was a widower, was overjoyed to have me with him again, and I was as happy as a prince. He accompanied me in my sports; he took an interest in all I did and said; he became as proud *of ours* as I was; my brother-officers were freely invited to his house, hospitably received, and earnestly pressed to remain. This *went on* very well for a short time. By degrees, however, *he came now* and then to make remarks to me in private

unlettered ignorance. I had always been
to venerate him, and everything that dropped
and when I saw that he could not help laugh-
rossness of their occasional *mal-à-propos*, and
to flight my questioning regarding his doubts,
forward hosts of written authorities, my
he Clutterbucks, the Tomkinses, and the
gan to be shaken; and, like all rational scep-
to inquiring for myself. I must pause here
ent, however, to remind the reader, that the
ed and well-informed officers of the army
, are a very different class of men from those
wder boys who filled the army-list of my time;
said this much, I may proceed.
ees I fell into a course of reading, which I
th more and more zeal every day. The only
a to this was the occasional field or river sports,
xercises which my bodily health required, and
active spirit enjoyed. Now and then, to be
s called on by professional duty to visit the
n, or the capital, and yet more frequently,
give audience to my non-commissioned officers
the necessary business of the party. Such
, in reality, light enough, to be sure; but, light
ere, they became intolerably irksome to me
occurred. Then they never failed to bring
ind the reflection—very far from agreeable—
esent halcyon days of no parades, no guards,
, no courts-martial, no disgusting exhibitions
d bleeding backed criminals, writhing under
ing lash of the drummer's cat-o'-nine-tails,
sicken any gently-nurtured lad—the reflection,
these my present days of quiet and study, must
vay to an unceasing round of such duties, began
ily to disturb my peace; nor could I always
n my mind the conviction, that I really was a
ofitable bargain at that moment for his majesty
., and the country which he governed. But
were always *bringing* me back to good-humour

with myself; I was fast getting useful knowl
comforted myself with the thought, that, if
great use at present, I might make not a wl
soldier by and by, because I was some
informed than my comrades. As these wer
days of active British warfare on the cc
idea of actual service might almost be sa
of the question; and as to my uselessness as
officer, I felt comforted by the knowledge,
during the twelve months that had already
I had not been lucky enough to secure a si
my brother-officers had not been greatly mor
and I felt strong in this truth, which, in c
gency, I was prepared to give to the insp
officer the moment that he should remark u
of luck, 'that in such an agricultural county a
stationed in, where labourers were getting
from half-a-crown to three-shillings-and-six
for working in the fields, it was not very lik
one would be so foolish as to enlist to be
shilling a day.' 'I see,' said the inspecting
in answer to this argument—'I see, as you
there is no chance of your doing any good he
change your quarters.' I found that, in my
exculpate myself, I had proved too much;
compelled silently to submit to my fate.

I was now to be stationed in a very quiet, a
then rather a dull country town, which I ha
merry enough when our regiment was quar
but where there was now not a red coat but
party. Thither I proceeded, therefore, in the
horse six-insided coach, that crawled like a
My first care was to secure a lodging; ar
desire of privacy, and the prosecution of n
avoided the more stirring parts of the town.
my nose at all the seducing comforts of
which were to be let in the mercantile mai
main street, which had been struggled for b
when the corps was there; and I sough

uburb, where, caught by the lone appearance
ghostly-looking house, I hastened to survey its
There I found that my windows looked across
water to the mouldering walls of one of the
esting of our Scottish ruins. 'Now,' said I to
I gazed with delight on the quiet landscape
e, 'was there ever a spot more admirably
r study! How peacefully do those reflections
rrounding objects repose upon that unruffled
d to what mental reflections do these objects
! I may here read the account of some of
important transactions of our national history,
e the scenes before me with the ideal persons
who figured in them! If I can only be lucky
get a few recruits here now, to save my cha-
professional activity, and to satisfy my superiors,
well contented to stay here for any given length
What!' cried I again, 'music too!—ay, and if
not, that most beautiful and plaintive of our
melodies, *the Flowers of the Forest*. How roman-
stened for a few bars, and then discovered that
was chimed by the bells of an old-fashioned
lock in that which was destined to be my bed-
was charmed. I hastened to close my bargain
week, with a very decent but anxious-faced
oman, in a widow's weeds, who declared herself
andlady, and whose rather sad features bright-
when she found that I had really resolved to
er lodger; and, rushing out of the house to
they fled, the last rays of the sinking sun, I
about in ecstasy until long after it was dark.
o sooner returned, than I ordered in my frugal
nt for my sergeant and corporal, and gave them
nger injunctions than I had ever given them
shewed them, what was true, that little lay in
of the officer, and much in that of the party.
out to *them how* much it was their interest to
y honestly could to get recruits; and I more
l, that I should not unwillingly come down with

certain private aid from my own pocket, to rem
opprobrium that now hung over us. The eloqu
Cæsar could not have more stirred up his tenth
than my eloquence did my men; their protestatio
large, and the very clank of their retreating heels
to me to speak of a perfect regiment of young sol

Somewhat fatigued with the occurrences of th
now retired to my bedroom. My bed was humble in
ance, but it was clean, and sufficiently comfortable
of my profession; and I was soon in too deep a
hear even the dropping notes which fell from the
the old-fashioned clock, which stood at the foot of
I slept till a later hour in the morning than I
allowed myself to indulge in, for I had for some tim
tomed myself to rise betimes to pursue my studi
this occasion, my senses returned to me in th
gradual manner which leads the half-awakened spir
progress toward perfect consciousness, through a
of visions, which, though the actual time consumed
may be in reality short, gives to the soul an a
lifetime of fancied existence. Amidst the many
which my dreams underwent, I at last fancied m
the court of Holyrood during the time of our Scottis
Mary. I was honoured by her attention; I was
in the sunshine of her beauty; I was treated like a
I partook of her gay hunting and hawking pa
rode by her bridle-rein; I led the ball with he
I made one in her most private circles, where non
admitted but her Maries, and Rizzio, who sat t
obey her commands by making the harmonious
give ready obedience to his sweeping fingers; I was
by the beautiful queen; Rizzio was touching the mo
chords in a wild extemporaneous symphony, an
strained my attention to catch up its import, I gr
awaked, and heard the musical clock at the foot
bed beginning to play over, for the second time, t
measure of the Flowers of the Forest. Tink—ti
tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle. 'I
said I to myself, 'is that all?' I shut my eyes, w

have fain recalled the delicious vision which had fled from me. But my efforts were vain; and as I lay repining, the tinkling bells of the old clock went on to play the second measure of the tune. But, alas! age had made a dreadful derangement in the notes that composed it. Time, who is famous for making war against teeth of all kinds, had made sad havoc with the teeth of some of the wheels of the machine. On went the clock for a bar or two, the notes maintaining their perfect musical sequence; when, all at once, there was a wide gap that gave no sound; then a note or two, and then another gap; and so on it went, overleaping the bars every now and then as a fox-hunter would do those he meets with in the heat of the chase. It galled me exceedingly, but I made the most of it by piecing in the bits of the tune very loudly, by whistling so as to patch it up in some sort; and so I got through with it for that bout; after which I returned to Queen Mary, and lay thinking of her and the happy visions I had had, till *burr—r—r!* went the warning of the clock. 'What, again?' cried I, starting bolt upright in bed. 'Oh, impossible!' But it was possible. A quarter of an hour had elapsed, and the sweet melodious jingle of the bells of the clock was regularly repeated every quarter of an hour; so up again it struck *the Flowers of the Forest*—tink—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle. I sprang out of bed, and proceeded to dress myself with all manner of expedition, whistling loudly all the time; and when we came to the fences in the second measure, I took all the leaps with all the readiness of the most experienced follower of the hounds, and with no other accident than a severe cut in my chin from what was sold to me at Sheffield as a hunting-razor. The second measure came to an end to be sure, but the clock played the whole tune so very slowly, that, beginning as it did at any given quarter of an hour, a considerable portion of that period had elapsed ere it had finished; so that, in a very *few minutes*, it was again called upon for *the burr—r—r of the* warning to recommence. But this *indefatigable clock*, with its tink—tinkle—tinkle—

tinkle, snapped the chain of my ideas at every l
was distracted. I paced up and down the floor
sitting-room in absolute despair, till at last I bet
me of ringing for my landlady, and prevailing
to stop the clock. The lady came. I stated my grie
she heard me, and her eyes filled with tears. Ext
excited, I anxiously inquired the cause, and learn
the clock had been so great a favourite of her d
husband, that she had not the heart to put it to
I found it was the most tender subject I could touc
with her. The clock was as it were her housch
and it was a matter of conscience with her to
duly wound-up, so that any further remonstrance
part would have been cruel as well as useless.

Seizing my hat and stick, I resolved to abandor
for the day, and to take a long walk; and I return
in the evening, pretty well tired, and so hungry
have forgotten all about *the Flowers of the Forest.*
so famished, indeed, that I sat down to my bee
and became so intensely engaged with it, that I
the industrious clock played its tune even more tha
without its being in the least regarded by me
drowsiness coming quickly on me, I retired to m
room, and hastily prepared for repose, and, exting
my candle, jumped into bed. I need hardly menti
no sooner was I about to drop into a slumber, th
same horrid tinkling commenced, and at once drov
from my pillow; and, to shorten my tale, I may
say, that I lay tossing and tumbling without a mo
repose, heard every chime of every bell in the ir
gable old clock, and never closed an eye, nor had or
of slumber, all that weary night.

The light of dawn had no sooner appeared, than
for the purpose of resting myself, and hurried out
my feverish feelings, by exposing myself to the
zephyrs of the morning. I took a long stretch of
and as I was on my way home, I stopped to loite
little about the ancient ruins. There I was acco
a stout ruddy-faced man who saluted me, whom I

cognised to be a shopkeeper and magistrate of the town, with whom I had had a slight acquaintance when I was formerly there with the regiment. After a little conversation, he expressed his regret that I had not come to lodge at his house in the High Street, well known to be the best lodging in the town; and he so liberally offered his handsome apartments to me at my own price, that, having the tink—tinkle of the old clock in my head, I at once resolved to accept of them. I hastened home, therefore, and after despatching my breakfast, I sent for my landlady, and communicated my change of plan to her in as delicate a manner as I could. The poor woman's countenance fell sadly; but having paid her for my week's lodging, I begged of her to accept of a little present to shew my good-will, and we parted very good friends.

Being now fairly installed in my new lodgings, in the centre of the main street of the town, I could no longer command that privacy which I had been so desirous of courting. The little burgh is remarkable for its hospitality; and as I had been already known to some of its inhabitants during the time I was there with my corps, I was soon waited upon by all the best people of the place; and a course of invitations and consequent feastings followed, that sorely interrupted my studies. It was a difficult thing in those days to start two or three of these jolly fellows from a bowl of punch when they were once set heartily around it; and the consequence was, that what are called in Scotland the small-hours, generally beheld me returning to bed from such meetings. As I had no parade to go to, and was my own commanding-officer, I would have made up in the morning for the sleep I sacrificed at night. But, alas! although I had now got rid of the tink, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, of the clock, all sleep was banished from my eyes by five or six o'clock at latest, by the ceaseless hammer of an active fellow of a copper-smith who lived in the lower storey of the adjacent house. The large copper caldrons he made were generally placed in the street opposite his own

door, and there he would thunder away with a noise t
rivalled big Tom of Lincoln, and which was enough
have waked the whole inhabitants of the street, let al
a poor fellow like me, who was lying, as I may
immediately over him. To think of sleep after fiv
six o'clock, therefore, was altogether hopeless; and a
a delightful morning saunter with my book did I
unwillingly owe to the indefatigable copper-smith.

I had now been some weeks in my new quar
without any appearance of more success in recru
than I had had in that where I was previously statio
when one afternoon, as I had just finished an early
solitary dinner, my servant came in to tell me that
sergeant wished to see me. There was a twinkle in
man's eye as he delivered the message, and there
a still brighter sparkle in those of the sergeant w
he was ordered to enter, and I don't say that there
not a certain degree of sudden illumination in mine
when Sergeant Baird, after duly saluting me with h
properly extended, and then drawn in and applied to
military hat, so as to form a sort of horizontal sh
over his brow, joyously said: 'A recruit, your hono
'A recruit!' cried I, with as much astonishment a
he had talked of a crocodile; 'a recruit! where is
'Out here, your honour,' replied the sergeant; 'sha
parade him?' 'To be sure,' cried I; 'let me see
instantly.' The sergeant saluted, disappeared like
apparition, and speedily returned with the corporal
the recruit. And who, think ye, gentle reader, was
recruit? If my eyes sparkled at all at the mere int
gence that I was at last to have a recruit, conceive, if
can, what was my satisfaction, when I discovered that
said recruit was no other than the very man ag
whom I had so great a cause of grudge—Alexander
copper-smith himself!

Alexander and his wife had had a small family qua
In pot and dudgeon, he had abandoned his own copp
and had joined some jovial companions, with whom
was now and then wont to have a lark, to spend the

g some comforting compositions which were
n the kettle of a certain Lucky Murray, who
lic-house, where he and his friends occasionally
refresh themselves, and to give them courage
e storms that were sometimes brewed at home.
, though very far from being what is vulgarly
k, was so far pot-valiant as to have been con-
n Alexander the Copper-smith into Alexander
His indignation at woman's government had
ght to the boiling-point by Lucky Murray's
ettle, until it began to distil a powerful
irit within him. He had no children, so that
tie to cut but one, and that was one which,
sent moment, it gave him little uneasiness
My sergeant came in at this critical instant.
rited to join the party. And he had not long
on the glories of a soldier's career, when the
th griped his hand as he would have done the
his largest hammer, and declared himself
to join the gallant corps to which the orator
My questions to Alexander were few. He
health of George III. in a glass of particularly
ort, and, that nothing might be wrong, I sent
for a post-chaise, to carry him, at my own
Edinburgh, to be inspected and passed; and
—now the Great—having got into it, with the
nd corporal, drove off from the door, cheering
his indignant better-half, who was then looking
the window, in much too proud a humour to
ightest symptom of emotion.
re no sooner fairly off, than, filling a bumper,
drank it off to the inward toast of the British
; and, laughing heartily at the happy accident
occurred to me, I hastened to dress, in order
one of those honest substantial burgal supper-
which I was almost nightly invited; and as
o the *house of my host*, I inwardly chuckled
ght that I need not be so particular in my
ht, as I could to-morrow count upon undis-

turbed repose. Full of the triumph which I had over Alexander the copper-smith, I exerted all my tal for humour to give the story to an unusually large p which I met, and I succeeded in keeping them for s time in a roar of laughter with my ludicrous narra of the circumstances. I did give myself a more ordinary licence that night, and at a very late indeed, I went home to my lodgings, and put my comfortably to bed, with strict injunctions to my serv that I was on no account to be disturbed till I should my bell. 'Now for a sound sleep at last,' said I, covered myself up like a dormouse, and in one ins I was in the land of forgetfulness.

I cannot say how long I had slept; the time certa appeared to me to be somewhat less than an hour, w I began to dream that I was in a battle. It was a one, and the cannonading was tremendous. My cap of the grenadiers was hit by a ball that absolutely persed him in powder before my eyes. I, as the e lieutenant, firmly stepped into his place, and the v being given to advance, I led on the company. The fi rank man next to me was my friend Alexander the G He now well deserved that appellation, for he had gr much taller and stouter, and he appeared to me to be most powerful man in the whole line. He advanced a steadiness and determination that made me prou my recruit; I exulted in him. The thunder of cannonade increased: it became so loud at last th awaked me; I lay stupified and confounded for a mon The thunder of the cannon was no other than the thu of a large hammer on the side of a huge copper cal I rubbed my eyes for a moment; I listened; I jur out of bed, and, rushing to the window, threw up sash, and stretched out my night-capped head, as if I w have leaped into the street with anxiety to see what passing below. What was my astonishment and di when I beheld, in the interior of a large copper-v and working away with the fury of a Cyclop, the *identical* man, Alexander the copper-smith! I s

as if I had beheld an apparition. The eyes of Alexander happened to turn up at that moment. 'A braw morning this, sir!' said he. I could not reply, but drawing in my head, and slapping down the window, I proceeded to the bell-rope, which I pulled with an energy and perseverance that speedily brought my servant to me in his shirt. A single question satisfied me as to the truth. Alexander, though he had passed in all respects as a sound healthy man, was found to be just the fifth part of an inch below the standard-height, and so he had been rejected by the inspecting field-officer. Thus was I at once deprived of the honour of sending a recruit, and exposed to a renewal of all the torment from which, for a moment, I had supposed myself free.

And so, for the present, must my recollections terminate. It is not impossible that, on some future occasion, I may be tempted to renew them.

JACQUES, THE COACHMAN.

The street of Saint Antoine is the most truly Parisian quarter of all Paris. In it dwells a race, rude, untaught, frolicsome, and good-natured; fond of spectacles, easily excited, brave, and ready to shed their blood at a moment's notice; the true representatives, in short, of that people who, in the space almost of a few hours, have more than once overturned dynasties, and changed the fate of empires—who, in a fit of stern and savage ire, threw down the Bastile, and in the next instant danced merrily on its ruins.

Such being the peculiarities of the Saint Antoine people, it is not to be wondered at that the coachmen of the division, living in such an atmosphere, should partake of the general character, lively, rough, and rattling, of the other inhabitants. The vehicles which they drive are for the most part of a half stage-coach order, and

convey people to all the suburban quarters of the city, not at very regular hours, but rather whenever chance brings a complement of passengers. As you enter the street Saint Antoine, you behold these personages standing in a dense knot, with tawny greatcoats on their backs, and otter-skin bonnets on their heads—a noisy, restless assemblage, breaking up in a second, and in a second re-collecting; a perpetual mob, in fact, though, unlike other mobs, entirely beyond the power of the police. The moment you come in sight of this body, they divine at once by your step, by your glittering shoes, by your newly-brushed hat, and a thousand signs indistinguishable by others, that you are 'for the country,' or for a drive. Then all the band starts like lightning to meet you, as hounds dart after a hare. One grasps you by the right arm, and cries: 'To Charenton, sir?' Another holds your left: 'To Alfort, sir!' A third has you by the collar, roaring: 'To Conflans, sir?' and, upon the whole, you may think yourself extremely lucky, if you get out of their hands without having incurred the necessity of applying to your tailor as soon as you get home. Such is the mode of going to work practised by these wild men of the Saint Antoine stand, who are as different from the polished, civil coach and cab drivers of other districts, as a street fiddler from Paganini.

One morning, wishing to go to Vincennes, I felt a horror, from sad experience, of passing through among these reckless beings towards the other end of the street, and took a circuitous route, intending to traverse a little back lane, which lay in the desired direction. This manœuvre might have been successful at other times, but *now* it took me into the very midst of the enemy. The Saint Antoine coachmen had not yet taken up their usual stands, and were seated on logs of wood, discussing their breakfasts, in this very lane, with their vehicles *and horses* beside them. I had popped on them before *I saw* my danger, and at the first glimpse of me, the *whole* band rose at one and the same instant, and flew *towards* me. My first thought was to fly, but they were

too close for flight to save me; so, putting on a resolution, I clapped my hat firmly on my head, and marched towards them, with something of the feeling of a Curtius about to leap into the fatal gulf. A multitude of hands were speedily on my arms, shoulders, collar, and back, while reiterated queries were poured forth. 'Do you wish to go to Saint Mandé, sir?' 'To Vilette?' 'Go with me, sir!' 'With me, sir!' For a quarter of an hour this scene continued, by which time they had dragged me to the wheels of the first vehicle. Stunned and stupified, I at last shook them off, and roared to them all to 'go to the ——;' the person, in short, not to be named to ears polite. A shout of laughter broke forth from them, the unfailing effect produced by anger that is unshared by those who have aroused it. 'But where *do* you wish to go to, sir?' cried one of them, after a short pause. 'To Vincennes,' said I, fairly wearied out. 'Ha!' cried a voice from the middle of the group; 'this is my affair; the gentleman belongs to me. Stand about, ye dogs, or I'll make you!'

The person who spoke thus was a vigorous-looking fellow, who immediately began to act up to his words. He pushed the others aside with his arms, and, having seized me by the collar, commenced whirling the but-end of a very heavy whip round about our two heads, while at the same time he stretched out one of his legs, and made it perform a most extraordinary circular movement, such as I had never seen a limb perform before, and which carried with it so effective a species of eloquence, that the circle soon enlarged considerably around us. Then the victor, lifting rather than leading me to his vehicle, placed me on the front-seat outside, between an artillery-soldier and a servant-woman, who were already seated. 'There is no better seat, sir,' cried my coach-driver; 'all the insides are taken up.' And so it proved, for immediately a voice from that quarter grumbled *out, in half-suffocated* tones: 'They are taken up *truly! We are stuffed* like a herring-barrel. Nine *of us in a place where there is* room only for six!'

Having a story to tell, I shall not dilate on all that happened before we got under-way fairly on the road to Vincennes—how our driver tricked us by taking a circuit, and landing us again at the starting-point, bawling all the while: 'Another seat for Vincennes!' and how he jumped off to light his pipe, and jumped on again, caring no more for the murmuring of his passengers than if he had nothing to do with them. Suffice it to say, that we were at last on our way to Vincennes, and that I began to converse familiarly with our driver, whose coolness was equally tantalising and amusing. He was a man about forty, with a weather-beaten but not unpleasing face, and an active, powerful person. Having observed something remarkable about the movements of his leg—the same one which he had caused to make such strangely efficient revolutions—I looked attentively at the limb. He saw this, and exclaimed: 'Ah, you wish to see *Cossack;* well, here it is.' So saying, he shewed me the leg to which he gave this odd name. It was a wooden one. 'How lost you this?' said I, taking off my hat, for to an old soldier, or to a gray head, I always pay this involuntary reverence; and by the blue ribbon (waved with black) on his breast, I saw that my friend had been in honourable wars. In answer to my question, he told me the following story:—

'Twenty years ago, on the morn of the 30th of March 1814, a proclamation appeared in Paris, signed by Napoleon's brother, Joseph, in which it was announced that the hostile allies were within a few hours' march of the city. The sensation excited by the news cannot be described. Forty thousand workmen traversed the streets, vowing, with tears in their eyes, to die for France, and demanding arms and ammunition. But although these articles were not scarce, the demand was refused, on the plea that there would be no need *of these* weapons, "since the sight of the clock of St *Genevieve* would be enough to terrify the invaders." *When I* heard this, I said to myself: "This may be, *but my trust* lies more in the protection of powder and

And away I went home, and took down the which my father had handled at the taking Bastile. I dismounted it, cleaned it carefully, o rights, and then *said* to it: "Come, old one, do r: rattle me these Prussians and Cossacks out of l; and if a domestic traitor comes in thy way, iet and still, till I look along thee at his heart! derstand me; that's all." Throwing it on my r, I then took my way to Louise.

se, sir, was my betrothed, and as pretty and honest s dwelt in the neighbourhood. I had known her ancy, and often had I heard her say: "Jacques, hee." We were to have been married in fifteen nothing came in the way. But something did the way, and that is the reason why I am still lor.

oon as Louise saw me coming with my old carbine rm, she ran to me, and cried: "O Jacques, are g to fight!" "Yes, Louise." "And what if you ed!" "Then I shall be happy, my dear, for I ot see strangers and conquerors enter Paris." r me, Jacques—what will become of me!" "I ch over you from above, Louise;" and I pointed en. "But, tush!" I continued: "every soldier t die in a battle. And it is but to-day that the chance will be, for to-morrow the Emperor will nd then our enemies may pray to their saints their souls, if they have saints and souls, for we e no pity on the invaders' bodies. We must l to the will of Heaven, Louise. Come, kiss me, and don't cry." At the same time, I wiped away e tears from my own cheeks, but Louise did not m, for her eyes were closed, and her cheek so t one would have said she was dead. But she d, and fixing on me her two large sloes of eyes, l: "Jacques, you must let me go with you!" sible!" I replied; "where I go is no place for "*You will have* need of sutlers, Jacques: *tend the wounded,* and carry refreshments to r.

the soldiers. I will do anything that you desire of They won't refuse to allow a poor girl to be service to her wounded and dying countrymen!"

"Yes, if that would be injurious to her, and not u to others. But listen, Louise. In a few hours, I meet the enemy, and I cannot deny that wounds fall to my share as well as others. Well, *go this ev to Père la Chaise*, to the tomb of thy mother. If I living, I will come and meet thee there; but if I comes, and you see me not, then, my Louise, pra Heaven for me—and for France, for I, and many, m more, will then lie low!"

'At this moment, the trumpet-call sounded in the st A regiment defiled past the window, accompanie several hundred artisans. I profited by the occa embraced and kissed Louise, who hung by my n and would scarcely let me go; opened the door, an two steps I was with my comrades in the street. long as I could see the house, I turned always to look at it, and even thought of yet returning to poor girl. But when her dwelling was out of I began to cry with the rest: "Long live the Emper and then thought only of how quickly I could n forward to the foe!'

At this part of the story of Jacques, I cannot remarking how much I was struck with the chan his manner as he warmed with his subject. His became grave and deep, and his expression and deli easy and forcible, while at the same time the pecu ties of pronunciation common to his class disappeare

'When we came to the wood of Romainville,' he tinued, 'we found the Cossacks already in posse of it. We were charged by our old hero of a le Marshal Mortier, with the task of driving them o the wood; and never, perhaps, since the inventic *arms*, did soldiers enter a battle with such good *The wood* was carried at the point of the bayon *twenty minutes*! As I live, it was beautiful! But *we had gained* our point, we saw forty thousand m

lied enemy appear, and move on towards us. We
ıd not two-thirds in all of that number, and had
r wall nor ditch to protect us. But, notwithstanding,
ıdured in that wood eleven consecutive attacks
ıt flinching. We were at length compelled to
ıte the place, and, alas! to leave the enemy in
sion of those positions from which he could destroy
ıpital. The suburbs were, in a measure, in the
r's power. When I retraced my steps to Paris
ıy sad-hearted companions, I said: "If the Emperor
here this night, his empire is ended!"
ımediately after this, I recollected my appointment
Louise in Père la Chaise cemetery, and bent my
ı rapidly thither. As I entered the place of death,
just growing dusk. The enemy had already begun
the outside of the city to rain small bomb-shells
it, and the sounds of the cannonade contrasted
ely with the repose of the funereal grounds around
I was also startled with something like the glitter
ronets among the willows and trees of the place,
ınceived my eyes to have misled me. My eyes,
'er, did not mislead me, when, on reaching the
nown grave of Louise's mother, which she and
so often strewed with flowers, I beheld a soldier—
emy, a Cossack—sitting with his arms folded on
ry tombstone, and a woman's lifeless or motionless
stretched on the ground by its side! A dreadful
ıt flashed across my brain in an instant. An
tected girl—the hour—and a savage enemy! What
r was in the thought! My knees trembled, my
ost their power of vision. But another feeling
ıed the momentary imbecility: I was close behind
ıconscious monster, and, with my carbine swung
hands, I advanced to him, and in another moment
ains sprinkled the ground at my feet!
prang to the girl—to my own poor, unhappy Louise,
her, and sat down with her in my arms. My
recalled her from her swoon, but she shuddered
ight of me. She came by degrees to a seeming

calmness, and parting her wildly dishevelled l
looked me in the face for a time without spea
"Jacques," said she at length, "I have lived too l
Be witness that Louise could not survive dishon
With these words, she sprang from my arms, and se
one of the pistols of the dead wretch at our feet,
held it to her head, ere I, stunned and stupified as I
could interfere. But the weapon missed fire.

'The next moment, Louise threw herself at my
and pulling aside her soiled and torn dress, she pres
to me her open breast. "Jacques!" cried she, in a
of fearful calmness, "I cannot now be your wife!
the love of mercy, kill me!"

'I had in reality a thought of fulfilling her wish
took up and loaded my carbine—but it was o
momentary thought. I let my weapon fall, an
down, and cried like an infant. Louise had never m
"Jacques!" said she again, in heart-breaking ac
"I am no longer worthy of you—kill me!" '
thee!" said I at length to the poor girl, who t
herself on the ground before me, "kill thee! Of
are you guilty? Do I not see that you are far
unfortunate than I?" A pause again followed. I p
my hand over my burning brow; and when I lo
again, I saw that she was cold and chill. The
cooled myself, and restored me to reason. I rose ca
and said: "No, I will not kill thee. We have but
unfortunate. For me—while I shall breathe—I
breathe hate to the invaders! Louise, I will avenge
Now, my girl, courage! Behold our nuptial-altar!"

'With these words, I knelt down beside her b
mother's tomb. "The words spoken over the
of the dead are sacred," said I. "In presence of
Heaven which sees us, and of her who reposes b
I swear, that from this moment thou art my true
lawful wife! If I die, thou shalt bear my name."
rose together. "Heaven bless thee, my husband!"
Louise, with something like calmness; "now, thou
not prevent me from following thee. It is the

"Be it so, my Louise. But see those bombs
in the air! They come to burn our houses;
ınd protect them. But hark!"
ıed. I thought I had heard a noise—a rustling
e of the tombs. At first, in the imperfect light,
:hing, but, on looking attentively, I beheld a
ɔping on all-fours at a little distance. I watched
ɔrm rose to an upright posture by the side of
and then I knew it to be an enemy—a Cossack.
ny carbine, and shot him through the heart.
a leap in the air, and fell with a cry that
ver all the cemetery. "Come, my wife!" said
e, who applauded my deed with a wild bitterness
ɛe her former gentle self. We began to move
he city, but retreat was destined not to be so
ıe shot and the cry of the savage caused an
d commotion. From the further end of the
a body of men advanced, starting from grave
and seeming like the dead raised to life, and
fearful game with one another among the
saw at once that they were a band of Cossacks,
ırd either to occupy the cemetery or to act as
'hey saw Louise and myself, but luckily they
ɔt passed the spot where the pathway out of the
was yet open to us. Raising my nearly insen-
se in my arms, I ran towards the city. The
had found their dead comrades, and forty or
whistled around us, but not one of them
ne, and Louise also was uninjured—till the
ent—till the last shot was fired, just as we
, place of safety. I laid her down, ignorant
urt. "Jacques, my dear Jacques, adieu!"
ered; "it is better thus—one kiss!" The
ed while her lips touched mine!
ne a child, sir,' said poor Jacques, when he came
t of his story—'I become a child when I think
ıth of Louise, of the only woman I have ever
ut though she did not live to see me keep my
nged her deeply. Wherever a struggle with

the enemy took place at that time, *there* I was, ma
these wretches of Cossacks with my old carbine.
and when the land had been long cleared of the
thought, when I fought at the barricades of the
Days, that I was still fighting with the Cossacks, or,
was much the same, with those who had brought
Cossacks upon us. I did not grudge a leg in the c
and in memory of those who took it from me, I ca
substitute *Cossack*. That is all I have to tell, sir, and
here is Vincennes—all in good time.'

It is astonishing, was my reflection on hearing
story of Jacques, what mines of strange and affe
recollections lie in corners of the world where the
least suspected to exist. Here is one of those r
thoughtless, frolicsome beings, whose lives seem to
continued exhibition of overflowing animal spirits—
is one of them, who cherishes ever, in the de
recesses of his breast, images of the saddest
tenderest kind—memories of love and loveliness,
faith, and fond regret. Verily, it is a strange w
thought I; and not the least remarkable circumst
which have taken place in it, are those which ma
the history of Jacques the Coachman.

FALL INTO A COAL-PIT.

AFTER the peace of 1763, Lieutenant George Spearit
the navy, was residing in Glasgow, and on Wedne
September 13, 1769, between three and four o'clo
the afternoon (to use the words of his own narrative
went into a little wood called North Woodside, sit
between two and three miles north-west of Glasgow,
the design to gather a few hazel-nuts. I think I
would not have been in the wood more than a quart
an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts, bef
unfortunately fell into an old coal-pit, seventeen

deep, which had been made through solid rock. I was some time insensible. Upon recovering my recollection, I found myself sitting nearly as a tailor does at his work; blood was flowing pretty freely from my mouth, and I thought that I had broken a blood-vessel, and consequently had not long to live; but to my great comfort, I soon discovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch, it was ten minutes past four; and getting up, I surveyed my limbs, and to my inexpressible joy found that not one was broken. I was soon reconciled to my new situation, having from my childhood thought that something very extraordinary was to happen to me in the course of my life. I had not the least doubt of being relieved in the morning, for the wood was small, and situated near a populous neighbourhood, much frequented, especially in the nutting-season. Night now approached, and it began to rain; not in gentle showers, but in torrents of water, such as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox. The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter, but not having been wrought for several years, the subterranean passages were choked up, and I was exposed to the rain, which continued with very little intermission, so that I was in a short time completely wet through. In this comfortless condition, I endeavoured to take some repose. A forked stick which I found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the sides of it, served alternately to support my head as a pillow, or my body occasionally, which was much bruised; but in the whole time I remained here, I do not think I slept one hour together. Having passed a very disagreeable night, I was somewhat cheered with the appearance of daylight, and the melody of a robin-redbreast that had perched immediately above my head; and this pretty little warbler continued to visit my quarters every morning during my confinement, which contributed much to the serenity of my mind.

'*At the distance of about ten* yards in a direct line from *the pit, was a water-mill*—the miller's house was still

nearer. I could frequently hear the horses going from the mill—frequently I heard human voices; did distinctly hear the ducks and hens about the r made the best use of my voice on every occasion, was to no manner of purpose, for the wind, whi constantly high, blew in a line from the mill to t which easily accounts for what I heard, and at th time my voice was carried the contrary way. I say I suffered much from hunger; after two o days, that appetite ceased, but my thirst was intol and though it almost constantly rained, I could the third or fourth day preserve a drop of it, as th at the bottom of the pit sucked it up as fast as down. In this distress, I sucked my clothes, bu them extracted very little moisture. The shock ceived in the fall, together with the dislocation of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a constant fe cannot otherwise account for my suffering so muc from thirst than I did from hunger. At last I disc the thigh-bone of a bull—which I afterwards learn fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me— covered with the earth: I dug it up, and the lar of it left a cavity which I suppose held a quart; t water drained into, but so very slowly, that it was siderable time before I could get a nut-shellful at which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and so it. The water now began to increase very fast, so was glad to enlarge my reservoir, insomuch, that fourth or fifth day I had a sufficient supply, and the was certainly the preservation of my life. At the of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles, s frogs, toads, large black snails or slugs, &c.; and noxious creatures would frequently crawl about n often get into my reservoir; nevertheless, I thou the sweetest water I had ever tasted; and at this d *of time*—though so many years—the remembranc *is so sweet*, that if it were possible to procure an *I am quite* sure that I would swallow it with avid *have frequently* taken both frogs and toads out of t

ppose they took shelter while I slept. Tho
ys destroyed, but the frogs I preserved, as I
w but that I would be under the necessity of
, which I would not have scrupled to have
been very hungry. Saturday the 16th, there
e rain, and I had the satisfaction to hear the
me boys in the wood. Immediately I called
my might, but it was all in vain; though I
earned that they actually heard me, but, being
l with an idle story of a wild man being in
ey ran away affrighted. Saturday, 16th, was
, when I completed my forty-first year; and
was the next day that some of my friends,
dentally learned that I had gone the way I
t two or three porters purposely to search the
These men went to the miller's house and
y for me, but on account of the very great
ime, they never entered the wood, but cruelly
their employers, telling them they had
e pit, but that I was not to be found. Many
ubt, in my dismal situation, would have died of
t I thank God I had always a perfect serenity
l did not lose the hope of deliverance.
th the morning of the 20th September, the
ing of my release, came—a day that, while
lasts, I will always celebrate with gratitude
Through the brambles and bushes that
mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun
ht, and my pretty warbler was chanting his
trains, when my attention was aroused by a
ise of human voices, which seemed to be
fast to the pit. As soon as they heard my
ll ran towards the opening, and I could dis-
well-known voice saying: "Good God, he is
" Another of them, though a very honest
n, betwixt his surprise and joy, could not
me, *in the Hibernian* style, if I was still
d I was, and "hearty too;" and then gave
lar directions how to proceed in getting me

out. Fortunately, at that juncture a worker from a neighbouring pit was passing along the road, and hearing voices in the wood, his curiosity prompted him to learn the cause. By his assistance, and a rope from the mill, I was soon landed on terra firma. The miller's wife had kindly brought some milk warm from the cow for me, but on my coming to the fresh air, I grew faint, and could not taste it. Need I be ashamed to acknowledge, that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall on my knees, and ejaculate a silent thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance, since at this distant time I never think of it but the tears of gratitude start from my eyes! Every morning, in the pit, I tied a knot on the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that if I died there, and my body was afterwards found, the number of knots would certify the number of days I had passed in the pit. Immediately I drew the handkerchief from my pocket, and bade them count the knots. They found seven, the exact number of nights I had been there. We now hastened out of the wood. I could walk without support, but that was not allowed; each person present striving to shew me how much they were rejoiced to find me alive and so well. They led me to the miller's house, where a great number of people were gathered to see me. A gentleman in the neighbourhood sent to his house for some wine, and at my own request a piece of toasted bread was soaked in a glass of it, which I ate. After this, I was put to bed, with warm bricks at my feet. This, by expanding the blood-vessels, put me to great torture, and caused a mortification in both of my legs. One of my legs was taken away from this cause a little below the knee, and about six hours after the amputation, the ligatures all gave way, and the arteries bled a considerable time before it was discovered. Six weeks after this, I went out in a sedan-chair for the benefit of the air, and I afterwards took lodgings in the *country*, where, getting plenty of warm new milk, my *appetite* improved daily, and now I am in perfect *health*.' *

* *Brown's* History of Glasgow.

SLOGANS, OR WAR-CRIES.

war-cry may be traced up to the earliest ages
gst the most ancient people, and it seems, till a
t period, to have been almost universal. Sometimes
ry was of an invocatory nature for protection; at
times it was commemorative of some signal trans-
ı; and in many cases it was a shout of allusion to
ll-known place of rendezvous. The Irish, in all
used the interjection *aboo* along with their war-
as *Butler-aboo, Cromaboo, Leamhdearg-aboo;* and so
The Scoto-Irish brought with them the ancient
n of war-cries, though they dismissed the affix *aboo;*
r a long period they used a general cry before the
began, shouting with an allusion to their native
ry and their generic name, *Albanich.* After the
ı tongue was introduced into North Britain, the
ry was called the *slagan* or *slogan*, from the word
signifying an alarm of war. The Highland chiefs
most tenacious of their war-cries, and in their case,
ume of the gathering-place of the clan was generally
ed. The chief of the Mackenzies had for his
, *Tulloch-ard*, or the high hill; the mountain
ularly signified being one of the most lofty in
il, and being that on the summit of which a
g beacon was shewn when it was wished that
lan should gather. The chief of the numerous
f the Grants had the war-cry of *Craigelachie*, or
ck of alarm, which rocky eminence is situated in
untry of the Grants in Strathspey. The chief of
acphersons had *Craig-dhu*, or the black rock, from
ll but well-known eminence in Badenoch, the
y of the Macphersons. The chief of the Mac-
ls had *Craig-an-Fhithich*, the rock of the raven.
hief of the Macfarlanes had *Loch Sloy*, a place in
trict of Arroquhar, at the head of Loch Lomond.

The chief of the Macgregors had *Ard Challich*. The chief of the Buchanans had *Clareinch*, which is an island in Loch Lomond, where he anciently resided. The Lowland barons had likewise their slogans. The war-cry of the potent family of the Scotts of Buccleuch was *Alemoor*, from its commodious situation in the midst of the clan. The cry of the retainers of the Earls of Home was, *A Home! a Home!*—that of the Douglases, *A Douglas! a Douglas!*—and that of the house of Winton, *A Seaton! a Seaton!* The Maxwells had for their cry, *I bid you bide, Wardlaw*, which is the hill above Caerlaverock Castle, where the clan rendezvoused. The Johnstons, when they were the wardens of the Borders, assumed for their slogan, *Light, thieves all*, which was the command of the warden to alight from their horses, and submit to the law. During the change of customs, ancient families converted their war-cries into *mottoes*, which they placed upon escrols above their crests; as the Dukes of Lennox, like the Duke of Leinster, assumed the war-cry of the family, *Avant Darnley*, as an appropriate motto for their armorial crests.

THE INVALID OF ALICANT:

A TRUE STORY.

'WHO is that most interesting pair?' said I to a friend, as we paced slowly along one of the most retired portions of the public walk or alameda at Alicant. As I spoke, I pointed to two persons, who had for some minutes past rivetted my whole attention. These were a gentleman and lady, both extremely young; the first being seemingly little more than twenty, and his companion still considerably under it. The customary order in which *the sexes* usually walk together was in this case reversed. *The gentleman* leaned upon the lady's arm, and, in truth, *his looks* betokened greatly the want of support. He

was sadly emaciated in person, and his countenance, though it appeared ever to bear a smile for her by his side, had entirely lost the hue of health and strength. Yet his pale features and wasted figure were still full of beauty and elegance; and one could see that, if unaffected by illness, or restored to convalescence, his form would be a model of manly grace. The youthful lady on whose arm his own rested, was also of most attractive appearance; but the most captivating point about her, was the deep interest and constant attention she shewed towards her invalid companion. She hung upon his every look, watched avoidingly every little inequality of ground, and seemed, in short, as if she would fain have prevented the winds of heaven from visiting his face too roughly.

Such were they who arrested my eye on the walk at Alicant, and respecting whom I put the question: 'Who is this interesting pair?' to the lady who was my companion. That lady was the wife of an English gentleman, resident for many years at Alicant, and who was well acquainted with the society of the place, as well as with its manners and customs. She looked at the gentleman and lady to whom I directed her notice, and immediately exclaimed: 'Ah, my dear friend, your eye has indeed alighted on an object of real interest. That is no common pair, and their story is no common one.'

'Then, I pray, let me hear it, if it is in your power to do so,' said I, still following with my eye the slow onward motions of the pale invalid and his fair supporter.

'All Alicant can tell the story, as you would soon have learned had you been longer here,' returned my companion; 'yet few, I believe, know the particulars so fully as I myself do; a circumstance arising from my being acquainted with a most intimate friend of the unfortunate gentleman whom you have now seen. Turn aside to this shaded seat below the lime-tree, and you shall hear the *story*.'

I obeyed my kind friend, though still glancing after *the objects of my sympathy*—and not of mine only,

for I could plainly see that every passing group on the walks cast on them looks of the deepest respect and pity.

'The worn and wasted figure whom you have looked on with so much interest,' began my companion, when we had seated ourselves, 'was but a very few years ago the gayest and most admired of the officers of the First Royal Horse Regiment, stationed at Valencia. Signor Cazalla, for such was his designation, had distinguished himself almost in boyhood in Ferdinand's service, and, having the advantages of birth and family to back him, rose, by the time he was twenty, to the rank of colonel. Shortly afterwards, his duties brought him to Alicant, not far from which his family lived. In Alicant, where he found both friends and relatives, he mingled freely with the society of the place, and won the love and respect of all by his personal qualities and winning manners. His friends wished him to marry, but the individual whom they selected for him, though young and beautiful, was not she towards whom his affections tended. He had been but a short time in Alicant, when he saw and loved a young lady, a member of one of the first and wealthiest families of the place. Baltazara Perez was perhaps the most perfect specimen that could be anywhere seen of true Spanish beauty—a lustrous, growing daughter of the south, with features charmingly formed, and an eye dark and reflective as a pool by night. In the favourite national dance, where her exquisite, though almost girlish proportions were finely displayed, Baltazara was first seen and admired by Cazalla. Observing her afterwards to be addressed by Don Pedro de Rivar, a gentleman whom he knew, the colonel seized the opportunity, and gained an introduction through the medium of this acquaintance. He danced with the young beauty, talked with her, and loved her.

Opportunities frequently occurred afterwards, in the *course of the* assemblies and parties of the town, for the *confirmation of* the colonel's passion, as far as such a *circumstance* depended on the mere sight of the object

company of others. But it was a much more matter to obtain any chance of private conversa- he parents of Baltazara received few visitors, t they did not forbid the junior members of their om appearing in public. Yet, though the colonel e the object of his love only in crowds, he saw of her to give him some hopes that she was not e to his attentions. His anxious eye was ever g her conduct to himself with her behaviour , and in spite of all his fears, he could not help that she distinguished him from the host of around her. This encouraged him to hope, and his manner more and more expressive of his for it was by his manner alone, under the ances, that he could express them. He observed easure, but the reverse, in consequence. At e ventured to seize a favourable chance of his passion in whispered words, and though was made in the same way, he had the delight satisfied that his meaning, while undeniably od, was by no means distasteful to Baltazara

thus particular, my dear friend, in detailing these ances, because they bear sadly upon the sequel ory.'

rupted the recital here. 'Tell me one thing,' for my curiosity can be no longer restrained on t. Was the lady whom we saw supporting Baltazara Perez?'

vas not,' replied my friend.

!' muttered I, 'the old story. A case of jilting broken-heart! And that must have been merely r: I see it all!'

see it *not;* you cruelly wrong the sex by these aid my friend, with some asperity; 'this is a tale to blush at, but for woman to glory in. How- y let me *go on.* I had told you that Cazalla *at length satisfied* that his passion was returned zara, *and he resolved* to bring matters to an

issue. But this was no easy task. He had never visited at the house of Baltazara's parents, and the strange etiquette of Spanish life prevents the lover, if he appears acknowledgedly in that character, till accepted and affianced, from having domestic interviews with his mistress. Colonel Cazalla wished to know Baltazara's mind decisively, and in this emergency he bethought himself of using the services of a friend, the same Don Pedro de Rivar already mentioned, who was intimate with the father and family of the object of Cazalla's affection. Don Pedro was a man of middle age, one who had long led a loose single life. He had ever courted the society of Cazalla, and professed a great friendship for him. As De Rivar was a man of birth, mixed in the best society, and bore a fair character with the world, Cazalla had not repelled his advances. To this personage the colonel had now recourse "My dear Don Pedro," said he, when he had got De Rivar seated, by invitation, at his table, "you can do me a great, an unappreciable favour." "You have but to name it, colonel, and, if practicable, it is done." "I love Baltazara Perez," returned Cazalla, succeeding by an effort in opening the business which lay at his heart. "This is no secret, colonel," replied Don Pedro; "no secret at least to me." "Others, I am certain, have no idea of it," said the colonel, somewhat startled; "you must have observed closely, De Rivar." "I am a friend of the family," returned Don Pedro hastily; "and of course"—— "And it is because you are a friend of the family," interrupted the young colonel, "that I now speak to you of this. I love Baltazara; I hope—nay, I have the blessed belief, that she loves me also; but it is through you that I trust to become assured of it beyond all doubt, and to make her mine." The ice thus broken, the lover found no difficulty in detailing all his wishes.

'Don Pedro de Rivar promised ultimately to do all that the ardent and ingenuous lover required. He engaged to seek an interview with Baltazara Perez, *to make* an unreserved declaration of Cazalla's passion

for her, and to bear back to him the lady's reply. Confident almost, from the feelings he conceived her to have evinced towards him, that the answer of his mistress would be favourable, and such, in short, as would permit him to avow his passion openly, and make advances for their union, Colonel Cazalla saw Don Pedro depart after the interview with elation and hope. He knew that the staid age of De Rivar, and his intimacy with the family, would render it an easy task for him to procure the desired interview with Baltazara. And that interview Don Pedro did obtain: but most unlooked-for was the result. When the emissary returned, he announced to the lover that Baltazara had rejected his suit with haughty scorn. Don Pedro declared himself to have pled warmly, but without any other effect than producing reiterated expressions of contempt. The lady's last words, he said, were: "The suit and the suitor I alike scorn and despise." It would be difficult to describe the shock which Cazalla received at this news. The blow was the more stunning, because truly unexpected. The unsuccessful messenger attempted to console the lover, but the colonel could only wring his friend's hand, and entreat to be left alone. When he was in solitude, it is possible that the assurance which he felt of Baltazara's having, tacitly at least, encouraged his passion, might have led him actually to doubt the reality of all that he had been told, had not an unfortunate piece of evidence presented itself in corroboration of the statement of Don Pedro. Previously to having recourse to the aid of that individual, Cazalla, ever occupied with the attempt to discover a mode of corresponding with the object of his love, had been tempted to endeavour to effect his purpose through one of the servants of the family. This personage fell in his way immediately after he had seen Don Pedro, and unhappily was enabled to confirm the latter's statement, by having overheard the last words of Baltazara—"The suit and the suitor I alike scorn and despise." Though this corroboration was scarcely needed, it confirmed Cazalla's despair.

He thought the circumstances clear beyond doubt, and, still mindful of the encouragement he conceived himself to have received, he concluded Baltazara Perez to be a "coquette—a heartless, worthless flirt." The issue was—although he struggled against it with his whole strength of mind—that for a time he was an inmate of his chamber and bed.

'His friends gathered around him, and when he recovered partly from the shock, he tacitly and almost passively followed their advice and wishes, and became the wedded husband of Donna Inez, the young lady whom they had previously chosen for him. Before he had met Baltazara, he had seen much of this lady, having at the time something of the feeling of Juliet—

"I'll look to like, if looking liking move."

Though the sight of Baltazara had utterly banished the idea of Inez from *his* mind, yet from *her* mind the impression left by him had not fled so readily, and it was with deep though silent joy that she became his wife, trusting, by the depth of her loving-kindness, to remove the cloud that seemed to hang upon his brow. Such were the circumstances under which this union took place.

'The irrevocable step had not been many weeks taken, and the married pair were living at a short distance from Alicant, when common report brought into their circle the intelligence that Baltazara Perez was ill—not expected long to live. Cazalla could not hear of the circumstance without agitation, though he was far from dreaming of the whole truth. But he *did* learn it. While alone one day in his dwelling, he was surprised by the announcement of a visitor—and that visitor the father of Baltazara. The old man was usually calm and grave in deportment, but on this occasion there was also a stern sadness in his manner. "Colonel Cazalla," said he, disregarding the seat offered to him by the colonel, "my child—I need not say which—is ill—dying. Her mother's prayers have at length wrung *from her the* secret that has blighted her young heart,

bringing her to the grave. You, sir, professed her, won her whole affections, and then—left her " "Hold, sir," exclaimed the colonel; "this error! There has been, if you speak truth. il, a killing mistake!" "Are you not now the l of another?" resumed the old man. "But I ot to reproach you with vain words; nor shall nsman of mine, lift hand against you. I have you what has been the result of your conduct. ıave the heart of a human being in your bosom, ›wledge that you have taken from her parents ıetest, the most dutiful"—— The father could :tinue, and was about to turn abruptly away, azalla exclaimed: "For the love of Heaven, stay r me, old man! This is error—madness! Balta- ıt me off—scorned me and my love, ere I wedded ! Pedro de Rivar, your own and your family's bore to your daughter the open avowal of an ı, which had been often before evinced by look nner. Had the answer been other than it was, l then have addressed myself to you; but Balta- jected and despised me." "Pedro de Rivar!" rez; "he sought and obtained, I know well, an w with my child, but it was to proffer his own ›r did we blame her for rejecting it. Your words, nan, *may* be true." "They are too true," cried ınel, pacing the apartment in a state of agony. that I was to believe in the inconstancy of one ı, so lovely—I have been miserably duped; and ur daughter and myself—and others also—are ırably lost and wretched, through the arts of a -a treacherous villain, whom I was a madman !"

ılla's distraction was too plainly sincere to allow ıer of Baltazara to entertain any further doubt ielity, or of the wickedness of De Rivar. Painful subject was, a full explanation took place, and ney parted, it was on terms of sad and strange ıip, and with the understanding, felt rather than

expressed, that the truth should be explained
who had suffered most from the grievous misconc
For some time afterwards, the colonel remained
in grief; but rage at the villain who had deceive
by degrees gained the ascendancy over more dep
feelings, and restored him for the time to his
energies. Avoiding the sight of his poor wife, he
house, mounted his horse, and took the way to A
determined to wring the truth from the wretch's
He was not long in finding Don Pedro, and in e
ing his business. The heartless, hardened traito
laughed at the charge. "How could you be s
colonel," said he sneeringly, "as to imagine I
take the trouble to plead any man's cause? I
the girl myself, and for myself I spoke." "Wr
exclaimed Cazalla; "why then accept the trust
I was mad enough to give you!" "Oh, my
colonel, all stratagems, you know, are fair in l
never had confidence, I confess, to speak my mi
I saw you coming forward." "Draw, infamous v
cried the colonel, almost exasperated to madness,
if you would not be beat like a dog on the public
Don Pedro retained his coolness. "There is no o
for that, colonel. Only let us retire a little way, wh
may be more comfortable." They did so, and foug

'On that night Colonel Cazalla was conveyed
home, wounded in the chest by the sword of his
sary. Don Pedro also was wounded, and much
seriously to appearance. But, alas! the colonel's
the more permanent injury. His unfortunate la
rendered almost frantic by the event, which she
stood only to arise from a casual quarrel. For
months Cazalla lay on a bed of sickness. Ere he
Baltazara Perez was in her grave! Though ig
of her father's intent to visit Cazalla, which mi
pride could not have permitted her to sanctio
blest the occurrence afterwards, when it prov
means of assuring her of her lover's unbroken fa
truth. But it could not avert her doom. Consu

had laid its withering hand upon her, and she sank into the tomb, happy, and breathing wishes of happiness for Cazalla and those around her. Of the encounter of the colonel with De Rivar, and its consequences, she died in ignorance.

'Nearly two years,' continued my friend, 'have passed since that event. Cazalla still lives, but his lungs sustained a fatal injury by the wound, and he is wasting away by degrees. Nothing, in truth, but the unparalleled care and devotion of his wife could have so prolonged his days. That matchless creature has long known the whole truth from her husband's own lips, but the disclosure changed not her feelings towards him. He tells her now, that he would fain live for her sake; but it is obvious, nevertheless, that the expected approach of death gives him no pain. Alas! for that wretched deception. Three of the noblest-hearted beings that ever breathed, fated to perish by it! For Inez lives only on her husband's looks; her whole soul is bound up in him; and when the thread of his existence snaps, hers is too closely entwined with it to sustain the shock. Surely, surely these three unfortunates will yet be happy together in a world to come!'

A silence of some minutes followed this recital.

'And the scoundrel—the villain!'—said I, after a long breath.

'Don Pedro de Rivar recovered, and still lives. Many of the friends of Perez and Cazalla would have again called him to account, but both the colonel and the old man forbade it. And they have done well to leave him to his own feelings and public odium. For, though he long endeavoured to brave the matter out, he found it impossible ultimately to endure the aversion and hatred of all around him. He has been compelled to shut himself up in his house, and there lives almost a prisoner. Men will scarcely even take his money for the necessaries of life, much less associate with him.'

'It is a deplorable condition,' said I; 'but who can pity him?'

POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT THE MOON.

THE laborious researches of M. Arago respecting the supposed influence of the moon on the state of the weather, and on animal and vegetable bodies, have tended materially to clear up a subject on which there has long prevailed much prejudice and superstition. These researches were ably reported in two articles in the *Monthly Chronicle*, and from them we propose to lay some instructive and amusing particulars before our readers. The Influence of the Moon on the Weather forms the subject of the first article. From a very early period, meteorological phenomena were supposed to be connected with the lunar motions; nor was this supposition unnatural, considering the obvious and undeniable, though at the same time mysterious, influence of the same planet on the tides. Originally, however, the moon and other heavenly bodies were regarded more as *signs* than *causes*, as far as atmospheric phenomena were concerned; but in course of time these signs degenerated into a most absurd system of rules, having no real foundation in nature.

The following, for example, is one of the axioms regarding the moon's influence: 'If the horns of the lunar crescent, on the third day after new moon, are sharply and clearly defined, the weather may be expected to be fair during the ensuing month.' The absurdity of this is made apparent by the plain argumentation subjoined. 'The lunar crescent is produced by a peculiar relation of position which subsists between the aspects of the moon presented to the sun and the earth. If only half the hemisphere which receives the sun's light be presented towards the earth, the moon is exactly halved; if a quarter of the hemisphere be turned to the earth, the moon is a crescent, and *its age is then* nearly four days. When its age is less

days, therefore, less than an eighth of its ed hemisphere is presented to our planet, and ntly it appears as a very thin crescent. It is that these effects, if seen through perfectly ent space, could not alter with circumstances; it, in the same position of the moon, with respect earth and sun, the crescent must be at all times sharp and distinct. But when the moon is l, as it is by us, through an atmosphere from to forty miles high—that atmosphere being liable more or less loaded with imperfectly transparent rs—it will be seen with more or less distinctness, ding to the varying transparency of the medium gh which it is viewed. The fact, therefore, of the ent appearing distinct and well defined, or obscurely the points of the horns blunted, is merely a conse- nce of our atmosphere being at one time more pure, r, and transparent, than at another.'

Another axiom of lunar meteorology declares, that on the fourth day the moon project no shadow, we to expect bad weather during the month.' In this tance, also, the moon simply serves as an instrument determine the humidity of the air; for as the quantity light reflected from the moon must be always the ne, its intensity on reaching our earth, or, in other rds, its power to produce a shadow, must be deter- ned by the amount of vapours in the atmosphere ich it passes through. The proposition, therefore, identical with the last; and only means, that when e atmosphere in the west, a little after sunset, on fourth day of the moon, is loaded with humidity, weather during the month will be bad.' These two positions, accordingly, couched under such seemingly found terms, signify no more than that we shal ays have bad weather during any given month, i atmosphere in the western horizon is vapoury fc hour or two, on a certain evening, towards its begi g—a proposition most superlatively lame, impote l inconclusive.

The ingenious writer of these papers, after exhibiting the fallacy of such axioms as these, proceeds to examine the justice of the very common notion, that 'a change of weather accompanies a change of the moon.' The long train of scientific reasoning which follows on this subject would occupy too much of our space, and we shall content ourselves, therefore, with stating the conclusion to which the writer arrives. 'From all that has been stated, it follows then, conclusively, that the popular notions concerning the influence of the lunar phases on the weather have no foundation in theory, and no correspondence with observed facts. That the moon, by her gravitation, exerts an attraction on our atmosphere, cannot be doubted; but its effects are either too small in amount to be appreciable in the actual state of meteorological instruments, or they are obliterated by other more powerful causes, from which they have not yet been eliminated.' The notion, therefore, that a change is to be looked for at full and new moon, venerable as that notion is from its antiquity and the universality of its acceptation, receives no countenance from the results of scientific inquiry.

The supposed influence of the moon is not confined to the weather. Gardeners in some countries have an idea that the *red moon* kills the young shoots of plants. The red moon is that which is full between the middle of April and the close of May. Now, in charging such a moon with an injurious effect on plants, the accusers simply mistake a sign for a cause. Plants *are killed* frequently at that season as if by frosts, though, on the nights when the death takes place, a thermometer in the open air may stand many degrees above the freezing-point. Observing this to be the case, gardeners can see no cause for the evil done to the plants but the lunar light, which they notice to be always keen and strong at the period. But, in reality, the state of the atmosphere is the true cause of the injury to the vegetables. On clear and unclouded nights, substances *on the earth's* surface lose heat by radiation, while the

' is not in a state to restore to them any of their
; warmth. Ice is, in fact, produced in warm climates,
ler such circumstances. But if the atmosphere be
uded, these clouds, having the quality of radiating
t, restore the caloric radiated from substances on
surface of the earth. On cloudy nights, accordingly,
en the moon is veiled, plants receive no injury by
radiation of their heat; while, on cloudless nights,
en the moon is vivid and unveiled, plants *are* injured.
) moon falsely bears the blame, whereas, in reality,
is only a sign of that condition of the atmosphere
ich is justly chargeable with the injury. There is
ther equally erroneous aphorism respecting the in-
nce of the moon on vegetables. Almost all European
deners and agriculturists hold that vegetables, plants,
trees, which are expected to thrive, should be planted,
fted, and pruned, during the *increase of the moon.*
) supporter of this theory has thus attempted to
ve its accordance with physical principles: 'During
day, the solar heat augments the quantity of sap
ch circulates in plants, by increasing the magnitude
he tubes through which the sap moves; while the
l of the night produces the opposite effect, by con-
ting these tubes. Now, at the moment of sunset,
he moon be increasing, it will be above the horizon,
the *warmth* of its light would prolong the circulation
he sap; but, during its decline, it will not rise for
onsiderable time after sunset, and the plants will
suddenly exposed to the unmitigated cold of the
it, by which a sudden contraction of leaves and
es will be produced, and the circulation of the sap
suddenly obstructed.' This is the best reasoning
ch can be adduced by its supporters in favour of
doctrine, and, unfortunately for them, the whole
be very simply shewn to be based on error—though
natter of moonshine. 'If we admit,' says the writer
he *Monthly Chronicle*, 'the lunar rays to possess any
sible calorific power, this reasoning might be allowed,
it will have *very little* force when it is considered

that the extreme change of temperature whi
be produced by the lunar light does not amo
the ten-thousandth part of a degree of the thermo
But, in truth, argumentation is not required to o
this fallacy. It is enough that experiment de
shews, that no appreciable difference can be ol
in the qualities of vegetables planted at differen
in the lunar month. Pliny's prescription of the fu
as the time for bean-sowing, and of the new moon
season for putting lentils in the earth, excites
in M. Arago. 'Truly, we have need,' says he
robust faith to admit, without proof, that the n
the distance of 240,000 miles, shall in one posit
advantageously on the vegetation of beans, ar
at the same distance, and in the opposite positi
shall be propitious to lentils.' It is strange h
these and other fallacies relative to the supposed i
of the moon on vegetables, have held a place
the practical and everyday aphorisms of m
without being supported even by the shadow o
argument!

'It is a prevalent notion in some parts of Euro
the moon's light is attended with the effect of *d*
the complexion.' Here, again, the 'silver regen
sky' gets the repute of effecting changes which
be more properly attributable to other causes. T
rays have, it is well known, a striking effect
colour of many objects, but the moon's rays ap
possess but little of the same power. The white
of silver becomes a deep black when laid in
while the moon's rays do not affect it in the least
and other circumstances, lead us to doubt the
power in blackening the skin. M. Arago think
improbable, that the radiation of unrestored he
the skin may tend to darken its hue when exp
the air on a clear cold night. Bivouacking b
in the open air soon deepens the tint of the hum
But here it is not the moon that acts, although
cause will operate often when the moon is unv

s in the case of the vegetables already adverted
lear moonless night will have the same effect as
night with a visible moon.

e is a prevailing notion amongst butchers, in some
f the world, that the marrow found in the bones
nals varies in quantity according to the phase of
on in which they were slaughtered. Experiments,
ted for the purpose, have proved this belief to be
at foundation, and this is the only mode of refu-
which the subject will admit of. The same answer
be given to the assertions, that shell-fish become
r during the increase than during the decline of the
n, and that a healthy man gains two poundweights
ıe beginning of every lunar month, which he loses ere
ınd. Experiment disproves both. Another common
, is, that *putrefaction* is forwarded by the light of the
ɔn. This is another instance—if the fact really be as
ed—of the substitution of the moon for the clear sky,
ich permits the moon to be visible. It is in clear
hts that dew is deposited, and humidity has a tendency
accelerate putrefaction.

Passing over several minor instances, noticed by our
hority, of supposed lunar influence, we come to that
nion which has given origin to the word *lunatic*, as
plied to insane persons. From a very early period,
man diseases, generally, were held to be deeply con-
ted with the planetary bodies. The critical seasons
almost all maladies were conceived by Hippocrates
l Galen to be affected by the moon's phases. All
as of this kind, however, have now been banished
m medicine, excepting as regards insanity, and nervous
brain diseases in general. There still are persons,
l even physicians, who maintain that the paroxysms
insane persons are more violent when the moon is
full than at other times. Those who support this
nion refer to numbers of recorded cases in proof of it.
nar eclipses, in particular, are referred to as having
en frequently instrumental in exciting maniacs to
tragcous *paroxysms*, as well as in causing death

both to persons in this unfortunate state, and to others. Mathiolus Faber writes of a maniac, who, at the moment of a lunar eclipse, became furious, seized a sword, and fell upon all around. In 1693, an Italian physician found a great number of deaths to occur on the occasion of an eclipse, during the prevalence of a fever. But an eclipse, it must be remembered, was a source of profound terror in those days, and it is certain that it has now no such effects. A careful examination of cases of mental aberration will, in all likelihood, lead to a similar conviction—that the moon has really nothing whatever to do with insanity, or any other disorders of the brain.

JOHN FITCH.

THE following account of a new candidate for the honour of discovering steam navigation, is given in Hall's *Note on the Western States of America*, published some years ago :—

'In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length a company was formed, and funds subscribed, for the building of a steam-boat, and in the year 1788 his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and, as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr Fitch; but instead of them, oars were used, which worked in *frames*. He was confident of success; and when the

was ready for the trial, she started off in good style
lurlington. Those who had sneered began to stare,
they who had smiled in derision, looked grave.
y went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed
the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat
ormed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty
s: but, unfortunately, burst her boiler in rounding
ıe wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her
ɛ to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great
culty procured another boiler. After some time,
boat performed another trip to Burlington and
nton, and returned in the same day. She is said
ave moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but
ething was continually breaking, and the unhappy
ector only conquered one difficulty to encounter
ther. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in
plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time,
the difficulty of getting such complex machinery
le with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed
ı debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention,
r having satisfied himself of its practicability. This
nious man, who was probably the first inventor of
steam-boat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited
nanuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia Library, to
opened thirty years after his death. When or why
came to the West, we have not learned; but it is
rded of him, that he died and was buried near the
o. His three volumes were opened about five years
, and were found to contain his speculations on
hanics. He details his embarrassments and disap-
ıtments with a feeling which shews how ardently
lesired success, and which wins for him the sympathy
those who have heart enough to mourn over the
hted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts
future success of the plan, which, in his hands, failed
r for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies
, in less than a century, we shall see our western
rs swarming with steam-boats; and expresses a wish
e buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the sons

of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals: "the day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that *poor John Fitch* can do anything worthy of attention."'

VISIT TO THE CAVE OF CASTLETON IN DERBYSHIRE.*

I HAD travelled 170 miles from London, when, on ascending the highest eminence which lay before me, I all at once obtained a view of a charming valley completely enclosed by mountains, and intersected by rivers and brooks. In this valley lay Castleton, a small village consisting of mean-looking houses, and which derives its name from an old castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen. A narrow path winds down the side of the mountain into the valley and through the town, where I quickly swallowed a refreshment, and continued my journey to the cave. A small brook, which flows through Castleton, guided me to the entrance. Here I stood gazing awhile in wonder and astonishment at the enormous masses of steep rock which rose before me, overgrown on both sides with green shrubs, and crowned at the top with the shattered walls and towers of an ancient stronghold that once stood there, while at the bottom yawned the immense opening of the cavern. As I stood rapt in admiration at the scene, I observed a person of rather rough and wild aspect standing in the gloomy

* By K. P. Moritz, a German author of celebrity.

mouth of the cave. In a voice which in harshness corresponded with his uncouth appearance, he asked me if I wished to see it. I answered in the affirmative, and he forthwith told me to follow him boldly, and we stepped together into the cave. On the left-hand side of the entrance lay a huge trunk of a tree, near which the boys of the village were playing. The descent was somewhat steep, so that the broad day which seemed streaming through the entrance was gradually lost in twilight. After proceeding forward a few paces, what was my surprise on perceiving all at once on my right, under the immense vault of the cave, a whole subterranean village, where the inhabitants, it being Sunday, were enjoying an interval of repose, and sat with their children before the doors of their lowly dwellings, apparently cheerful and happy. Immediately on passing these abodes, I saw here and there a number of large wheels, with which on working-days the subterranean inhabitants manufactured ropes and cordage.

As we descended deeper down, the opening by which the light of day entered appeared to grow smaller and smaller, and the darkness to increase almost with every step we took, until at length only a few rays seemed to dart through a little aperture, and which coloured the thin cloud of vapour that rose curling through the twilight to the vaulted roof of the cavern.

At last we arrived at a door where the high vault of rocks closed upon us, and here an old woman presented us with a couple of lights, each of us taking one in his hand. My guide now opened the door, which totally excluded the faint twilight that yet remained, and conducted me into this temple of Night, whose vestibule alone I had yet traversed. The roof here was so low, that for some paces we were under the necessity of stooping our bodies to be able to pass. But how great was my astonishment on reaching the opposite extremity of this strait, to see, as far as our lights permitted us, the vault expand into a length, height, and breadth, so amazing as to make the first huge cavern through which

we had come appear of no consideration. After walking for a whole hour over a flat sandy soil, as if beneath a black midnight sky, so lofty was the roof and so deep the darkness, the rocks again began by degrees to decline in height, and we found ourselves suddenly on the margin of a tolerably broad river, which, with the glimmer of our lights, threw back a remarkable reflection on the surrounding gloom. To the bank of the stream there was fastened a small boat, in which some straw was lying; and my guide told me to step into it, and stretch myself out in the bottom, because in the middle of the river the impending rocks approach very near the edge of the water. After I had done so, he stepped into the stream, which reached above his middle, and drew the boat after him. The solemn stillness of death reigned around us, and as we advanced, the rocks, like a dark gray cloud, sunk deeper and deeper, till at last they almost touched my face, and I was scarcely able to hold the light from my breast. In this position I lay as in a coffin, not daring to move, until the frightful strait was passed, and the rocky roof of the cave again swelled upwards on the opposite shore, where I was safely set down by my conductor.

Our way was now all at once broad and high, and then, as suddenly, again it became low and narrow. As we passed, we observed on each side of us a multitude of petrified plants and animals, some of large size, others smaller, but which, from want of time, we could not stay to examine. We now arrived at a second river, not, however, so broad as the first, for we were able to discern the opposite shore; and there being no ferry-boat here, my guide carried me across on his shoulders. Proceeding onwards a few steps, we came to a third narrow stream of water, which extended lengthwise before us, and led the way to the extremity of the cavern. The road which wound along this rivulet was wet and slippery, and sometimes so narrow, that we scarcely could get one foot placed before another. *Notwithstanding* the difficulties which I had to surmount,

I with pleasure continued my journey along the subterranean shore, delighted with the appearance of the wonderful objects which surrounded me in this realm of darkness and shadows, until my attention was suddenly arrested by sounds resembling music heard from a distance, which broke the silence of this dreary solitude.

Struck with astonishment, I came to an instant halt, and asked my guide what was the meaning of this. 'You will soon see,' was his reply.

But as we went on, the melodious tones died away; the noise became fainter and fainter, and was lost at last in a gentle drizzle, as if caused by drops of rain falling from the roof. How great was my surprise to find this was really the case, and that, from the rocks above, as from a dense cloud, an everlasting shower of rain descended, the drops of which, now glittering in the light of our torches, had, by their fall on the floor, caused the melodious sounds which we heard! The phenomenon is occasioned by a muddy brook, which searches down through the veins of the rocks above, and drips into the vault as from a huge filter.

We dared not approach too near, lest the falling drops should extinguish our lights, and then, perhaps, we might in vain have attempted to explore our way back. We continued our course along the margin of the narrow stream, and, in passing, I observed a number of wide openings in the walls of rock which rose on each side of me. They seemed the entrances to new caverns, but I proceeded without stopping, till told by my conductor to prepare for one of the most splendid appearances of the cave, and which was just at hand. Scarcely had I gone on half-a-dozen of steps, when I was ushered into a majestic temple, consisting of magnificent arches resting upon beautifully formed pillars—all so delicately moulded, that they seemed the handiwork of an accomplished architect, rather than the fortuitous productions of nature. This subterranean temple, whereon no human hand had been laid, appeared to me at the moment

in regularity, splendour, and beauty, to surpass the mos lordly structures I had ever beheld.

We now approached the termination of our journey The little streamlet faithfully accompanied us to th furthest extremity of the cave, while to the last th roof continued to bend like an arch. It then rapidl declined in height till it came into contact with th brook, which here made a semicircular bend. The caver was thus closed as with a door of adamant, for eve barring all further progress to human foot. Hereupo my conductor sprang into the water, and swam ove to the rocks, and also down for some feet, for th purpose of shewing me that it was impossible to g any further, unless we could blast the rocks with gu powder, and perhaps open up a second cavern. I was now my belief that our next way would be bac again; but I was destined to encounter greater difficultie and to behold lovelier scenes, than any which I ha hitherto met with.

Turning himself round, my conductor led the wa through an opening in the wall of rock on the left han and I followed him. He now inquired if I had an objections to creeping a tolerable distance beneath roc which brooded so low as almost to touch the groun and telling him I had not, he bade me take great ca of my light, and faithfully follow him. Crooking ou bodies, we commenced our journey on all-fours, ove wet sand, and through openings of rocks scarcely lar enough to allow our bodies to pass. After completin this irksome part of our travel, and assuming the ere posture, the first object which attracted my notice w a steep hill rising to such a height in the cavern, th it appeared to be lost as in a cloud amongst the lof rocks which frowned above us. So wet and slippe was this elevation, that on attempting to ascend it, instantly lost my footing, and fell back. But my guid laying hold of my hand, told me to fear nothing, b boldly accompany him, as he well knew where a fir *footing was* to be obtained. We began our ascent, an

height, at the same time looking down
ghtful chasm on either side, that my head
y when I think upon the scene.
we reached the summit, where, having
out a secure place to stand upon, my
me to remain without stirring, and then,
e hill, left me alone to meditate on my
ost sight of him for a considerable time:
ceived not him, but his light, shining like
ır far down in the depths of the abyss.
splendid, indeed indescribably so; and
me to enjoy it a sufficient length of time,
ırned, and taking me on his shoulders,
anded on the spot from which the ascent
But a still more surprising sight awaited
ne standing where I was, he again ascended
placing his light in such a manner as to
through a small opening of the rocks—
ame time I concealed my own light with
seemed as if at darkest midnight a star
through a thick cloud: it was a sight
liness, far surpassed anything that I had
d now reached the limits of our subter-
y, and with much trouble and difficulty
ur steps to the world above us. Again
e solemn temple which we had so lately
ew the rain-drops gently drizzling near us;
e melodious sounds which they produced
recrossed the streams which flowed on
; and passed along the vast hall of the
narrow door where we had taken leave
f day, and which I again longed to hail
rn in this realm of darkness. But before
ed the little door, he bade me prepare for
ght, which he said would excel in beauty
views. I found that he was right; for
e door only half, I felt, not dreamingly,
as if I had obtained a glimpse of Elysium
lly beautiful did every object appear in

the refreshing twilight which dawned upon the gloom. Day gradually broke upon me, clearer and clearer, and night and darkness evanished in proportion. Far in the distance, I first saw the smoke of the cottages, and then the cottages themselves. Still higher up, the boys, yet at their play around the large tree, came into view; then I beheld the purple streaks which ran along the evening sky beaming through the opening of the cavern, and, just as we reached its mouth, the sun disappeared below the western horizon. I had thus spent nearly half a day in the cavern; and when I began to examine myself a little attentively, I found that, in regard to attire, I bore a tolerable resemblance to my guide, whose dilapidated dress had attracted my notice when we first met. My shoes, too, scarcely held together on my feet, so much had they been torn and destroyed by my walk over moist sand and hard sharp-pointed stones.

THE VALLEY OF POISON IN JAVA.

ALL the world has heard of the celebrated poison-tree of the island of Java, with a fabulous account of the existence of which Europe was first imposed upon by one Foersch, a Dutch physician. A translation of his romance, as it ought to be called, originally appeared in the *London Magazine* for 1783-4, and from its extravagant nature, its susceptibility of poetical embellishment, and its alliance with the cruelties of a despotic government, it at once obtained equal currency with the wonders of the Lerna hydra, the Gorgons, the Chimera, or any other of the classic fictions of antiquity. Darwin the poet found it admirably adapted to his purpose in composing his poem called the *Botanic Garden*, in which the vegetable kingdom is personified under various forms, *and endowed* with human feelings and passions. It may

e believed, that the upas-tree would be represented very amiable light; accordingly, as a malignant ı, like the evil spirit amongst mankind, it is assigned ›propriate form of a serpent :—

'Fierce in dread silence on the blasted heath,
Fell upas sits, the hydra-tree of death.
Lo! from one root, the envenomed soil below,
A thousand vegetative serpents grow;
In shining rays the scaly monster spreads
O'er ten square leagues his far diverging heads:
Or in one trunk entwists his tangled form,
Looks o'er the clouds, and hisses in the storm!
Steeped in fell poison, as his sharp teeth part,
A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart;
Snatch the proud eagle towering o'er the heath,
Or pounce the lion as he stalks beneath;
Or strew, as marshalled hosts contend in vain,
With human skeletons the whitened plain!'

nitting the existence of such a dreadful plant as ıpas, the above personification—notwithstanding ›mposity and grandiloquence of the style—is by ›ans bad; but now, when we know that such a ›ever had existence, except in the brain of Foersch › would have looked for such grave mendacity Dutchman?—one can scarcely forbear smiling on ıg the passage.

; although the island of Java is no longer invested imaginary terrors on account of the deadly upas, nevertheless, exists in its interior a place equally to animal life—indeed, in this respect it is the extraordinary spot in the whole world. It is the *Guevo Upas*, or Valley of Poison or of Death—st appropriate name—in short, it may be called at natural sepulchre, where no bird can alight, ›east stray, nor human being set foot, and live. Forsfield has the following notice of this fearful tha :—'The Guevo Upas is dreaded by the natives, according to their account, resembles the Grotta ane, near Naples; but they could not be prevailed conduct me to this opening.' In 1830, however, lexander Loudon succeeded in inducing some of

the natives to conduct him to the valley in question, and an account of his visit first appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, in a letter addressed to Dr Horsfield. Whilst at Batur, on the 3d of July of the above year, he was informed by one of the native chiefs, that there was a 'valley only three miles from Batur, which no person could approach without forfeiting his life, and that the skeletons of human beings, and all sorts of birds and beasts, covered the bottom of the valley. At this time I did not credit all that the Javanese chief told me: I knew that there was a lake at the top of one of the hills which it was dangerous to approach too near, but I had never heard of this valley of death.'

On the following day, Mr Loudon set out in company with a friend and some natives, taking with him two dogs and some fowls, to make experiments. 'On arriving at the foot of the mountain, we left our horses, and scrambled up the side of a hill, full a quarter of a mile, holding on by the extended roots and branches of trees, and we were a good deal fatigued before we got up, the path being very steep and slippery, from the heavy rains during the night. When within a few yards of the valley, we experienced a strong, nauseous, sickening, and suffocating smell; but on coming close to the edge, the smell ceased. We were now lost in astonishment at the awful scene below us; the valley was about half a mile in circumference, oval, the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet, the bottom quite flat, no vegetation, a few large (in appearance) river-stones, and the whole covered with the skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and a great variety of birds and beasts. We could not perceive any vapour or opening in the ground, which appeared to be of a hard sandy substance. The sides of the valley, from the top to the bottom, were covered with vegetation, trees, shrubs, &c. It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley; but at the spot where we were, this was difficult, at least for me, as a false step would have been fatal, and no *assistance* could be given. We lighted our cigars, and,

with the assistance of a bamboo, we descended to within eighteen feet of the bottom; here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but felt a sickening, nauseous smell. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo eighteen feet long, and sent in; we had our watches in our hands, and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back: he did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe eighteen minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose from the bamboo, and walked in to where the other dog was lying; he then stood quite still, and in ten seconds fell on his face, and never moved his limbs afterwards, though he continued to breathe for seven minutes. We then tried a fowl, which died in a minute and a half; we threw in another, which died before touching the ground. On the opposite side of the valley is a large stone, near which is the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back with his right arm under his head; from being exposed to the weather, the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to get this skeleton, but I soon found that any attempt to get at it would have been madness.' After remaining two hours in this valley of death, Mr Loudon and his companions returned to Batur. 'The human skeletons,' he observes, 'are supposed to have been rebels, who had been pursued from the main road, and had taken refuge in the difficult valleys. And a wanderer cannot know his danger till he is in the valley; and when once there, he has not the power or presence of mind to return.'

We are further told, that there is not the least smell of sulphur, nor any appearance of an eruption ever having taken place near it, although the entire range is volcanic, there being two craters at no great distance which constantly emit smoke. Indeed, the whole island is volcanic, and numerous eruptions have occurred in it. It is the opinion of Sir Stamford Raffles, that the face of the country has been repeatedly changed by these convulsions, and history and tradition support the opinion.

This being the case, we are to look to volcanic agency for an explanation of the cause of this remarkable phenomenon. But first let us briefly advert to some phenomena of the same nature, but on a much more limited scale, which occur near Naples.

The Grotta del Cane, or Dogs' Cave, is the most remarkable of the many grottos around Naples which are mentioned by Pliny. It is hollowed out of a sandy soil, to the depth of ten feet and the breadth of four. A light vapour is always seen rising to the height of about six inches, but no smell is emitted, except that which is generally connected with a subterranean passage. Dogs are generally the subjects of experiment with this vapour, but its effects are the same on all animals. At first, they struggle considerably, but lose all motion in two minutes, and would immediately die if not withdrawn into the open air. It is known to be the presence of carbonic acid gas which produces death merely by suffocation. This grotto has lost much of its celebrity since several volcanic caverns emitting carbonic acid have been discovered in other countries. We may, for instance, mention the still more remarkable and deadly Cave of Secundercah, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, but prefer quoting an account of another nearer home. Mr Hamilton, British envoy at the court of Naples in 1825, has given a circumstantial and admirable description of the 'Lago di Amsancto'—the *Amsancti Valles* of Virgil—in the province of Principato Ultra, in the kingdom of Naples; and from his account, which is brought forward in illustration of Mr Loudon's communication regarding the Valley of Death in Java, we extract a few facts. The description is exceedingly interesting in itself, and valuable as throwing some light on the fearful phenomenon of Java. The lake is situated about a mile and a half from Rocca St Felici, at the mouth of a valley, and close under a steep shelving bank of decomposed limestone, which bears ample evidence of having been acted upon by sulphureous acid *gas*. It is of a rhomboidal shape, being in its smallest

dimension about twenty paces in length, and not more than thirty in its longest dimension. The water continually bubbles up over a large portion of the surface, with an explosion resembling distant thunder, though not reaching to the height of more than two feet. The water is of a dark ash colour; indeed, it may almost be called black, which is the effect of its mixture with earth blackened by the effect of the sulphureous acid gas. On one side of the lake is also a constant and rapid stream of the same blackish water rushing into it from under this barren rocky hill, but the fall is not more than a few feet. A little above are apertures in the ground, through which warm blasts of sulphuretted hydrogen gas are continually issuing with more or less noise, according as the opening is large or small. 'On the opposite side of this small lake is another but smaller pool of water, on the surface of which are continually floating, in rapid undulations, thick masses of carbonic acid gas, which are visible 100 yards off. This pool is called the Coccaio, or Caldron, as having the appearance of being perpetually boiling.' The larger lake bears the appellation Mephite.

The vapours arising from these waters are at times fatal, particularly when they are borne in a high wind in one direction. 'In calm weather,' says Mr Hamilton, 'as was the case while we were there, the danger is much less, as the carbonic acid gas will not, in its natural state, rise more than two or three feet from the ground, so that we could walk all round the lake and caldron, and even step over some parts of it; but it was necessary to take care not to slip, so as to fall, as a very short time, with our faces too near the ground, would have sufficed to fix us to the spot. As it was, I had much difficulty in filling a small bottle with the water from the lake, as I was obliged to hold my head up high while I bent down; nor could I stoop low enough to place an insect on the ground, on which I wished to try the experiment how long it could live on it; but we saw the dead bodies of many strewed upon the ground all round the lake.

They say birds, too, sometimes fall down dead either into the lake, or on the banks, and strayed sheep are frequently killed by the vapour.' The gaseous products of these lakes, as ascertained by proficient chemists, are—1. Carbonic acid gas; 2. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas; 3. Sulphureous acid gas; and, 4. Carburetted hydrogen gas. About 150 yards from the lake, is a small stream of running water, in which, for the space of about ten yards, is a place called 'The Vado Mortale,' where is also a bubbling of carbonic acid gas, with a mixture of sulphureous acid gas in the stream itself. There are some other places besides those mentioned, where carbonic acid is constantly escaping; from all which we may draw the conclusion, that this is a very dangerous neighbourhood. One circumstance remains to be stated regarding the lake—namely, that with a constant stream rushing into it, and perhaps a supply from below, with the rising gas, there is no apparent exit, except when it overflows during the season of rain. But this is by no means singular, as all acquainted with physical geography know full well.

Mr Loudon offers no opinion as to what causes death in the Valley of Poison which he describes. But we have little hesitation in saying, that it is carbonic acid gas, which, escaping through some fissures in the ground, collects in a large body at the bottom of the valley; carbonic acid being much heavier than common air, settles near the surface of the earth, as we find in the case of the Neapolitan lakes. This gas, probably mixed with other gases, as in the instances referred to, is in all likelihood set free by volcanic action going on under ground, but with an intensity less than that which produces an eruption. This is supposed to be the case at Naples; for although there is no appearance of volcanic products in the surrounding district, yet all the world knows that this is a volcanic country. Vesuvius is close at hand, and, as is well known, is in a state of frequent activity. Some parts of Java are in a state *of almost* constant volcanic activity, there being several

hot wells, mud volcanoes, and places where vapour is constantly emitted. One of these mud and vapour volcanoes has been well described by Dr Horsfield in his account of Java; and as its attendant phenomena bear a considerable resemblance to those exhibited by the lake Amsanctus, we make an extract from his description. 'About the centre of this limestone district, is found an extraordinary volcanic phenomenon. On approaching it from a distance, it is first discovered by a large volume of smoke rising and disappearing at intervals of a few seconds, resembling the vapours arising from a violent surf. A dull noise is heard, like that of distant thunder. Having advanced so near that the vision was no longer impeded by the smoke, a large hemispherical mass was observed, consisting of black earth, mixed with water, about sixteen feet in diameter, rising to the height of twenty or thirty feet, in a perfectly regular manner, and, as it were, pushed up by a force beneath; which suddenly exploded with a dull noise, and scattered about a volume of black mud in every direction. After an interval of two or three, or sometimes four or five seconds, the hemispherical body of mud or earth rose and exploded again. In the same manner, this volcanic ebullition goes on without interruption, throwing up a globular body of mud, and dispersing it with violence through the neighbouring plain.' Further on, we are told that 'a strong, pungent, sulphureous smell, somewhat resembling that of earth-oil, is perceived on standing near the explosion; and the mud recently thrown up possesses a degree of heat greater than that of the surrounding atmosphere. It owes its origin to the general cause of the numerous volcanic eruptions which occur on the island.'

We must briefly advert to the coincidences between the two phenomena. They both occur in districts where *lime* is present, it would appear, in abundance, in combination both with carbonic acid and with sulphuric acid. By internal heat these are disengaged from the lime with which they are combined, and of course seek a vent,

and rise to the surface of the ground. Sulphuretted and carburetted hydrogen are gases often formed in the bowels of the earth by the agency of heat, in connection with other causes, and emitted in certain localities. They make their escape at the Lago di Amsancto, and in all probability at the mud volcanoes of Java. But this is an immaterial point. Whether carbonic acid gas be present in the Java case, we know not, as Dr Horsfield is silent upon the subject: he does not appear to have made any experiments with animals, so that the evidence is negative. It *may* be present, as in the Neapolitan instance, and very likely it is so. In both cases, the vapours make their escape with a noise resembling 'distant thunder'—such is the descriptive phrase employed by both writers. The water of the one, and the mud of the other, are coloured black by the action of sulphureous acid gas upon the earthy matter. This is the only one of the gases mentioned which is visible to the eye as a vapour; carbonic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen and carburetted hydrogen gases, being all colourless, so that Mr Hamilton is in error when he says, that the undulating masses which are visible at some hundred yards' distance are carbonic acid. The vapour is certainly sulphureous acid gas, but having the others mixed with it of course. Dr Horsfield expressly states, that when standing 'near the explosion' he felt a 'strong, pungent, *sulphureous* smell.' Did our limits permit, we might point out other coincidences, but we have shewn enough to warrant the conclusion, that the phenomena are of the same description, and produced by the same cause.

There being no vapour seen in the Valley of Poison, is neither for nor against the supposition that carbonic acid is the cause of death to animals, because it is a colourless gas, and may be present in great quantity without being visible. Our object in bringing forward *the case of the* mud volcano, is to prove that at least one *of the gases* discharged from the Neapolitan lake is *also emitted by* it; and that, as in the first instance, the

cause likewise sets free carbonic acid, so in the
l it may do the same, although the latter gas issues
ther locality, and unaccompanied by visible vapour.
is no necessity for the contemporaneous existence
the gases in either instance; and the one which
s in the shape of smoke—namely, sulphureous acid
nay therefore be absent in the case of the Valley of

tly, we may observe, that carbonic acid is the gas
is so destructive to the lives of those shut up with
g charcoal, and which is also found in brewers'
n cellars, wells, drains, graves, and other places
have been long unopened, and into which it may
fatal to descend until they are ventilated. Car-
acid in a more harmless shape gives its effervescing
r to the humble beverage, soda water. Thus by a
lence, by no means singular in nature, does the
gas afford a mortal poison and a luxurious refresh-
It has been reduced to a solid state in a very
ous manner by Mr T. K. Kemp, chemist in Edin-
. It is not, therefore, at all unlikely that in this
ased form carbonic acid may yet prove very useful
arts and in medicine.

TO THE CUCKOO.

BY MICHAEL BRUCE.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood!
Attendant on the spring;
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering in the wood
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

A CARD-PARTY.

It is related of Madame du Deffan, that three of her friends brought a card-table to her bed-side at her request, in her last illness, she taking a hand. As she happened to die in the midst of an interesting game, her partner played dummy for her, and thus the three quietly played it out, and settled the stakes before they called the servants to notify them of the very important demise of their mistress. Shocking as is this incident, it is trivial in comparison with one that is said to have occurred at Albany many years since. There was at *that time* a low-caved, peak-roofed, stone-built inn,

situated in the upper part of the city, known as the 'Colonie;' a place much frequented by Schenectady teamsters and Mohawk boatmen, before the completion of Clinton's grand canal had caused that dissipated mongrel race to be superseded in their vocation. At this inn one day, a man by the name of Derrick Helfenstein, but better known as 'Dirk Hell of German Flats,' had been seized with convulsions amid a drunken frolic, and expired during the fit, with his limbs all twisted and knotted together by the fierce muscular action incident to his disease. In Albany, at that time, the Dutch custom of several friends of the deceased remaining all night in the same room with the body, and keeping their vigil until the moment of interment, was always strictly observed; coffee, and mulled wine, with *dote*, or dead-cakes, and other refreshments, being generally provided by the nearest relatives to cheer the gloomy duty of the watchers. Dirk Hell—or Helldirk, as he was quite as often called—though a wretched vagabond, had still some whom he called friends among the reckless and gambling crew with whom he chiefly associated; and as the landlord of the inn where he died could not well refuse the customary refreshment of liquor upon an occasion like this, three idle hangers-on of the establishment readily consented to honour the obsequies of Dirk by the usual vigil. The dead man, in the meantime, was duly laid out; but the distorted shape which his body had assumed in the death agony, made it necessary to use great force in straightening out the corpse, and recourse was had to cords to bind down his limbs to the decent form it was desirable they should assume. This disagreeable task being accomplished, the three friends of the gambler, when night came on, took possession of the apartment where he was laid out. With characteristic recklessness, they had brought a pack of cards into the chamber of death, and after taking a glass of liquor all round, and drinking the memory of their comrade, with some unfeeling allusion to his sudden fate, the three profligates sat down to a game of cards upon the foot of his bed.

Four hands were then dealt; that of 'dummy' falling almost upon the feet of the corpse, and the other three upon the opposite sides and extreme end of the bed around which the players were thus arranged. The game proceeded apparently to the satisfaction of all parties; each of them by turns playing the hand of dummy, until drinking and gambling had carried them deep into the middle watches of the night. Some slight dispute, however, now occurred as to who should play the next dummy. Words waxed high, and the two opposite players both attempted to seize upon the vacant hand at the same time, while the third, impatient at the contention, exclaimed: 'I wish that Helldirk would spring up, and take the cards from both of you!' The wretch had hardly uttered the wish, before the cords which bound the corpse gave way with a sharp cracking noise—the struggle about the feet having probably disarranged them—and the distorted body, released from its ligatures, bounded forward in resuming the form under which life had left it, and seated itself upon its haunches, with knees drawn up to its chin, arms akimbo, and hideously distended jaws, in the midst of the appalled and disconcerted trio. The three worthies were said never to have played a game of cards afterwards.

THE BROOCH OF LORN.

'Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartan beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the morning-star.'

Lord of the Isles, canto ii.

In these lines Scott makes allusion to a jewelled brooch *worn by* the heroic King Robert Bruce, as a means of

ding together the folds of his plaid or mantle, and
ch still exists in the possession of the chief of one
he Highland clan families. As this bijou has gone
ugh some rather remarkable adventures, a short
ory of it, which we derive from the best and in
from original sources, may be interesting to our
lers.

he brooch, we must premise, is an article essential
he dress once worn by both sexes in the Highlands.
oches were used by all ranks in that country, and
e of all degrees of plainness and elegance, from the
ple ring with a tongue across it, up to the massive
er-plate of complicated mechanism, and glittering
precious stones. A Highland bridegroom gave his
le, not a ring but a brooch, usually with some
ctionate inscription upon it; and as the same article
etimes served several generations of one family,
as apt to become invested with many endearing
ciations. A friend of the writer has seen one in-
bed with the names of five successive couples of
family, of whose matrimonial union it had been
outward symbol. Sometimes a still more sacred
ing was connected with the brooch, and it was
sidered as a sort of amulet, possessing a power to
rm away disease. Pennant, in his Tour of 1769,
s a drawing of a beautifully jewelled one, belonging
Campbell of Glenlyon, the reverse side of which
tained the names of the three kings of Cologne,
par, Melchior, and Baltazar, with the word *consum-*
im—a clear proof that it was a consecrated article,
is well known that the names of these royal sages,
ten on slips of paper, or otherwise, were esteemed
he middle ages—and perhaps to this day in some
s of Europe—as preservatives against the falling-
ness.

he brooch to which the present paper more immedi-
refers, is represented by unvarying tradition in the
lands as having been worn by Robert Bruce, king
tland. *It is not of* gold, as Scott, from misinforma-

tion, erroneously represented it, but of silver, and of a circular plate, about four inches in diameter a tongue like that of a common buckle, on the ur The upper side is magnificently ornamented. F the margin rises a neatly-formed rim, with hol in the edge at certain distances, like the embr an embattled wall. From a circle within this eight round tapering obelisks, about an inch and high, finely cut, and each studded at top with a ri Within this circle of obelisks there is a second ornamented with carved-work, and within wh a neat circular case, occupying the whole centr brooch, and slightly overtopping the obelisk exterior of this case, instead of forming a pla projects into eight semi-cylinders, which relieve all appearance of heaviness. The upper part is carved very elegantly, and in the centre there gem. This case may be taken off, and within t hollow which might have contained any smal upon which a particular value was set.

In the summer of 1306, Robert Bruce caused h be crowned at Scone, but almost immediately af was overthrown in battle by the troops of Ed which then occupied the country. With onl gentlemen in his train, he was obliged to b fugitive and vagabond in the country which h pretended to govern. On the 11th of August, a endeavouring to make his way across the High order to take refuge in Ireland, he was encount place now called Dalree, near Tyndrum, on the of Argyleshire, by a powerful lord, named in writings 'Alexander of Argyle,' the ancestor Macdougals of Lorn. Alexander was one of th Hebridean and Argyleshire chiefs who at this tim more than a century after, deemed themselves ind of the king of Scotland. He was in alliance English monarch, and had further and more causes of hostility to King Robert, from his bei *by marriage* to John Cuming, whom Bruce had

Dumfries. A fierce combat ensued between
arty and the followers of the Lord of Argyle,
l in the following terms by Barbour—the spelling
dernised :—

'The king's folk full weel them bare,
And slew, and fellit, and wounded sair ;
But the folk of the other party
Faught with axes sae fellily,
For they on foot were everilk ane,
That they feil of their horse has slain.*
And till some gave they wounds wide;
James of Douglas was hurt that tide,
And also Sir Gilbert de la Hay.
The king his men saw in affray,
And his enseinzie 'gan he cry;
And amang them right hardily
He raid, that he them dushit all,
And feil of them there garred he fall.
But when he saw they were sae feill,
And saw them sae great dints deal,
He dred to tyne his folk.† Forthy,
His men till him he 'gan rely,
And said : "Lordings, folly it were
Till us for till assemble mair,
For they feil of our horse has slain;
And gif we feght with them again,
We sall tyne of our small menzie,‡
And ourselves sall in peril be.
Therefore methink maist awenand
To withdraw us, us defendand,
Till we come out of their danger,
For our strength at our hand is near."

Then they withdrew them hailily,§
But that was not full cowardly,
For them intill a sop held they,
And the king him abandoned ay,
To defend behind his menzie;
And through his worship sae wrought he,
That he rescued all the fleeárs,
And stinted sae-gate the chasérs,‖
That nane durst out of battle chase,
For always at their hand he was.
Sae weel defended he his men,
That whasaever had seen him then

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* Have slain many of the horse.
† Dreaded to lose his people.
‡ Retinue. § Wholly.
‖ *Stopped in* such a manner the pursuers.

Prove sae worthily vasselage,
And turn sae oft-siths the visage,
He suld say he aucht weel to be
A king of a great royalty.'

The poet then states, that the Lord of Lorn himself not help admiring the prowess of the king, wh likened to Gaul, son of Morni, famous in Celtic But the action was not yet concluded:

———'twa brothers were in that land,
That were the hardiest of hand,
That were intil all that countrie;
And they have sworn, if they might see
The Bruce, where they might him o'erta'
That they should die, or there him slay.
Their surname was *Macindrosser*,
That is, as mickle to say here
As the *Durward's son* perfay.
Of their covin* a third had they,
That was right stout, ill, and feloun.
When they the king of great renown
Saw sae behind his menzie ride,
And saw him turn sae mony-tide,†
They abade till that he was
Entered in ane narrow place
Betwixt a loch-side and a brae,
That was sae strait, I underta',
That he might not weel turn his steed;
Then with a will till him they gaed;
And ane him by the bridle hynt:
But he raucht till him sic a dint,
That arm and shoulder flew him frae,
With that ane other 'gan him ta'
By the leg, and his hand 'gan shoot
Betwixt the stirrup and his foot;
And when the king felt there his hand,
In his stirrups stithly 'gan he stand,
And strack with spurs the steed in hy,‡
And he launched forth deliverly;
Sae that the tother failed feet,
And not forthy his hand was yet
Under the stirrup, maugre his.
The third, with fall great hy, with this
Right till the brae-side he gaed,
And stert§ behind him on his steed.
The king was then in full great press;
* * *

* *Company.* † So often. ‡ Haste. § Le

—syne him that behind him was,
All maugre his will, him 'gan he rass *
Frae behind him, though he had sworn,
He laid him even him beforn,
Syne with the sword sic dint he gave,
That he the head to the harns clave.†
He rushed down of blood all red,
As he that stound fell off dead.
And then the king in full great hy,
Strak at the other vigorously,
Whom he after his stirrup drew,
That at the first straik he him slew.
In this wise him delivered he
Of all these felon faes three.'

king and his party were now permitted to retire.
aid by tradition to have taken refuge that night
re at the head of the glen of Balquhidder, which
called from that circumstance *Craigree*, or the
Rock. Another account states, that his shelter
ght was a cave at Craigrostan, on Lochlomond-
here his companions were a flock of goats; and
ed was he, it is said, with his nocturnal associates,
afterwards made a law exempting all goats from
ail or rent.

our makes no allusion to the brooch; but from
varying nature of the tradition, there can be no
hat he lost that part of his habiliments on this
n. The local story is, that in making his escape,
under the necessity of parting with his plaid,
brooch which fastened it. It is said that Finlay
, chief of the name, who headed his clan in
the Lord of Lorn, came into personal conflict
e king. Throwing down his sword, he grappled
ruce, and being a man of uncommon strength,
like to have the advantage, when the king,
himself about to be overpowered, contrived to
w, leaving his plaid and its splendid brooch
rasp of his Herculean antagonist. According to
narration, Alexander of Lorn was himself the
al who entered into a personal struggle with

* *Reach.* † Clove the head into the brain.

the king. He was thrown down, and would have been slain, had not three of his vassals, named M'Keoch, a father and two sons, come to his rescue, and dragged the king away by his mantle, which, with the brooch, remained in their grasp. In whatever way the brooch was gained, the uniform tradition represents it as continuing for centuries in the possession of the family of Alexander of Lorn, as a proud trophy of the victory gained by him at Tyndrum.

The ultimate ascendancy of Bruce proved ruinous to this great family, on the ruins of which rose the Campbells and other clans. In the seventeenth century, the Macdougalls, once styled of Argyle, afterwards of Lorn, but now of Dunolly, while boasting of a most distinguished ancestry, and the chiefs of their clan, possessed but a comparatively small estate. Dunolly Castle, which overlooks the sea near Oban, and Goalan Castle, in the neighbouring island of Kerrera, were their chief seats. In the civil war, the Macdougall of that day adhered to the royal cause, and suffered as much thereby as he had formerly done by opposing it. In 1647, he was besieged in Dunolly by a detachment of General Leslie's troops under Colonel Montgomery. From the impregnable nature of the situation, he was successful in holding out this strength; but Goalan Castle was taken, sacked, and burned. Campbell of Inveraw, who took part in the latter affair, secured the brooch of King Robert, or, as it was now commonly called, the *Brooch of Lorn*, which he took into his possession as fair spoil, though he did not think proper to make his good-fortune too well known, lest the Macdougall might have thought it necessary afterwards to attempt the recovery of the highly valued relic by force. Time rolled on; the Macdougall of the early part of the last century lost his lands in consequence of his embracing the cause of the Pretender in 1715; his son regained them in consequence of keeping loyal in 1745. Meanwhile, the brooch won at Dalree continued *safe, amidst* all the vicissitudes of the family fortunes,

in the strong chest at Inveraw. To the Macdougalls themselves it was not even known to exist.

At length, about forty years ago, this precious relic passed into the hands of a cadet of the Inveraw family, who, at a subsequent time, appointed it by testament to be sold, and the proceeds divided amongst his younger children. It was accordingly, about the year 1819, sent to Messrs Rundell and Bridge, in London, to be exposed for sale, the price put upon it being L.1000. The late King George IV., then Prince Regent, is said to have offered L.500 for the brooch, but without obtaining it; nor did any other customer appear who was willing to give the large price put upon it by the possessor. It must be understood that, when thus laid before the public, it was openly described as the *Brooch of Lorn*, originally the property of King Robert Bruce; yet the fact of its existence and exposure for sale did not become known to the representative of the Macdougall family, till after it had been withdrawn from the market. Ultimately, in the year 1825, the late amiable General Campbell of Lochnell, being anxious to bestow some mark of grateful regard on his esteemed friend and neighbour Macdougall, purchased the brooch, and caused it to be presented to that gentleman, by his chief the Duke of Argyle, at a social meeting of the landholders of the county. It thus, after an interval of more than a century and a half, found its way back to the family, who, next to King Robert and his heirs and representatives, were certainly its most rightful owners. It is at present kept with great care at Dunolly Castle.

[NOTE—The Brooch of Lorn was shewn some years ago at a meeting of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, on which occasion the present writer had the gratification of seeing it. A representation of it in oil was taken at the expense of the society, and hung up in their hall in Edinburgh. Some other remarkable instances of trinkets recovered at great distances of time may here be adverted to. About the year 1690, a year after the battle of Killiecrankie, the Viscountess of Dundee, widow

of the Jacobite chief who fell in that action, paid a visit to Colzium, in Stirlingshire, a seat of the Kilsyth family. William Livingstone, afterwards Viscount of Kilsyth, and who subsequently married her, paid his first addresses to Lady Dundee on this occasion. As a pledge of his love, he presented her with a ring, which, unfortunately, she dropped next day in the garden—a circumstance regarded as extremely unlucky. To obviate evil forebodings, she offered a large reward for the recovery of the ring, but in vain. She married Lord Kilsyth, and, when he had to leave his country for his concern in the Rebellion of 1715, she accompanied him to Holland, where she and an infant son were soon after killed by the fall of a house. The public were greatly surprised when, in 1795, the bodies of this lady and her child were found in an embalmed and perfect state in the vault beneath the church of Kilsyth; but it was a still more remarkable circumstance, that, in the ensuing year, the lost ring was found by the tenant of the garden at Colzium, while digging for potatoes. It had then been lost for exactly 106 years. On the internal surface were the words, 'Zovrs onlly and Euer.' About 100 years ago, Mr Murray of Toftingall, in Caithness, while walking on the sea-beach, near his house, lost a massive gold ring, bearing his coat-armorial and initials. So anxious was he to recover it, that all his tenants were brought to the place to look for it; but they looked and searched in vain. A few years ago, a herd-boy, sauntering on the beach, found this ring under a rock, and restored it to the descendant of the original owner—Sir Peter Murray Threipland of Fingask, Baronet.]

ICHARD PARKER, THE MUTINEER.

year 1797, when the threatening aspect of affairs made the condition of her naval force a matter . consequence to Britain, several most alarming s broke out among the various fleets stationed the shores of the country. In April of the year ned, the seamen of the grand fleet lying at Portsdisowned the authority of their officers, seized ie ships, and declared their determination not to anchor, or obey any orders whatsoever, until grievances of which they complained were ed. After some delay, satisfactory concessions ıade to them by the government, and the men d to their duty. But the spirit of insubordination ·ead among other squadrons in the service; and he middle of May, immediately after the Portsfleet had sailed peacefully for the Bay of Biscay, men of the large fleet lying at the Nore broke also o open mutiny. The most prominent personage insurrection was an individual named Richard whose history it is our special object in this o lay before the reader.

ırd Parker was a native of Exeter, where he was ɔout the year 1765 or 1766. His father was a le tradesman, and kept a baker's shop at St 's, in the bounds of the city mentioned. Young received an excellent education, and in the course went to sea, which he had chosen as the scene of ıre career. He served for a considerable period oyal navy as midshipman and master's mate, and ɔeriod also, it is said, held the post of lieutenant. ɔears to have given up the naval profession on *riage with Miss* Ann Machardy, a young lady *in Exeter, but of* Scottish origin, being a member *ectable family* in the county of Aberdeen. This

connection led Parker to remove to Scotland, v
embarked in some mercantile speculations tha
unsuccessful. The issue was, that he ere lor
himself involved in difficulties, and without th
to maintain his wife and two children. In Ed
where these embarrassments fell upon him, h
friends to apply to, and, in a moment of despe
took the king's bounty, and became a common
board a tender at Leith. When he commun
his wife the step he had taken, she was in the
distress, and resolved to set off instantly for A
in order to procure from her brother there the
hiring two seamen as substitutes for her husband
successful in raising the necessary funds, no
allowed her to complete her project. On he
from Aberdeen, she was only in time to see th
sail for the Nore, with her husband on board.
on this occasion was bitterly aggravated by the
one of her children. Parker's sufferings were
be equally acute by his conduct when the vess
Exclaiming that he saw the body of his child fl
the waves, he leaped overboard, and was with
rescued and restored to life.

It was in the beginning of May 1797 tha
reached the Nore, or point of land dividing th
of the Thames and the Medway. Probably on
of his former experience and station as a seama
drafted on board the *Sandwich*, which was the g
and bore the flag of Admiral Buckner, the por
The mutinous spirit which afterwards broke out
existed on board of the Nore squadron before
arrival. Communications were kept up in secret
the various crews, and the mischief was gradually
to a head. But though he did not originate th
of insubordination, the ardent temper, bold
superior intelligence of Parker, soon became
his comrades, and he became a prominent ma
them. Their plans being at length matured, th
rose simultaneously against their officers, an

ı of their arms, as well as of all command in the
s, though behaving respectfully to them in all other
ects. Each vessel was put under the government of
mmittee of twelve men, and, to represent the whole
' of seamen, every man-of-war appointed two dele-
s, and each gun-boat one, to act for the common
. Of these delegates, Richard Parker was chosen
ident, and, in an unhappy hour for himself, he
pted of the office. This representative body drew
ı list of grievances, of which they demanded the
ɔval, offering to return immediately afterwards to
· duty. It is unnecessary to specify these demands
ıer, than that they related to increase of pay and
isions, a more equal division of prize-money, liberty
o on shore, proper payment of arrears, and other
ts of naval discipline. A committee of naval inquiry
equently *granted* almost all that was demanded,
ɜby acknowledging the general justice of the com-
ıts made. Parker signed these documents, and they
ɔ published over the whole kingdom with his name,
'ell as presented to Port-Admiral Buckner, through
m they were sent to government.

Then these proceedings commenced, the mutineers
ɔ suffered to go on shore, and they paraded about
ırness, where a part of the fleet lay, with music, flags
d in colour, the customary hue of insubordination—
other appendages of a triumphal procession. But
ıe 22d of May, troops were sent to Sheerness, to put
ɔp to this indulgence. Being thus confined to their
s, the mutineers, having come to no agreement with
ıiral Buckner, began to take more decisive measures
ɜxtorting compliance with their demands, as well as
nsuring their own safety. The vessels at Sheerness
ed down to the Nore, and the combined force of the
rgents, which at its greatest height consisted of
ıty-four sail, proceeded to block up the Thames, by
ning a free passage, up or down, to the London trade.
gn vessels, and a few small craft, were suffered to
', *first receiving* a passport, signed by Richard

Parker as president of the delegates. In a day or two, the mutineers had an immense number of vessels under detention. The mode in which they kept these was as follows:—The ships of war were ranged in a line, at considerable distances from each other, and in the interspaces were placed the merchant-vessels, having the broadsides of the men-of-war pointed to them. The appearance of the whole assemblage is described as having been at once grand and appalling. The red flag floated from the mast-head of every one of the mutineer ships. It may be well imagined that the alarm of the citizens of London was extreme. The government, however, though unable at the period to quell the insurgents by force, remained firm in their demand of 'unconditional submission as a necessary preliminary to any intercourse.' This, perhaps, was the very best line of conduct that could have been adopted. The seamen, to their great honour, never seemed to think of assuming an offensive attitude, and were thereby left in quiet, to meditate on the dangerous position in which they stood in hostility to a whole country. They grew timorous; the more so, as the government had caused all the buoys to be removed from the mouth of the Thames and the adjacent coasts, so that no vessel durst attempt to move away for fear of running aground. The mutineering vessels held together, nevertheless, till the 30th of May, when the *Clyde* frigate was carried off through a combination of its officers with some of the seamen, and was followed by the *St Fiorenzo*. These vessels were fired upon, but escaped up the river.

On the 4th of June, the king's birth-day, the Nore fleet shewed that their loyalty to their sovereign was undiminished, by firing a general salute. On the 5th, another frigate left the fleet, but its place was supplied by a sloop and four men-of-war, which had left Admiral Duncan's fleet at the Texel to join the mutiny. On the 6th, Lord Northesk met the delegates by desire on board the *Sandwich*, and received from them proposals for an accommodation, to which the unfortunate Parker still put

president. The answer was a direct refusal, and
ness seems to have fairly humbled the remaining
the mutineers. From that time, one vessel after
deserted the band, and put themselves under the
ion of the fort at Sheerness. On the 10th, the
intmen were allowed by common consent to pass
river, and such a multitude of ships certainly
entered a port by one tide. By the 12th, only seven
had the red flag flying, and on the 16th, the mutiny
erminated, every ship having been restored to the
and of its officers. A party of soldiers went on
l the *Sandwich*, and to them the officers surrendered
lelegates of the ship—namely, a man named Davies,
Richard Parker.

ichard Parker, to whom the title of Admiral Parker
been given by the fleet and by the public during the
ole of this affair, was the individual on whom all eyes
re turned as the ringleader of the mutineers. He was
ought singly to trial on the 22d of June, after being
nfined during the interval in the blackhole of Sheerness
rrison. Ten officers, under the presidency of Vice-
dmiral Sir Thomas Paisley, composed the court-martial,
hich sat on board the *Neptune*, off Greenhithe. The
isoner conducted his own defence, exhibiting great
esence of mind, and preserving a respectful and manly
ference throughout for his judges. The prosecution
the part of the crown lasted two days; and on the
th, Parker called witnesses in his favour, and read a
ng and able defence which he had previously prepared.
ne line of argument adopted by him was—that the
uation he had held had been in a measure forced upon
m; that he had consented to assume it chiefly from the
pe of restraining the men from excesses; that he had
strained them in various instances; that he might have
ken all the ships to sea, or to an enemy's ports, had
s motives been disloyal, &c. Parker unquestionably
oke the truth on many of these points. Throughout
e whole affair, the injury done to property was trifling
e taking of some flour from a vessel being the chief w

of the kind. This was mainly owing to him. But he had indubitably been the head of the mutineers. He was proved to have gone from ship to ship giving orders, and haranguing the men—to have been cheered as he passed along, and treated with the honours of a chief. Nothing could save him. He was sentenced to death. When his doom was pronounced, he stood up, and uttered these words in a firm voice: 'I shall submit to your sentence with all due respect, being confident of the innocence of my intentions, and that God will receive me into favour; and I sincerely hope that my death will be the means of restoring tranquillity to the navy, and that those men who have been implicated in the business may be reinstated in their former situations, and again be serviceable to their country.'

On the morning of the 30th of June, the yellow flag, the signal of death, was hoisted on board of the *Sandwich*, where Richard Parker lay, and where he was to meet his fate. The whole fleet was ranged a little below Sheerness, in sight of the *Sandwich*, and the crew of every ship was piped to the forecastle. Parker was awaked from a sound sleep on that morning, and after being shaved, he dressed himself in a suit of deep mourning. He mentioned to his attendants, that he had made a will, leaving his wife heir to some property belonging to him. On coming to the deck, he was pale, but perfectly composed, and drank a glass of wine 'to the salvation of his soul, and forgiveness of all his enemies!' He said nothing to his mates on the forecastle but 'Good-by to you,' and expressed a hope that 'his death would be deemed a sufficient atonement, and save the lives of others!' He was strung up to the yard-arm at half-past nine o'clock. A dead silence reigned among the crews around during the ceremony. In closing their account of this affair, the journals of the day state that the body of Parker was put into a shell, and interred, within an hour or two after the execution, in the New Naval Burying-ground at Sheerness. A curious sequel to this account, however, *it is now* in our power to present to the reader.

ard Parker's unfortunate wife had not left Scot-
hen the rumour came to her ears that the Nore
ad mutinied, and that the ringleader was one
d Parker. She could not doubt that this was her
d, and immediately took a place in the mail for
, to save him, if possible. On her arrival, she
that Parker had been tried, but the result was
wn. Being able to think of no way but petitioning
g, she gave a person a guinea to draw up a paper,
g that her husband's life might be spared. She
ted to make her way with this to his majesty's
ce, but was obliged finally to hand it to a lord-in-
g, who gave her the cruel intelligence, that all
tions for mercy would be attended to, except for
. The distracted woman then took coach for
ster, where she got on board a king's ship, and
d that Parker was to be executed next day: she
, in a state of unspeakable wretchedness, the whole
t night, and at four o'clock in the morning went to
er-side, to hire a boat to take her to the *Sandwich*,
he might at least bid her poor husband farewell.
elings had been deeply agonised by hearing every
she met talking on the subject of her distress,
w, the first waterman to whom she spoke, exclaimed:
I cannot take one passenger. The brave Admiral
r is to die to-day, and I will get any sum I choose
for a party.' Finally, the wretched wife was glad
on board a Sheerness market-boat; but no boat
llowed to come alongside the *Sandwich*. In her
ation, she called on Parker by name, and prevailed
boat-people, by the mere spectacle of her suffering,
empt to go nearer, when they were stopped by a
el threatening to fire at them. As the hour drew
he saw her husband appear on deck between two
men. She called on him, and he heard her voice,
exclaimed: 'There is my dear wife from Scotland.'
diately afterwards, she fell back in a state of
ibility, and did not recover till some time after she
aken ashore. By this time all was over; but the

poor woman could not believe it so. She hired another boat, and again reached the *Sandwich*. Her exclamation from the boat must have startled all who heard it. 'Pass the word,' she cried in her delusion, 'for Richard Parker!' The truth was now told to her, and she was further informed, that his body had just been taken ashore for burial. She immediately caused herself to be rowed ashore again, and proceeded to the church-yard, but found the ceremony over, and the gate locked. She then went to the admiral, and sought the key, which was refused to her. Excited almost to madness by the information that the surgeon would probably disinter the body that night, she waited around the church-yard till dusk, and then, clambering over the wall, readily found her husband's grave. The shell was not buried deep, and she was not long in scraping away the loose earth that intervened between her and the object of her search. She got the lid removed, and then she clasped the cold hand of her husband in her own!

Her determination to possess the body aroused the widow from the enjoyment of this melancholy pleasure. She left the church-yard, and communicated her situation to two women, who, in their turn, got several men to undertake the task of lifting the body. This was accomplished successfully, and at three o'clock in the morning, the shell containing the corpse was placed in a van, and conveyed to Rochester, where, for the sum of six guineas, Mrs Parker procured another wagon to convey it to London. On the road, they met hundreds of persons, all inquiring about and talking of the fate of 'Admiral Parker.' At eleven P.M., the van reached London; but here the poor widow had no private house or friends to go to, and was obliged to stop at the Hoop and Horse-Shoe on Tower-Hill, which was full of people. Mrs Parker got the body into her room, and sat down beside it; but the secret could not be long kept in such a place, more particularly as the news of the exhumation had been brought by express that day to London. A great crowd by and by assembled about the house, anxious to

see the body of Parker, which, however, the widow would not permit. The lord mayor heard of the affair, and came to ask the widow what she intended to do with her husband's remains. She replied: 'To inter them decently at Exeter or in Scotland.' The lord mayor said, that the body would not be taken from her, but prevailed on her to have it decently buried in London. Arrangements were made with this view, and finally the corpse of the unfortunate Parker was inhumed in Whitechapel Church-yard; although not until it had to be removed to Aldgate Workhouse, on account of the crowds attracted by it, and which caused some fears lest 'Admiral Parker's remains should create a civil war.' After the closing ceremony was over, Mrs Parker, who had in person seen her husband consigned to the grave, gave a certificate that all had been done to her satisfaction. But though strictly questioned as to the parties who had aided her in the disinterment, she firmly refused to disclose their names.

Parker, as has been said, made a will, leaving to his wife a small property on which he had claims near Exeter. This she enjoyed for a number of years; but ultimately her rights, whether erroneously or not, were decided to be invalid, and she was deprived of the pittance which had formed her maintenance. She was thrown into great distress, and was compelled to solicit assistance from the charitable, having become nearly if not entirely blind. The late King William gave her at one time L.10, and at another L.20. In 1836, the forlorn and miserable condition of poor Parker's widow was made known to the London magistrates, and a temporary refuge was provided for her. But temporary assistance was of little avail to one whose physical infirmities rendered her incapable any longer of helping herself, and again her miserable condition came under the cognisance of the public authorities. An appeal to the charitable was made in her favour by a portion of the daily press, but with what success we are unable to say.

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

ANTONIO JOMELLI was the best artisan of his profession in Naples. He was a worker in bronze, a department of the arts for which the Italians have been long celebrated. Antonio's skill had gained him reputation and abundant employment, and from his workshop had issued the greater number of the candelabras and other metallic ornaments to be found in the palaces of Naples. The bronze-worker had grown rich by his occupation, but the usual concomitant of riches, pride, he had eschewed. He still laboured away at his trade, with his own hands, confining his personal attention chiefly to the finer and more difficult articles which he was required to fabricate, while men in his employ manufactured, in a large and separate workshop, the common articles of the trade.

One evening, as Antonio sat alone in the little apartment where he pursued his labours, he was informed that a lady wished to speak with him. He desired her to be admitted immediately. The visitor was a female of tall and stately form and carriage, with a dark thick veil thrown over her head and face, so as to prevent the bronze-worker from discerning the features beneath. The lady, for such her dress betokened her to be, did not speak until the servant who had admitted her had left the room for some moments. Turning, then, her glance from the door to Jomelli, and seating herself in the chair which he had placed for her, she said, in a voice which her hearer thought the most sweet and mellifluous that had ever fallen upon his ear, but which seemed strangely agitated, considering the common-place matter which it uttered: 'You work in bronze—you can make bronze ornaments of all kinds? Is it so?'

'It is, lady,' replied the artisan; 'and I shall be proud to execute anything of that nature for you.'

'Yes, yes,' said the lady; 'I wish a piece of work done. I have a statue of great value—the statue of a conqueror and king—done by the hand of a first-rate sculptor. It is perfect in every respect but one: it wants a chaplet of flowers to adorn its temples; and this is what I wish you to make for it.'

'Is the statue of bronze, madam?' was the artist's question.

'No,' replied the lady; 'it is white, of pure marble, and you must paint the chaplet of that colour when you have made it.'

'What form then, lady, do you choose it to be of?' said the artist; 'what shape or pattern shall the ornaments have? But, perhaps, I had better see the statue, and measure the dimensions of the head.'

'No, no,' exclaimed the visitor hurriedly; 'it will not be necessary. I have looked upon it so often, that I can tell you perfectly well how large it is. Your own head is very near it; yes, you cannot go wrong, if you fit the chaplet to your own head.'

'And the fashion of the ornaments, madam?'

'Let it be heavy, very heavy,' replied the lady, sinking her voice to a concentrated whisper. 'Let it be very weighty, that it may not fall off easily; and make it jagged, and full of spikes inside, that it may adhere to the brows of the statue.'

'Still, lady, the band should be wrought in some ornamental fashion,' said Antonio.

'Do that as you please,' was the lady's reply; 'but, remember, it is to be heavy, and full of spikes; and forget not that it is to be painted white, so as to resemble flowers. And now, when will it be finished?'

'Oh, in a few days, madam,' said the artist.

'A few days!' cried the lady vehemently, rising from her chair at the same time; 'it must be ready to-morrow evening, sir! I *must* have it to-morrow!'

'I *cannot do justice to* the chaplet, lady,' said the bronze-worker, astonished at her violence of tone; 'the ornamental part'——

'I care not for any ornaments,' was the lady's reply; 'make it as I have directed; and to-morrow I must have it, because—because I am to have a party, and wish the statue to be then ornamented.'

'Well, madam,' said the artist resignedly, 'I shall do my endeavour. And whither shall I have the honour of sending it.'

'I shall call for it myself at this hour to-morrow, and shall pay what you will for it. Remember what I have said—heavy, and set with spikes.' With these words the lady departed, leaving on Jomelli's mind the impression that, fanciful as many of his former employers had been, this new one was the most flighty of all.

On the evening following that on which this singular order was given to the artist Jomelli, all the grandees and fashionables of Naples, and not a small part of the populace, were on the move towards the splendid theatre of San Carlos. A piece of great interest was to be performed, and the prima donna, who was young and beautiful, was the exquisite vocalist Signora Marina. The lady had but lately been appointed to take the part of chief singer, and had therefore superseded one who had formerly been her acknowledged superior—Madame Gambrici. Considering the comparative humiliation which Madame Gambrici had endured in the eyes of the Neapolitans, it was not to be supposed that she would on the present occasion make her appearance in the house. But few knew the real character of their former favourite. To the astonishment, and, we should add, the delight of the audience, Gambrici attended, as if for the purpose of acknowledging the merits and gracing the triumph of the inimitable Marina. She appeared in one of the most conspicuous parts of the theatre—the front corner of the upper box overhanging the stage.

Before the opera commenced, the audience called out *the name* of their former favourite, Gambrici, and cheered *her for her* seeming freedom from jealousy in being *present* on such an occasion. The object of their *attention*, however, appeared to be abashed by the

plaudits she had raised, and moved not a muscle in reply, but, half covered by her veil, sat with her eye fixed on the stage. The piece at length commenced, the young prima donna appeared, and the cheers were long and loud. Marina had not been overpraised, either as regarded her person or performance. Every step which she took across the stage elicited admiration, for her movements were like those of a sylph; every note which she uttered drew forth applause, for her voice was sweet and strong as Philomel's. In every song of the piece she was successful, but attention and expectation were chiefly rivetted upon one song, once Gambrici's master-piece. Marina at length reached this part of the opera; she was then alone upon the stage. She sang the first verse, and the audience were in raptures. She sang the second, and crowns of flowers were scattered upon the stage, while even Gambrici was seen by the audience to applaud. She sang the third and last, and in doing so chanced to stand immediately below Gambrici's box. To the delight of the spectators, Gambrici rose at that moment with a large crown of flowers, and waving it in the air, threw it down on the young Marina's head. The crown bounded from the singer's brow, and rolled along the stage, while Marina herself fell prostrate on the boards. She gave one scream, and never spoke or moved again. The flower-covered crown or chaplet was the heavy bronze one made by Jomelli, and one of the spikes had entered the victim's brain!

It would be impossible to describe the confusion, the horror, the execrations that ensued. Gambrici having gratified her malignant revenge, seemed contented that she should pay for it with her life. She had slain her rival, the unfortunate Marina, and was satisfied. Dreadful must those passions have been, which could prompt the execution of so unhallowed a deed. Looking around her with calm and reckless indifference, she did not make the slightest attempt to escape, and was forthwith seized, and speedily brought to justice. Antonio Jomelli was confronted with her for form's sake, and avowed having

made for her the fatal wreath. It has only to be added, that she did not die on the scaffold, but put an end to her existence by poison in the prison where she was confined.

PROVOST DRUMMOND.

About ninety years ago, Provost Drummond was the chief magistrate of Edinburgh, and renowned for the benevolence of his disposition. He was one day coming into the town by the suburb called the West Port, when he saw a funeral procession leaving the door of a humble dwelling, and setting out for the church-yard. The only persons composing the funeral company were four poor-looking old men, seemingly common beggars, one to each end of a spoke, and none to relieve them; there was also a single attendant. The provost at once saw that it must be a beggar's funeral, and he therefore went forward to the old men, saying to them: 'Since this poor creature, now deceased, has no friends to follow his remains to the grave, I will perform that melancholy office myself.' He then took his place at the head of the coffin. They had not gone far till they met two gentlemen who were acquainted with the provost, and they asked him what he was doing there. He told them that he was going to the interment of a poor friendless mendicant, as he had none else to do it; so they turned and accompanied him. Others joined in the same manner, so that there was a respectable company at the grave. 'Now,' said the kind-hearted provost, 'I will lay the old man's head in the grave,' which he accordingly did, and afterwards saw the burial completed in a decent manner. When the solemnity was accomplished, he *asked if* the deceased had left a wife or family, and *learned that* he had left a wife, an old woman, 'in a state *of perfect* destitution. 'Well, then, gentlemen,' said *the provost*, addressing those around him, 'we must

rather a singular manner, and we cannot part without doing something creditable for the benefit of the helpless widow; let each give a trifle, and I will take it upon me to see it administered to the best advantage.' All immediately contributed some money, which made up a respectable sum, and was afterwards given in a fitting way to the poor woman; the provost also afterwards placed her in some way of doing, by which she was able to support herself without depending on public relief.

WILD SPORTS IN LITHUANIA.

In Lithuania, formerly a part of Poland, now a province on the western borders of the Russian Empire, wild animals still abound, particularly wolves and bears. When it is mentioned that the country is still partially overspread with forests, and that one of these, styled the Grand Forest, is no less than twenty-five miles in extent each way, this will not appear surprising. The cattle belonging to the peasantry suffer much from these animals, and it accordingly becomes necessary, at certain periods of the year, to hunt them, with a view to keeping down their numbers. A Scottish gentleman of our acquaintance, who spent a summer in Lithuania, and joined occasionally in both wolf-hunts and bear-hunts, supplies us with the following particulars of an affair of the former kind:—

A wolf-hunt usually takes place on a Sunday, as on no other day would it be possible to gather a sufficient body of the peasantry to join the regular huntsmen. One Saturday evening, a pack of wolves which had been very destructive amongst the cattle about three weeks before, was *reported by the* head-huntsman, at the house where our *friend resided, to have* taken up a position in the centre of *the Grand Forest.* A party of chasseurs was immediately

ordered to proceed to the forest, for the purpose of *calling the wolves*—a duty which consists in keeping up a howling noise near the wolves all night, to which the wolves reply, the men thus ascertaining the exact place where the animals are prowling, and also the den or covert in which, at the approach of morn, they station themselves for the day. When the wolves on this occasion had taken to their covert, the chasseurs returned, and made their report, and notice was immediately communicated to the people of the neighbourhood, to assemble at church with all the fitting accoutrements.

When mass was ended, seventy men with guns, and a hundred and fifty *beaters*, ranked themselves up as ready to attend the hunt. After travelling six or seven miles, the party arrived at the centre of the Grand Forest, where a number of the under-chasseurs were in waiting. 'I think,' says our friend, 'the horses on which my host and I were mounted must have known what we were going after, from their snorting so much, and patting the ground in so remarkable a way with their feet. When the party was assembled in the wood, and, looking round me, I saw such a multitude of eager-looking men, clad in such various costumes—some of them of an Eastern cast—and armed so variously, I could not help wishing that David Wilkie or William Allan had been present, to fix the scene upon immortal canvas.'

No extraordinary adventure signalised the hunt; but the way in which it was set about is worthy of being particularised. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile round the covert of the wolves, a circle is formed by the party, the chasseurs and other armed persons filling the one-half of this circle, each man about thirty yards distant from another. The other half of the circle is formed by the more numerous class named *beaters*, whose duty it is, in the first place, to advance slowly, beating the *bushes as* they move along, for the purpose of driving any *stray wolves* towards the centre. In the middle of the *beaters the* head-huntsman takes up his station; and, *directly* across the circle, in the middle of the chasseurs

and armed peasants, did our informant and his host plant themselves, that being the point to which it was most likely that the pack, when dislodged, would proceed, so that they had the best chance of a shot of the whole party. All the persons engaged were on foot.

When the semicircle of chasseurs and armed peasants had been properly formed, and the beaters were also marshalled in proper order, the head-huntsman blew his horn, as a signal for the commencement of the hunt. The beaters then advanced in a close phalanx, which always grew closer as they approached the den. Notwithstanding all their care, however, three of the wolves broke through their ranks, and escaped. The other two—for there were but five—ran forward, but not, as had been expected, towards the place where our informant was stationed. They went in different directions towards the sides of the semicircle, where they were shot by the chasseurs. It is perhaps scarcely worthy of being mentioned here, though it was productive of some good soup at the time, that three hares were added to the more important game. A chasseur now stationed himself at the original place of rendezvous, whence we had set out to take our places in the circle: by blowing a horn, he quickly gathered us all together once more at that spot, where the appearance of the party was even more striking than before, in consequence of the excitement which had been raised by the hunt. Presently, two peasants approached, bearing the two slain wolves on their backs, which, with great glee and triumph, they laid at the feet of the chief gentleman of the party. With this ceremony ended the hunt. It was afterwards learned, that two of the wolves which had broke through amongst the beaters, found their way into the neighbouring road, where a gentleman travelling along on horseback, seeing their ferocious appearance, gave himself up for lost, but was speedily relieved from his terrors, as the animals, too much frightened to attack any human being, instantly plunged into the forest on the other side. The wolf is, in his ordinary state, a cowardly animal, and never attacks human beings except when

very hungry, or when put to great difficulty in a hunt. In these conditions, however, he is decidedly dangerous. Our friend, one day passing a field in the course of being reaped, was surprised to see two chasseurs apparently mounting guard on the reaping-party, one at each flank. Inquiring the reason, he learned that the soldiers were there to protect the reapers, in the event of a hungry wolf walking up to them from the neighbouring forest. He also learned that, not long ago, a peasant girl, returning from Wilkomirz to this place, was attacked by some wolves, and so dreadfully torn by them before she was rescued, that she died the following day.

The bear-hunt is rather of a more dangerous nature than the wolf-hunt. Two kinds of bears haunt the Grand Forest; the large black bear is the more powerful and fierce of the two. He is a cunning, as well as a fierce animal, and proves very destructive to horses, cattle, and sheep. Nor does he scruple, when he finds an opportunity, to walk off with the children of the peasantry. When attacked in his den, he makes a most determined fight, often killing the dogs, and sometimes even the hunters. In the spring of 1838, at a bear-hunt which took place near the house where our friend resided, a gentleman, observing a large black bear approaching, discharged his piece at the animal, aiming, as he thought, at a vital part. The bear tumbled over, and the gentleman, supposing him killed, or at least thoroughly disabled, went up to the spot. The monster almost instantly recovered his feet, and attacked the hunter, from whose face and head he tore off the whole integuments, before any one could come up to his assistance. The unfortunate gentleman lived thirty-six hours in this deplorable condition. The brown bear is less dangerous; he lives chiefly on honey and vegetables, but, when put to a push, can fight a good battle. A curious instance of the revengeful spirit of a bear was mentioned to our friend. A peasant having lost a cow, and observing the marks which had been made by the animal as it was drawn into the forest, followed immediately upon those traces, and after walking a long way,

came to a spot where he found the cow lying on the ground half devoured. Feeling assured that the depredator was not far off, and would in time return to renew his feast, he erected a kind of stage between two trees, for the purpose of fully commanding the spot, and being also in some degree of safety from the bear. Here he took his station, with his gun in his hand, and a boy for a companion. In the course of a few hours, a large black bear made its appearance, and began to regale himself with the cow. The man fired, and the bear rolled over, as if killed. He descended from the stage to complete his victory if necessary, but was immediately attacked by the monster in a most furious manner. The boy ran off screaming, and soon brought a number of peasants with sticks to the rescue of their companion, but before they could force the bear to let the man go, he was quite dead. They bore off the body through the wood towards his home, and, as they went, the bear hung upon the party, and, wounded as he was, made repeated and furious efforts to get his victim once more into his power. When they reached the house, and deposited the body, the animal came up to the door, and made many attempts to force his way in, his object evidently being to revenge himself still further upon the man who had wounded him. In a little, growing faint with loss of blood, he withdrew with two or three fearful growls, lay down opposite the door, and died.

Of the other sports of Lithuania, our friend supplies the following note from his journal:—'The fishing is excellent. In the river St Swinton, which runs close by, and joins the Niemen at Kovno, the salmon reach to about thirty pounds' weight; and I never ate better fish at Broughty-Ferry. (St Swinton is the river the Prince of Lithuania was baptised in when converted to Christianity). There is also a kind of sea-trout, which gives very good sport. One forenoon, I killed twenty-seven, some weighing nearly two pounds, all with a small black fly and a light fishing-rod. *This kind of angling was never before heard of in this country. There is also* in the loch, near the house,

excellent pike, perch, and bream, which give good sport. Some pike have been killed, weighing upwards of twenty pounds.'

A HISTORICAL BALL.

THE time has not yet fully arrived for making the last war the theme of grandfathers' tales or historical romances, but yet it is surprising with what a new zest we occasionally hear or read of incidents, and associations of persons to which that contest gave rise. Turned as the public mind of Britain now is towards the social improvements which befit a state of peace, a reminiscence of Bonaparte or Wellington startles the ear like the blare of the trumpet suddenly arising in the midst of a commercial street, to call attention to some state proclamation. We were forcibly struck with this fact some years ago, when, at an evening party, a gentleman of no more than middle age chanced to give an account of a certain ball at which he was present in Paris in the year 1815. The narrative, briefly and modestly as it was expressed, related to circumstances so uncommon, and so unlike anything which has since occurred, or is likely ever to occur again, that the whole party, after listening to it in almost breathless silence, declared it to be more like a chapter of romance than anything which a living man might be supposed to have passed through in his own proper person. In compliance with our request, the narrator has thrown his story into the following shape, for the benefit of a more numerous audience:—

On arriving in Paris about the end of July 1815, from an intensely interesting sojourn of some time in the region of the memorable contest of Waterloo, and full of *curiosity* to see the men who had achieved that great *victory*, by which the capital of France had fallen into *their hands* about a fortnight before my arrival, I was *informed by* my friend Sir John Malcolm, who had bee

a companion in arms of the Duke of Wellington in India, that, in two days, His Grace was to give a splendid ball to the monarchs, princes, generals, and statesmen who were then, from so many countries of Europe, met in Paris; though, for obvious reasons, none of the royal family of France were expected to be present. My friend, of his own accord, promised to endeavour to obtain for me, late as it was, a ticket of admission. This prospect, enough to raise any one's hopes, had its full effect on mine, and my disappointment was great indeed when informed on the morning of the day itself, that I was too late; the Duke had peremptorily refused to issue one admission more—too many for even his spacious saloons having been given out already. There was nothing for it but resignation, and the whole day was passed by me in *seeing sights*, with an occasional sigh for the ball, not less sincere than that heaved on similar occasions by many a ticketless damsel, whose case is aggravated by having to assist in dressing a more fortunate sister for the treat which has been denied to herself. It was nine at night of a hot and most fatiguing day, my only remaining ambition then being to be lifted by some good angel, and put into bed without the labour of even undressing. I could not move a muscle without the greatest reluctance, but lay on a sofa, a capital subject for the experiment of the power of mind over body, which was the next moment to be made upon me.

A note arrived, which I had just strength to unseal and read. It said: 'Put on your silk stockings speedily, get a *chapeau-bras*, jump into a fiacre which waits for you at your hotel gate, and come off to the Place Vendome without asking a question!' This spoke too plainly to be misinterpreted. Fatigue fled as if by magical influence; I could have leaped over the house; and in an incredibly short time I was stockinged, hatted, and away, as directed by my good genius, and literally without having put a single interrogation to my conductor. Arriving at my excellent and most considerate friend's hotel, I was considerably cooled down by finding that he and a lar-

party, of which Sir Walter Scott was one, had departed for the ball, leaving only a verbal message for me to follow, to make my way, and, if I should find any difficulty in gaining admission, to call him out, when he would set all to rights. My first feeling was, that the game was up. Make my way! call him out! with the halls, corridors, and staircases of the palace before my embarrassed imagination — crowded with guards and attendants speaking all the languages of Europe—and a splendid multitude in the saloons themselves, amidst which my friend appeared lost beyond recall—the thing seemed impossible. I therefore gave orders to the driver of the fiacre to return to my hotel, when it occurred to me, that at the worst it was only failing. The object was well worth a bold stroke, and, if I should not succeed, I should at least, like Phaeton, or Napoleon himself on the late occasion, fail in an undertaking of no common kind. To the palace, then, of Marshal Junot, in the corner of the Place Louis XV., then the residence of the Duke of Wellington, I heroically drove.

In my doubtful state of mind, I desired that my fiacre might wait five minutes for the chance of a fare home, and entered the courtyard. A guard of honour from each of the allied powers, displayed by a blaze of torch-light, was the first of the striking scenes of the night. The mixture of troops and nations was as splendid as it was friendly. In approaching the door of entrance, an accidental circumstance 'set all to rights' without the intervention of Sir John Malcolm. An English carriage, with a coronet on its panel, drove up, and discharged a gentleman and two ladies: I stepped back to give them the lead, but followed so closely, without intending the effect, that I became, to the perceptions of all the persons we had to pass, a fourth component of my lord's party. His name alone was announced, and the two ladies and I passed halls and staircases with him, and entered, without question, into the saloon, where the Duke was receiving his illustrious guests, the first party within the door of which was my friend's.

'Well, you have made your way.'

'Yes I have; and done the most impudent thing I ever did in my life.'

'Never mind, you are really an invited guest, and I will by and by tell you how. In the meantime, take your place with us, and you will learn to know the guests by hearing them announced.'

We were fortunately early, and no very illustrious visitor had yet arrived. As we gazed with intense curiosity at the door, nobles, statesmen, generals, marshals, entered it in rapid succession. Schwartzenberg, Benningsen, Platof, Prince Wrede the hero of Hanau, Barclay de Tolly, Metternich, Castlereagh, Bulow, Humboldt, and many others of not less note, passed, announced in French. The company included, as might be expected, every British officer of distinction. Amidst a splendid display of scarlet, mingled with rich foreign uniforms, we readily distinguished a profusion of the uniform of Austria, which, being white, gives its wearers, to a British eye, the appearance of the musicians of a band. Diamonds blazed, and stars, crosses, and ribbons were seen in every direction. 'Son Altesse le Prince de Benevento' was declared, and for the first time I saw, close to me, the celebrated Talleyrand. The wily politician's appearance surprised us all. It did not indicate that superior talent and vigour which had politically survived repeated revolutions, and warned Napoleon himself of the commencement of the downward movement which hurried him to his fate. All seemed old-beau-like about him—a powdered, old-fashioned gentleman, something younger, but much resembling Lord Ogleby in the play, and as unfit apparently to govern the diplomacy of Europe. But we did not allow his countenance to go unscrutinised, and we saw, or thought we saw, in its very calm and mildness, the practised tranquillity of the prince of diplomatists. Fouché soon followed, and we beheld the minister of police, the mover of the most tremendous engine of tyranny known to modern times. He looked the office well, and it was

very exciting to see, almost to touch, a man whose name had exercised a sway of terror not exceeded by Napoleon's own. A bustling *cortège* of officers and aides-de-camp, with a veteran at their head, were explained by the announcement, 'Son Altesse Sérénissime le Prince Blucher.' On his entry, there was a rush to gaze upon him, and a strong feeling experienced when the Duke of Wellington met him half-way down the saloon with a hearty shake of both hands. Sir Walter Scott was, I remember, moved to tears, and said to me: 'Look at that—a few weeks ago, these two men delivered Europe!' The spectacle, by the way, seemed to make an unusually deep impression upon this illustrious person. Wonder and veneration sat upon his countenance during the most of the evening, to the marked diminution of its usual intelligent expression, and he appeared like a man engrossed by mastering feelings, as was the Frenchman, who, overpowered by the beauties of Loch Katrine, when asked what he thought, answered: 'I do not think—I only feel.' Our common Edinburgh friends remarked his extraordinary aspect, though we were not then so well able to account for it as we might be now, when the character of the great master of modern fiction has been so well explained by himself and others.

Crowds of everyday rank and nameless beauty continued to arrive, and we all acknowledged our ungallant indifference to what is the chief adornment of ordinary balls, the charms of the ladies, with a virtuous reservation, that it was for once only in our lives. In the midst of some gay chat upon this subject, our eyes were suddenly called to the folding-doors, when, on their flying open, we learned that the next entrant was to be a monarch. In louder accents than usual, we heard the following announcement:—'Sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse—leur Altesses Royals les Princes Royal de Prusse—le *Duc de Mecklenburg*.' The king entered with his splendid *cortège, and,* after being solemnly received by the illustrious *host of* the night, and shortly conversing with him, *passed on* among the gay crowd, and joined a circle, in

centre of which was Lady Castlereagh, and one of its components, the veteran Blucher. This monarch had been remarked in Paris for his gentlemanlike appearance and great plainness of circumstances. He seemed about forty-five years of age, and would have passed for a well-bred English gentleman. There was also observed a sober and rather melancholy expression of countenance, imputed to his great loss in his amiable queen. His two sons were mere youths. The Prince of Orange followed, pale from his recent wound, and with his arm in a sling. He spoke some time with the Duke of Wellington, and then joined the circle of Lady Castlereagh. I observed General Alava much beside the Duke: he had distinguished himself by writing a spirited account of the battle, and has since been ambassador from Spain, his native country, to Britain. After all had assembled, there was no figure present which commanded a larger share of attention than the Duke of Wellington. His person was new to the bulk of the company. Familiar as *that* has since been, as he used to walk the streets of London in his blue surtout, it was a most exciting novelty to those who had followed him only in the *Gazette* in his career of victory, and there was an eagerness to get his form into the memory by studying it well. He was in field-marshal's uniform, and seemed in remarkably good and even high spirits, as befitted the gay occasion. He was seen in every room, noticing every one whom he at all knew, and conversing with many in the most frank and easy manner. It was said that he was induced to dance; but I did not witness this proof that the hero of Waterloo, the pacificator of Europe, was, after all, a mortal man. The most powerful sovereigns in Europe seemed to shrink beside this son of an English baron, mere external rank being felt as little or nothing in comparison with the greatness of commanding intellect, and the merit of having wrought out the deliverance of *many nations.*

One of the most striking and significant features of the scene, was the appearance of a portrait of Napoleon

which had been recently finished for Junot, and was left leaning against the wall in one of the rooms. The Duke, with true magnanimity, had allowed this picture to remain, so that the fallen Emperor also seemed to form a part of the company. I saw the king of Prussia, and one or two other personages whose fates had been strangely connected with his, stand for a few seconds before the portrait, and make a few remarks on the fidelity of the likeness. At this time, the original was on his passage to St Helena, discrowned and a prisoner—for life, as it afterwards proved—while here was one of his palaces occupied in triumph by his conquerors—men who, a few months before, would have compounded with him for one of the earth's best kingdoms, but had now put his neck beneath their yoke, and were amusing themselves by criticising his picture, which was all that remained of him to his country. Can such vicissitudes of fortune ever again be witnessed on earth? Walter Scott observed to me, that if he should venture, in fiction, to depict such a scene as was here presented to our eyes, with all its circumstances and associations, brilliant, noble, and affecting, he should be charged with unpardonable exaggeration. He was right. Only Reality is privileged to bring such wonderful things under observation.

When wearied to a certain degree with the feelings excited by what we saw in the rooms, we strayed out into the gardens, which were lighted up gorgeously, in a serene starry night, and enlivened by the performances of jugglers and grimaciers. A sumptuous supper was spread out in the gardens under elegant awnings, and, on returning into the rooms, we learned that this meal had just been announced. I made an effort to enter the grand *salle-à-manger;* and here I expected to see the Duke presiding over monarchs and princes, but it was *already full,* and I failed. A little disappointed, I went *into a small* room close at hand, and here supper was *spread on* several small round tables. At the next to *that where I* was seated, sat two very beautiful English

ladies, keeping a chair vacant between them. One of them was the wife of a great minister then present, and the other the wife of a minister who has since borne a conspicuous part in the affairs of England. In a few minutes, the Duke of Wellington himself looked into the room, when the ladies called to him that they had kept a place for him. He joined them, passing so close to where I sat, that I rose and put my chair under the table to let him pass, for which he thanked me. When he had taken his seat, I could not help remarking—for such things had then a strange interest—that, over his head, by mere accident, was a bust of Napoleon. The *trio* were presently joined by Sir Walter Scott, of whom I had for some time lost sight, and the *four* formed a very merry supper-party. I could not help hearing their conversation, for it was rather loud; but there were no state secrets in it. What became of the crowned heads and *their* supper, I never heard or inquired. About four in the morning, I again came in contact with Sir Walter, who said he was quite worn out with excitement, and, presuming I was in no better condition, proposed that we should go home together. I at once complied, and left the extraordinary scene as one awakes from a splendid dream—a dream never to be forgotten.

Next day, when I called to thank my friend Malcolm, I naturally asked him how he had got me an invitation after all. He said he had made one more attack upon the Duke, who answered: 'If you will shew me how my rooms can be made to hold more people than they *will* hold, you shall have tickets for all the surplus.'

My friend replied, with that readiness for which he stood unrivalled: 'I will tell you how your rooms will hold more than they *will* hold: light up your gardens as we used to do in India, and put a juggler or two and a punchinello into them, to draw out the crowd.'

'It shall be done,' rejoined the Duke; and the result was a *hundred or two* additional tickets.

The effect was as anticipated. One-third of the company *was always* in the gardens, and a large portion of

them supped there. I observed a grimacier or maker of faces performing to a crowd, in which stood the young princes of Prussia, who were in ecstasies of delight, especially with his wig, which seemed to have been transferred, without any of the ceremonies of preparatory manufacture, from a sheep's back to his head. When speaking, perhaps lightly, of this worthy, my friend said: 'It would become you in gratitude to allude to the gentleman in the wig a little more respectfully, seeing that you owe your admission mainly to him.'

'How, in the name of the succession invariable of cause and effect, could that have been?'

'Oh, most logically thus:—But for him, the gardens would not have attracted out a large part of the company; without the certainty of that result, the gardens would not have been lighted up, and you would not have been present, at what certainly will stand on record the most memorable ball which ever was given.'

PETRA, THE CITY OF TOMBS.

NEARLY 2000 years ago, a Roman traveller and geographer, Strabo, gave a brief description in his writings of a large and flourishing city, named Petra, the capital of the Nabatæans, or Idumeans, a people inhabiting the country now called Arabia Petræa, or Arabia the Rocky. Petra, according to the ancient geographer, was a city of great antiquity, and lay in a spot which in itself was level and plain, but which was hemmed in and fortified all round with a barrier of precipices. Several other writers of old allude to Petra; but, upon the whole, the notices of it by the ancients are exceedingly scanty; and *in more modern* times, still less was known, the very site *which it occupied* remaining for centuries a mystery. At *last, however*—within these few years—a light has broken *in upon the subject.* Petra has not only been discovered

y recent travellers, but has been found, most unexpect-
ily, to be one of the most interesting and extraordinary
ionuments of former ages known to exist on the face
: the earth. An account of this ruined city, we are
nfident, will gratify our readers.

The barren precipitous character of Arabia Petræa, and
ıe wild and fierce dispositions of the wandering Arabs
ho inhabit its stony defiles, were the main causes of the
norance in which the world so long remained with
:spect to the interior of the country. The activity and
nterprise of Burckhardt ultimately overcame all the
ifficulties that lay in the way, and won for him the
onour of being the first to behold and to reveal to the
orld the antique treasures that had lain so long unob-
ırved in the barren wilderness. This journey of Burck-
ardt involved him in great personal peril, not so much
om the inaccessible nature of the country, or even from
ıe rapaciousness of the Arabs, as from the *prejudices* of
ıese savages, who conceive that the ruined cities which
onstitute the sole attraction of their country, are filled
ith hidden treasures, and that European visitors come
ith the sole purpose of carrying these away. Having
ıch obstacles as these to contend with, Burckhardt did
ttle more than merely discover the ruins of Petra, but,
ıbsequently to his visit, two other travelling parties were
ıccessful in penetrating to the spot. Captains Irby and
Iangles, two intelligent British officers, were the adven-
ırers on the first of these occasions, and M. Leon de
aborde, an enterprising Frenchman, was at the head of
ıe second party. From the descriptions given by all of
ıese travellers, we now draw up the following notice of
ıis remarkable place.

If the reader can imagine himself brought, after having
raversed lofty and rugged table-land, to the brink of
perpendicular precipice, 500 or 600 feet high, from
hich he looks down upon a large and level valley of an
regular, oblong shape, extending lengthwise about 4000
et, and from 2000 to 3000 feet in breadth, and bounded
every point which the eye can reach by perpendicular

precipices of great height, he will have som
site of the ruins of Petra. In this valley, v
nature in so striking and impregnable a man
was built, as the numberless remains of house
and palaces, strewn up and down, abundantly
the gazer stands, however, in the situatic
described, he soon finds his eye arrested by fe
scene still more extraordinary than those men
discovers that the superb muniment of rocks
the valley is pierced with myriads of exca
that their steep fronts are hewn and ornamer
a manner as to cause them to resemble a
porticoed street. By far the greater numb
multitudinous excavations are tombs, and it
stamps a peculiar character on Petra, tha
immense antiquity, and that has gained for
pressive appellation of a vast 'necropolis,'
the dead.

Having presented this general view of the s
we shall now attend to the details of the sc
is but one proper approach to the city, and this
a narrow defile, or ravine, hemmed in by lof
giving passage to a stream which formerly
town with water. With Captains Irby and
our guides, let us enter this pass, the sides
those of the valley, abound in excavation
other sculptures. 'It is impossible,' say th
conceive anything more awful and sul
eastern approach to Petra: the width is
just sufficient for the passage of two hor
the sides are in all parts perpendicular, v
to 700 feet in height; and they often ov
degree, that, without their absolutely m
intercepted and completely shut out for l
and there is little more light than in
half-subterranean passage is more t
length, and retains throughout the s
natural character. Along the side of
or aqueduct has been formed, for th

water into the city at a higher level than the bed of the defile. Only at one part does the pass open up a little, and the amphitheatre thus formed is adorned, at its entrance, 'with columns, statues, and cornices, of a light and finished taste, as if fresh from the chisel, without the tints of weather-stains of age, and executed in a stone of a pale rose colour.' As the visitor advances into the area, he beholds in front of him one of the most splendid and beautiful objects in or around Petra, and what may justly be called one of the wonders of antiquity. This is the front of a great temple, nearly sixty-five feet in height, excavated from the solid rock, and embellished with the richest architectural decorations, all in the finest state of preservation. Six pillars, thirty-five feet high, with Corinthian capitals, support an ornamented pediment, above which stand six smaller pillars, the centre pair crowned by a vase, and surrounded by statues and other ornaments. Mere description can do no justice to this building, which is called by the Arabs the Khasne, or the Treasury of Pharaoh. A wide and open vestibule in the forepart of the building leads into a middle chamber, about twenty-five feet high and sixteen paces square, with two smaller apartments branching off from it. In all these places there are exquisitely carved figures and ornaments. From the smallness of the interior excavations, Mr Burckhardt is disposed to consider this astonishing work of art, grand as it is, as only the tomb of some great prince, or ruler of Petra.

After passing the Khasne, the defile becomes contracted again for 300 yards, when suddenly, say Captains Irby and Mangles, 'the ruins of the city burst on the view in their full grandeur, shut in on the opposite side by barren craggy precipices, from which numerous ravines and valleys, like those we had passed, branch out in all directions. (All of these ravines, however, that were explored, were found to terminate in a wall of rock, admitting of no passage outwards or inwards). The sides of the mountains, covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings, presented altogether the most

singular scene we ever beheld. We must despair to give the reader an idea of the peculiar effect of the rocks tinted with most extraordinary hues, whose summits present us with nature in her most savage and romantic form, whilst their bases are worked out in all the symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades and pediments, and ranges of corridors adhering to the perpendicular surface.'

Nearly at the spot where the defile opens into the site of the city, one excavation in the site of the pass arrests the attention of the traveller. This is a vast circular theatre hewn out of the solid rock, consisting of thirty-three seats of stone sloping upwards, and surmounted, and in some degree sheltered, by the rocks above. The countless tombs in the immediate vicinity of this ruined edifice lead M. Laborde to remark on the extraordinary taste of the people of Petra, in selecting a place of amusement encircled on all sides by the mansions and memorials of death.

The brook of Wady-Mousa—the name given by the Arabs to the Valley of Petra—after leaving the eastern defile by which it entered, passes directly across the valley, and makes its exit by a rocky ravine on the west, almost impassable by the foot of man. On the banks of this stream are situated the principal ruins of the city of Petra. Here, at least, are found those in chief preservation—for, properly speaking, the whole valley may be said to be covered with ruins. The most remarkable, perhaps, among the crumbling edifices scattered over the valley, is that called by the natives the Palace of Pharaoh, though it most probably was a temple. It is a large square building, with a frieze and cornice in very good taste, and the interior presenting traces of plentiful decorations. Near it stand the remains of a magnificent triumphal arch. The remains of paved ways, bridges, and other structures, are still to be seen among the other ruins of the valley. Not the least interesting object observable in the vale, is the aqueduct which is continued from the eastern approach along the face of the rocks

constituting the eastern wall of the city. This aqueduct is partly hewn and partly built, and is yet in a very perfect condition.

It is unnecessary to enter into a minute description of the excavated tombs and sculptures studding the rocky walls around Petra. The basis of the architecture, in almost all cases, is Grecian, mingled with Roman, though in many instances a style is apparent, which must be regarded as Egyptian, or rather, the native style of Petra. Many of the chambers within the tombs are so immensely large, that their real character might be doubted, were it not for the recesses they contain, destined, it is plain, for the reception of bodies. How enormous must have been the labour and expense necessary for the excavation of these sepulchres, some of which are large enough to stable the horses of a whole tribe of Arabs! It is impossible to conceive that such resting-places could have been appropriated to any other persons than rulers or rich men, and great, indeed, as Mr Burckhardt remarks, 'must have been the opulence of a city which *could* dedicate such monuments to the memory of its rulers.' Some of the finest mausoleums, as we have already seen, are not in the main valley, but in the ravines leading from it, where their multiplicity is beyond conception. In a ravine on the north-west, M. Laborde beheld one, called by the natives El-Deir, or the Convent, of much larger dimensions than the Khasne, and, like it, sculptured out of the rock, though not in a style so perfect. El-Deir literally occupies the whole front of, what may be called from its size, a mountain. It was in the ravines, chiefly, that Captains Irby and Mangles saw those excavations which bore the appearance of having been human habitations. The carefully cut flights of steps leading to them, and their general construction, put this beyond a doubt. One remarkable observation made by the travellers mentioned, may be noticed. 'Our attention,' say they, 'was particularly excited by remarking with how much care the scanty soil (on the precipices) had been banked up into terraces, and disposed into fields and gardens; every work

ould furnish tou… was…

unt; proving that Strabo was… of the city.

he horticultural advantages of the Petra

The only inscriptions discovered at Petra One of these,

hich M. Laborde met with on tombs. One of these, …

reek characters, was so much mutilated as to be un-

readable, and the other, a Latin one, notified that a

certain Roman consul died at Petra, when governor of

Arabia. The only living being found residing in the

immediate neighbourhood of the ruins, with the exception

of the reptiles that infest the excavations, was a decrepi

old man, who had lived for forty years on the top

Mount Hor, an eminence to the west of Petra, whe

a tomb, said to be that of Aaron, is seen. The wander

Arabs, who revere the Jewish traditions, hold the p

as sacred, and support its old guardian by occasi

pilgrimages and contributions. From Mount Hor

neighbouring localities of Petra are seen. As

almost be anticipated, they are strewn far and

with ruins; shewing that, when the capital was

days of splendour, its suburbs also contained a gr

flourishing population.

At what period of time Petra, the capital of

was founded, it is impossible to determine.

mention of its inhabitants the Edomites, or

in scriptural history, as well as from the cha

monuments, it is evident, however, that the

of immense antiquity. Sir Isaac Newton,

…k, records his opinion that the

…tially civilised at an

… Edomites h

civilised arts. From it we learn that they wrought manufactured wire-brass, and coined money; that possessed mirrors, used scales and the weaver's e, and had many musical instruments; and, finally, hey were well advanced in astronomy and natural y, and had correct notions of a deity and a future

They also cut inscriptions on tablets, and their nen built splendid tombs. All these things be- ed no mean degree of civilisation in the land of at a very early date, and confirm the supposition, portions of the remains of Petra are among the if not really the oldest, existing monuments of hands.

ra lies between latitude 30° and 31°, and nearly in ude (from Greenwich) 36°, almost in a line between ead Sea and the Gulf of Akaba, at the head of the ea. From El Akaba, a town at the head of the Gulf, ins are distant but a few days' journey. In con- g our notice of this interesting city, we may briefly to the remarkable applicability of a scriptural ecy respecting Idumea and its present condition. ou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that t the height of the hill; I will bring thee down hence, saith the Lord.' And fearful, indeed, has the the Idumean grandeur been. No man shall pass h the country and live, says another of the pro- s of Scripture; but this, we should suppose, must be in a restricted sense, for, after a long period of to travellers, the country has been lately opened he inspection of enlightened Europeans; and it is le that, in the progress of events, the land of Edom, 'etra its capital, may attract the visits of the ous class of English travellers who delight in the plation of the antique and picturesque.

BILLARD'S ADVENTURE IN A WELL.

THE story of the unfortunate Dufavel, who was buried accidentally in a well, and remained in it for a long period, is not without a parallel in the history of mining transactions in France. In the department of the Indre, and parish of Fleure-la-Rivière, March 27, 1837, about half-past eight in the morning, Etienne Billard, a working-mason, descended a well 120 feet deep, for the purpose of examining it preparatory to some repairs. When he had reached the bottom, or nearly so, an extensive portion of the sides fell in upon him, and shut him out from the light of day; but, by a remarkable piece of good-fortune, the materials, in falling, formed a small arch of about three feet in diameter around his head. Had it not been for this, he would have been either fatally hurt by the heavy stones of the masonry, or would have been suffocated immediately. Every other part of the well around his body was filled compactly with the fallen materials. The noise of the irruption was heard by some workmen near the spot, who immediately ran up to it. On listening intently, they heard the cries of Billard, and the certainty that he was yet alive, inspired the hope of delivering him. Sending off one of their number to alarm the neighbouring inhabitants and authorities, these workmen then lowered a lighted candle down the well, the danger of a further fall of the sides deterring themselves from going down. The candle went down 100 feet, thus shewing that about twenty feet of the mass, or a considerable portion thereof, lay above the unfortunate Billard. In reply to their call, he was heard distinctly to say, that he could not see anything of *the light.* 'I am assured,' he moreover said, 'that I am *a lost man.* But I suffer no pain, and I breathe freely.'

No ordinary difficulty, it was obvious, stood in the way *of relief in this* case. For workmen to descend into the

row deep well, and attempt to clear away the ruins, hout some security against a further fall of the sides, s a dangerous task. The authorities of the district, soon as they arrived, and saw the nature of the acci- t, sent off an express for the district-superintendent roads and bridges, M. Certain. He was at some ance, and did not arrive till next day. In the antime, one man, a slater, ventured to descend to the of the fallen mass of stones and earth, which proved, had been shewn by the candle, to be about 100 feet ow the orifice. Urged by the indistinct cries for help ich they heard from poor Billard, the men on the t began to lift the stones forming the sides of the ll. When M. Certain arrived, he descended without itation into the well, and put several questions to lard respecting his situation. M. Certain judged it per to continue the raising of the sides of the well, the displacement of the lower part would render it st imprudent to go on otherwise. No side-boring ld be executed with such speed as the whole well ld be cleared. The soil, fortunately, was clayey and a. While this labour was going on day and night, h the utmost rapidity compatible with a proper degree caution, friends and fellow-workmen of Billard de- nded occasionally to animate him with the cheering nd of kindly voices, and with the assurance that help s near.

On the morning of the 29th, the governor and head- gineer of the department of the Indre arrived. M. rand, inspector of works, was with them, and de- nded into the well. He gave his assent to the tinuation of the operations going on, which some of anxious friends of the prisoner were beginning to claim against, from their seeming slowness. In sence of the gentlemen mentioned, the labours were tinued, and on the evening of the 29th, the well was ar to the upper part of the fallen mass. Without ty, the process of lifting them was begun; but from size of the stones, the work went on very tardily,

through the difficulty of hoisting them to such a
above. After they had advanced a certain wa
difficulty met them in the face. It was impossit
the exact state of the arch formed so miraculo
the head of the unfortunate man, or its degree of
It was necessary, therefore, to go on with the
of the stones with extreme care and delicacy, c
the unsettlement of any portion of the heav
above him might have caused his instantaneo
either from a crush or suffocation.

At ten o'clock in the evening of the 29th, the
were calculated to be about six feet above th
who had now been shut out from the light
morning of the 27th. It was impossible to send
by a bore, as in the case of Dufavel, and he had
the pressure of hunger added to his misery.
was heard more clearly as the workmen went
they could now even tell the exact point wher
confined. But during the night of the 29th,
became a source of fear and alarm to the labour
him. Billard's motionless condition, his want
and air for so long a time, began to overthrow
courage. His reason gave place to delirium,
to despair. The workmen heard him at one
lamenting his fate, and piteously crying for foo
the next moment they heard him abandoning h
the most extravagant gaiety. Laughter heard i
situation was a thing almost too deplorable and
for human ears to listen to. When consulte
meaning of these symptoms on the part of Bi
Nabert, a surgeon, who had never quitted
since the time of the accident, recommended t
men to hurry on their labours, as the man could
survive but a few hours in this state.

In consequence of this advice, a new direc
given to the work, and in place of passing dow
side of the spot where the poor man was suppo
the excavation was carried slopingly down to
In fine, after three days and three nights of inc

ıe head of Billard was reached, and cleared of all sur-ɔunding matter. The instant that this took place, it was otified to those above by a cry, and the deafening shouts ıat were immediately raised, shewed what an assem-lage had gathered around the place to learn the issue of ıe case. The deliverance took place exactly a quarter f an hour before eleven o'clock in the morning of the 0th. When raised once more to the daylight, every recaution was taken to prevent any bad effects from change so sudden. He was carried to a neighbouring ouse, with his body and head well wrapped up, and here he was laid in an apartment, from which the light ras in a great measure excluded. After some spoonfuls f light broth and a little wine had been administered to im, he fell immediately asleep, never having tasted that leasing during his confinement. Before sleeping, he ad spoken in such a way as to shew that his mind ad recovered its tone. His pulse was weak but quick, eating 126 times in a minute; his skin was cold, his hirst burning, and his tongue stuck almost to the roof of is mouth. While confined, he had eaten a portion of he leather front of his cap or bonnet, and he had even, e said, endeavoured to grind with his teeth a stone that ıy before his mouth.

Etienne Billard soon recovered. His imprisonment ad not been so protracted as to render the vital heat ifficult of restoration. His body, however, though not ıangled or bruised, as it might have been expected to be, etained for a long time a feeling of dull pain, from the ressure that had been exerted upon it.

THE CANDLEMAKER-ROW FESTIVAL.

THE late James Hogg was accustomed in his latter days, to leave his pastoral solitude in Selkirkshire once or twice every year, in order to pay a visit to Edinburgh. He would stay a week or a fortnight in the city, professedly lodging at Watson's Selkirk and Peebles Inn, in the Candlemaker-Row, but in reality spending almost the whole of his time in dining, supping, and breakfasting with his friends; for, from his extreme good-nature, and other agreeable qualities as a companion, not to speak of his distinction as a lion, his society was much courted. The friends whom he visited were of all kinds, from men high in standing at the bar to poor poets and slender clerks; and amongst all, the Shepherd was the same plain, good-humoured, unsophisticated man, as he had been thirty years before, when tending his flocks among his native hills. In the morning, perhaps, he would breakfast with his old friend Sir Walter Scott, at *Abbotsford's* house in Castle Street, taking with him any friend upon whom he wished to confer the advantage of an acquaintance with that great man. The forenoon would be spent in calls, and in lounging among the back-shops of such booksellers as he knew. He would dine with some of the wits of *Blackwood's Magazine*, whom he would keep in a roar till ten o'clock, and then recollecting another engagement, off he would go to some fifth storey in the Old Town, where a young man of literary tastes had collected six or eight of his own sort, to enjoy the humours of the genius of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, over unlimited whisky-punch. In companies of this kind he was *at once* with such unfeigned homage and kindness, that he got into the highest possible spirits, sang all his own songs as his companions chose to call for, told such droll stories, that the poor fellow

o go mad with happiness. After acting as the life and oul of the fraternity for a few hours, he would proceed o his inn, where it was odds but he would be entangled n some further orgies by a few of the inmates of the ouse, neighbours and friends of his own, who, like imself, had just returned from convivial meetings in own, and were not yet quite disposed to retire to rest. o endure all this, the poet was prepared by the habits f his native district, where strong muscular exercise, nd a constant exposure to the air, render of little account hat in a citizen could not fail to produce a complete issolution of manners.

The only uneasiness which the poet felt in consequence f his being so much engaged in visiting was, that it endered his residence at Watson's little better than mere affair of lodging, so that, in his reckoning, the harge for his bed bore much the same proportion to hat for everything else which the sack bore to the read in Falstaff's celebrated tavern-bill. To remedy his, in some degree, the honest Shepherd was accustomed o signalise the last night of his abode in the inn by ollecting a vast crowd of his Edinburgh friends, of all anks and ages and coats, to form a supper-party for he benefit of the house. In the course of the forenoon, e would make a round of calls, and mention, in the nost incidental possible way, that two or three of his cquaintances were to meet that night in the Candlenaker-Row at nine, and that the addition of this particular riend whom he was addressing, together with any of *is* friends he chose to bring along with him, would by o means be objected to. It may readily be imagined hat, if he gave this hint to some ten or twelve individuals, he total number of his visitors would not probably be ew. In reality, it used to bring something like a High-and host upon him. Each of the men he had spoken o came, like a chief, with a long train of friends, most f them unknown to the hero of the evening, but all *f them eager to* spend a night with the Ettrick Shepherd. e *himself stood* up at the corner of one of Watson's

argest bedrooms, to receive the company as it poure
n. Each man, as he brought in his train, would endea
vour to introduce each to him separately, but would b
cut short by the lion with his bluff good-humoure
declaration: 'Ou, ay, we'll be a' weel acquent by an
by.' The first two clans would perhaps find chairs
the next would get the bed to sit upon; all after tha
had to stand. This room being speedily filled, thos
who came subsequently would be shewn into anothe
bedroom. When it was filled too, another would b
thrown open, and still the cry was: 'They come!' A
length, about ten o'clock, when nearly the whole hous
seemed 'panged' with people, as he would have himself
expressed it, supper would be announced. Then ens
a rushing and thronging through the passages, up stair
and down stairs, such a tramping, such a crushing, an
such a laughing and roaring withal—for, in the very
anticipation of such a supper, there was more fun than
is experienced at twenty ordinary assemblages of the
same kind. All the warning Mr Watson had got from
Mr Hogg about this affair, was a hint in passing o
that morning, that *twae-three* lads had been speakin
of supping there that night. Watson, however, kn
of old what was meant by *twae-three*, and had laid
his largest room with a double range of tables, suffic
to accommodate some sixty or seventy people. Ce
preliminaries have in the meantime been settled in
principal bedroom. Mr Taylor, commissioner of p
for the ward which contains the Candlemaker-Ro
to take the chair; for a commissioner of police
own ward is greater than the most eminent liter
professional person present who has no office con
with the locality. Mr Thomson, bailie of Easter
burgh, and Mr Gray, moderator of the Society
Constables, as the next most important local
present, are to be croupiers. Mr Hogg is to
Mr Taylor on the right, and a young membe
bar is to support him on the left.

In, then, gushes the company, bearing t

re a leaf on the tide. The great men
their seats as arranged, while others
as they can. Ten minutes are spent
ressing, and there is, after all, a cluster
look very stupid and nonplussed, till
ts by the rigging-out of a table along
oom. At length all is arranged; and
ngely miscellaneous company is found
ered together! Meal-dealers are there
arket; genteel and slender young men
ent House; printers from the Cowgate,
om the New Town. Between a couple
s sits a decent grocer from Bristo Street;
t of shop-lads from the Luckenbooths,
ffish young probationer, who scarcely
he should be here or not, and has
he company will sit late. Jolly honest-
per-and-salt coats, give great uneasiness
k coats in juxtaposition with them;
y-looking youths, in white neckcloths
py-glass ribbons, are evidently much
rough tyke of a horse-dealer who has
hem, and keeps calling out all kinds
o a crony about thirteen men off, on
f the table. Many of Mr Hogg's
-farming friends are there, with their
omplexions, and Dandie-Dinmont-like
d in addition to all comers, Mr Watson
ly the whole of the people residing in
time. If a representative assembly
p from all classes of the community,
e been more miscellaneous than this
ed by a man to whom, in the simplicity
mpany seemed alike acceptable.
r was finished, bowls and rummers were
e chairman proceeded to the perform-
us duties. After the approved fashion
ivialities, he gave the king, the royal
of York and the Army, the Duke

of Clarence and the Navy, and all the other *loyal and patriotic toasts*, before he judged it fit to introduce *the toast of the evening*. He then rose and called for a real —a genuine bumper. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'we are assembled here this evening, in honour of one who has distinguished himself in the poetical line; and it is now my pleasing duty to propose his health. Gentlemen, I could have wished to escape this duty, as I feel myself altogether incapable of doing justice to it; it is my only support in the trying circumstances in which I have been placed, that little can be required to recommend the toast to you. (Cheers). Mr Hogg is an old acquaintance of mine, and I have read his works. He has had the merit of raising himself from a humble station to a high place amongst the literary men of his country. You have all felt his powers as a poet in his *Queen's Wake*. When I look around me, gentlemen, at the respectable company here assembled, when I see so many met to do honour to one who was once but a shepherd on a lonely hill, I cannot but feel, gentlemen, that much has been done by Mr Hogg, and that it is something fine to be a poet. (Great applause). Gentlemen, the name of Hogg has gone over the length and breadth of the land, and wherever it is known, it is held as one of those which do our country honour. It is associated with the names of Burns and Scott, and, like theirs, it will never die. Proud I am to see such a man amongst us, and long may he survive to reap his fame, and to gratify the world with new effusions of his genius! Gentlemen, the health of Mr Hogg, with all the honours.' The toast was accordingly drunk with great enthusiasm, amidst which the Shepherd rose to make his usual acknowledgment—'Gentlemen, I was ever proud to be called a poet, but I never was so proud as I am this nicht,' &c. This part of the business of the evening over, the chairman and croupiers began to do honour to other civic matters. The chairman gave the Magistrates of Edinburgh, to which Mr Thomson, one of the croupiers, felt himself *bound to return* thanks. Mr Thomson then gave the

Commissioners of Police, which brought the chairman upon his legs. 'Messrs Croupiers, and Gentlemen,' said he, 'I rise, as a humble member of the body just named, to thank you, in the name of that body, and my own, for this unexpected honour. I believe I may say for this body, that they do the utmost in their power to merit the confidence of their constituents, and that, if they ever fail in anything to give satisfaction, it is not for want of a desire to succeed. Gentlemen, the commission of police has forced its way into existence in spite of great opposition, I will not say from what quarter; and it is even yet a good deal sneered at by the lovers of the old irresponsible system. But let arithmetic speak for us. Gentlemen, you all know that the police affairs of the city were formerly administered at an expense to you—here a poor poet was observed to give a shrug of painful pocket recollection—of no less than one-and-sixpence a pound on the valued rental. And you all know what a system it was—how negligent, inefficient, and tyrannical. Now, gentlemen, our popularly elected commission has been seven years in existence, during all which time we have watched, cleaned, and lighted you—lighted you with gas—at thirteen-pence-half-penny! (Great cheering). It is by such facts, gentlemen, that we would reply to the insinuations made against us. (Hear, hear). It does not become me, perhaps, to speak of what we have done, or what we have saved; but I may just mention, that the late regulation about the batons of the patrol has been attended with the best effects, and that we have hopes of sparing at least one per cent. of the street-lamps next year. (Sensation; the poor poet apparently feeling the matter very deeply). Gentlemen, I have now had the honour to sit for this ward two years, and I must say, that the support you have given me, and my brethren, the resident commissioners, has been all that the public men could wish, and sufficient to cheer us in the glorious path of our duty. Again, let me return my thanks, and those of the other members of the

Board, for the distinguished honour upon us.'

There is now for two hours no m commissioners, bailies, and modera at their foot, and not another man Every imaginable public body in University to the Potterrow Friendly most of them with the honours. individuals. A croupier proposes the chairman proposes the croupiers. gentlemen has a gentleman in his public has been much indebted, a is always acceptable. The poor p to be the lucky man, and begins to as possible. When, after a long pre out comes the name—the honoured Jaap, ex-resident commissioner of ward. 'Gentlemen, when I mention all feel how powerfully we are c the toast with enthusiasm. Mr Ja the friend of an improved system of of times. He stood up against a m in the days when it was not safe to him, and to such as him, that we blessings which we now enjoy, and so well described by my honourable While we sit, gentlemen, secure and the efficient and economical system lished, let us never forget to whom men, I give you Mr Jaap, and, if the honours.' The other croupier access of enthusiasm, and, rising, p health of the chairman had forme *chairman*, he should now be once *private individual*, and in union, if t with his fireside. The proposal is and acted upon, although many m before one man was over-buttered, as well to give a little scrape t

who had as yet got none. It is all in vain, however, for Mr Hogg's literary or professional friends to raise their voices amidst such a host of bourgeoisie. The spirit of the Candlemaker-Row and Bristo Street rules the hour, and all else must give way, as small minorities ought to do. Amidst the storm of civic toasts, a little thickish man, in a faded velvet waistcoat and strong-ale nose, rises with great solemnity, and addressing the chair, begs leave to remind the company of a very remarkable omission which has been made. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am sure when I mention my toast, you will all feel how much we have been to blame in delaying it so long. It is a toast, gentlemen, which calls in a peculiar manner for the sympathies of us all. It is a toast, gentlemen, which I am sure needs no recommendation from me, but which only requires to be mentioned in order to call up all that feeling which such a toast ever ought to call up—a toast, gentlemen—yes, gentlemen, a toast—gentlemen, I say a toast, that is a toast, such as seldom occurs. Some, perhaps, of the gentlemen here, are not aware of an incident of a very interesting nature which has taken place in the family of one of our worthy croupiers this morning. It has not yet been announced in the papers, but it probably will be so to-morrow. In the meantime, I need only say—"Mrs Gray, of a daughter." (Cheering from all parts of the house). Yes, gentlemen, one more added to the seven daughters with which Mr and Mrs Gray have already been blessed; and the lady, I am glad to say, is as well as can be expected under the by no means extraordinary circumstances. On such an occasion, gentlemen, you will not think me unreasonable if I ask you to get up, and drink, with all the honours, a bumper to Mrs Gray, and her sweet and interesting charge.' (Drunk with wild joy by all present).

About two o'clock in the morning, after the second reckoning has been called and paid by general contribution, Mr Taylor leaves the chair, which is taken by the young advocate. Other citizenly men, including the

croupiers, soon after glide off, not liking to stay out late from their families. As the company diminishes in number it increases in mirth, and at last the extremities of the table are abandoned, and the thinned host gathers in one cluster of intense fun and good-fellowism around the chair. Hogg now shines out for the first time in all his lustre, tells stories, sings and makes all life and glee. *The Laird o' Lamington*, *the Women Folk*, and *Paddy O'Rafferty*, his three most comic ditties, are given with a force and fire that carries all before it, and the poor poet wonders if *he* will ever come to be so bright a genius, and the centre of so much admiration. About this time, however, the reporters withdraw, so that it is not in our power to state any further particulars of the Candlemaker-Row Festival.

* * * *

The Shepherd now reposes beneath the sod of his native Ettrick, all the sorrows and joys of his chequered career hushed with his own breath, and not a stone to point pale Scotia's way, to pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust. While thus recalling, for the amusement of an idle hour, some of the whimsical scenes in which we have met James Hogg, let it not be supposed that we think of him only with a regard to the homely manners, the social good-nature, and the unimportant foibles, by which he was characterised. The world amidst which he moved was but too apt, especially of late years, to regard him in these lights alone, forgetting that, beneath his rustic plaid, there beat one of the kindest and most unperverted of hearts, while his bonnet covered the head from which had sprung *Kilmeny* and *Donald Macdonald*. Hogg, as an untutored man, was a prodigy, much more so than Burns, who had had comparatively a good education; and now that he is dead and gone, we look around in vain for a living hand capable of awaking the national lyre. *The time* will probably come when this inspired rustic *will be more* justly appreciated.

SCENE WITH A PIRATE.

In the month of July 1813, I was on my way from New York to the island of Curaçoa, on board the American ship *Patrick Henry*, commanded by Captain Tuttle. We had had a fine passage, and were looking forward to the end of our voyage in about a week. I was the only passenger, and of course was thrown in a great measure on my own resources for amusement, the chief of which was testing the powers of an admirable glass of London manufacture upon every vessel that shewed itself above the horizon. Our captain was kind and civil, but there appeared a mystery about him that he did not like to be pried into, and our communication had in consequence been reserved.

In about latitude 20 degrees, and longitude 60 degrees 15 minutes, we were running along with a fine fresh breeze abeam, and all our weather studding-sails set. I was sitting alone in the cabin, ruminating upon the changes of scene and society into which I had been forced so contrary to my inclinations, and wondering whether the happiness of a quiet and domestic life was ever to fall to my lot, when the captain came down and told me that, as I was so fond of using my glass, there was a vessel just appearing on the horizon to windward, and that I might go and see what she was, for he could not make her out at all. I went on deck, and mounted into the main-top, and began my scrutiny.

'Well, what is she?' asked the captain from the deck.

'I can hardly make her out, but I think she is a schooner.'

'Ay—what's her course?'

'*South-west by* south, I think; about the same as ourselves.' I remained in the top for a few minutes, and continued looking at the stranger. 'She seems fonder

of the sea than I am,' I continued, 'for she might have her top-sails and top-gallants, and studding-sails to boot, all set, instead of slipping along under her lower sails.' The captain made no answer, but was looking hard at her with his eye. I now perceived through my glass a white speck above her foresail, flap, flapping against the mast.

'Well, she must have heard me, for there goes her fore-topsail.'

The captain now went to the companion for his glass, and after looking attentively at her for a short time, 'What's that?' he asked; 'is that her square-sail she's setting? I can't very well see from the deck.'

I looked again: 'Yes, 'tis her square-sail; as I'm alive, she's changed her course, and is bearing down upon us.' But by this time the captain had mounted the rigging, and was standing beside me; he was eyeing the distant vessel keenly. After having apparently satisfied himself, he asked me to go with him to the cabin, as he wished to talk with me alone. We descended to the deck, and I followed him to the cabin. He motioned me to take a seat, and after carefully shutting the door, 'I rather expect,' said he, 'that fellow's a pirate.'

'Pirate!' I asked in alarm.

'Yes, I say pirate, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, you see, he'd no business to be sneaking along in that do-little sort of a way, as when we first saw him; who ever, that had any honest business to do, would allow such a fine breeze to go by without shewing more canvas than a powder-monkey's old breeches to catch it? Next, you see, what the mischief has he to do with us, that, as soon as he clapped eyes on us, he must alter his course, and be so anxious to get out his square-sail? Again, he looks just like one of those imps of mischief, with his low black hull and tall raking masts. But it's no use talking; I tell you he's a pirate, and that's as true as my name's *Isaac Tuttle*. And now the only thing is, what shall we *do*? The *Patrick Henry* ain't a Baltimore clipper, and *that ere devil* will walk up to us like nothing. But I'll *tell you* what strikes me:—If we let them devils aboard,

it's most likely we'll all walk the plank; so we'd better try to keep 'em out. We ha'int got but an old rusty carronade and two six-pounders, and I don't believe there's a ball on board, we came off in such a hurry. Then, there's two muskets and an old regulation-rifle down in my state-room; but they ha'int been fired I don't know when, and I'd as lief stand afore 'em as behind 'em. But our ship's as handsome a looking craft as you'll see; and couldn't we look wicked-like now, and try to frighten that cut-throat-looking rascal?'

I confess I was at first startled at the captain's opinion of the strange sail, and his reasoning left me hardly a hope that his judgment was not correct; but his cool and collected manner impressed me with confidence in his management, and I told him he knew best what we should do, and I would second him as I best could. He walked up and down the cabin twice; then rubbing his hands together as if pleased with his own idea, 'I have it,' he cried; 'I'll just go on deck to put things in order, and in the meantime you'd better amuse yourself looking out your pistols, if you have any; for if he won't be content with a look at us, we'll have to fight.'

I hurriedly took my fowling-piece and pistols from their cases, for I fortunately had both; and though I somehow refused to allow myself to believe there would be any occasion for their use, yet I loaded them all with ball, and in each of the pistols put a brace: this done, I went on deck, where I found the captain surrounded by his crew, telling them his suspicions, and his plan of action. 'But,' said he, 'maybe we'll have to fight; if them devils have a mind to try us, they'll send a boat on board, and I want to know if you'll help me to keep 'em off. You see it's most likely they'll make you walk the plank, whether you fight or not, if they get on board; and I calculate, if you do just as I tell you, we'll frighten 'em.' There was a hearty 'Ay, ay, sir,' to this short and pithy harangue. 'Thankee, thankee, boys,' said the *captain; 'now, we'll* not shew another stitch of canvas, *but seem to take* no more notice of that fellow than if we

didn't see him; and if he does try to com
we'll shew 'em what we can do.'

Our captain was about fifty years old, rat
stout, but muscular; his face was bronzed
tempest, and his locks, which had once bee
grizzled by the same causes. He was an
a stanch republican; and as some of his
of fight in which their captain had borne
sumed he had served when a young man in
the States.

The crew were busy, in obedience to his
up a spare foretop-gallant-mast into logs
feet long; these were immediately painte
a round spot in the centre of one end, so
tolerable resemblance to pieces of cannon,
old six-pounders, were placed, one at each
deck, five on a side; but the ports wer
closed until the captain gave the order to op
they were to be raised as quickly as pos
logs thrust out about a foot. A platform w
on the top of the long-boat, which was fixe
fore and main masts, and the carronade
pounder, was hoisted up. These things b
the captain went below, and the crew must
to wonder and talk of what was to be done.

In the meantime, we had been standing
and had not shifted or hoisted a single sail,
perfectly regardless of the schooner. No
however; for besides a large square-sail a
sail on the foremast, she had run out smal
studding-sails, and onward she came, right
smart breeze, yawing from side to side, a
sinking stern foremost into the trough of
enormous wave rolled out from under her, a
forced headlong onwards by its successor,
white sheet of foam spread out around her,
ful relief to the jet-black colour of her hull,
rapidly she was going through the water
help thinking of the captain's expression,

walk up to us like nothin';' and as there appeared not much time to lose, I went down to the cabin to ıe my weapons. The captain was there arranging papers, and a bottle was before him, into which he ut a letter. 'Maybe,' said he, 'something 'll happen ; for if them 'ere bloody devils won't be cheated, I o the first to suffer ; and natural enough too, for all ıischief they'll suffer will be by my orders, just se I didn't like to be overhauled like an old tarpaulin ery rascal that chooses to say heave-to in the high But never mind; only, should you escape, just the bottle and letter overboard, if you think you deliver it yourself.'

w, I had never seriously considered the probability might also be killed in an approaching mêlée, for I ht that the captain intended to throw open his ports ıew his sham guns, and that, of course, the schooner l take fright. But when he began to talk about death :h a serious strain, I began to feel very uncomfort- and not being naturally a warrior, I wished my- ıywhere else than on board the *Patrick Henry*. ı I was, however, without a chance of escape ; and I sted to the captain, that it would be as well for me ; a letter into the bottle also, in case of any accident h of us, which was agreed to ; and we arranged that ıer survived, and had the opportunity, the letter of nfortunate should be safely forwarded to its desti- ı. After this little piece of preparation, the captain me by the hand. ''Tis well,' said he; 'are you g to share with me the post of danger! Do not se I am unaccustomed to the perils of a sea-fight: ɔung man; I've supported the glory of the thirteen s in many a gallant action, and have witnessed the of those honoured and esteemed as the sons of y. Yet they were fighting for their country, and it heir duty to hold their lives cheap; but you are a nger, and should be under my protection—yet I ask ɔ *share my* danger. I wish some one to stand by *the platform*, and help me to manage the swivel.

lands are scarce, and I don't know
'ou.' The hardy fellow's eyes glister
proposal, to which I of course instantly
thankee,' he replied, and relapsed int
ter. 'Twas strange; he had always
his vessel as a common Yankee captai
and with a rough uncouth manner but
his men. Yet he at once, though evid
assumed the air and manner of a polis
it certainly struck me that the latter
more natural to him than the forme
dently a mystery about him, and I dc
out when more opportune circumstan

We went on deck, and the men wer
waiting for the orders of their captain
These were soon given. The cooper
were ordered to bring up all hatchets,
and defensive weapons, and with th
they were distributed among the
their orders to use them in repell
board.

The schooner had now come dow
of us, when she suddenly took dowr
hauled her wind, to have a look
did not know what to make of our
Presently a cloud of smoke burst
ball came skipping over the water
us. 'I thought so,' said the cap
her our stripes.' A ball of bunti
our mizen-peak, rested an instan
the American ensign. The smok
schooner, and she ran up at h
Colombian Republic. 'That's
them blackguards; they're alw
republic.' Scarcely were the
when another column of smok
and another ball came skip—
but, catching a swell, it plun
of it. 'That fellow now, I t

not wait for another. Clue up the main-sail, boys; haul aft the weather main-braces; clue up the foresail; luff her, man, luff her a little more—steady,' burst from our captain's mouth: the orders were obeyed with the quickness of a well-disciplined crew, and our ship was hove to. 'Now, my lads, take your stations, four to each port on the weather-side, but do nothin' till I tell ye.' The men took their stations, as directed, round each log on the weather-side, and I followed the captain to the platform where our carronade was mounted. It was loaded to the muzzle with bits of iron, musket-balls, lumps of lead, and various other missiles, for the captain had conjectured truly—there were no balls on board. The schooner hove to, and a boat was lowered, and crowded with men. It approached rapidly, pulled by eight rowers. The muzzle of our carronade was depressed as much as possible, and made to bear on the water about fifty yards from the ship. The captain stood with his speaking-trumpet in one hand, and a handspike, with which he shifted the position of the gun as required, in the other. The schooner's boat approached, and was pulling rapidly to get alongside.

'Now, sir, keep steady, and obey my orders coolly,' said the captain in an under-tone. 'Boy, fetch the iron that's heating in the galley—run.' The boy ran, and returned with the iron rod heated at one end, which was handed to me. 'When I tell you to fire, fire, as you value your life and those on board.' The captain now put his speaking-trumpet to his mouth, and hailed the boat, which was within a hundred yards of us. 'Stop—no nearer, or I'll blow you all out of the water—keep off, keep off, or, I say, I'll'—— At that instant the man at the bows of the boat, who appeared to take the command, gave an order, and a volley from several muskets was fired at us. I heard the balls hit about me, and turned to look for the captain, to receive my order to fire. He was on one knee behind the cannon, and holding it by the breech. 'Why, captain! what's the matter? are you hit?' He rallied. '*Nothing—they're coming.*' He gave another hoist to the gun, cast his eye hurriedly along its barrel—'Fire, and

be quick!' I needed not a second bidding, for the boat was close alongside. The smoke burst from the touch-hole with a hiss, and for an instant I thought the gun had missed fire, but in the next it exploded with a tremendous report, that deafened me. 'Throw open your ports, boys, and shew them your teeth,' roared the captain through his trumpet, and his voice sounded hideously unnatural. In an instant every port was up, and our guns protruded their muzzles. I had fancied that I heard a crash, followed by wild screams, immediately upon the discharge of the cannon; but the report had deafened me, and the smoke, which was driven back in my face, had so shrouded me, that I could not see; the unearthly shout of the captain had also for the moment driven the idea from my mind, and I now grasped my gun to repel boarders. But my hearing had not deceived me; for, as the smoke was borne away to leeward, the whole scene of destruction burst upon my sight. The cannon had been most truly pointed, and its contents had shivered the hapless boat, killing or wounding almost every person in her. The longest lifetime will hardly efface that scene from my mind. The stern of the boat had been carried completely away, and it was sinking by the weight of the human beings that clung to it. As it gradually disappeared, the miserable wretches straggled forward to the bows, and with horrid screams and imprecations battled for a moment for what little support it might yield. The dead and the dying were floating and splashing around them, while a deep crimson tinge marked how fatal had been that discharge. Ropes were thrown over, and everything done to save those that were not destroyed by the cannon-shot, but only three out of the boat's crew of twenty-four were saved—the greater part went down with the boat to which they clung.

The whole scene of destruction did not last ten minutes, and all was again quiet. The bodies of those who had *been shot* did not sink, but were driven by the wind and *sea against* the side of the ship. From some the blood *was gently* oozing, and floating around them; others,

stiff in the convulsion in which they had died, were grinning or frowning with horrible expression. One body, strong and muscular, with neat white trousers, and a leathern girdle in which were stuck two pistols, floated by, but the face was gone; some merciless ball had so disfigured him, that all trace of human expression was destroyed. He was the pirate captain.

But where was the schooner? She lay for a few minutes after the destruction of her boat; and whether alarmed at our appearance, or horrified at the loss of so many of her men, I know not, but she slipped her foresail, and stood away as close to the wind as possible. We saw no more of her.

The excitement of the scenes we had just passed through, prevented our missing the captain; but so soon as the schooner bore away, all naturally expected his voice to give some order for getting again under-way. But no order came. Where was he? The musket discharge from the boat, with the unearthly voice that conveyed the orders for the ports to be thrown open, flashed across my mind. I ran to the platform. The captain was there, lying on his face beside the gun that he had pointed with such deadly effect. He still grasped the speaking-trumpet in his hand, and I shuddered as I beheld its mouthpiece covered with blood.

'The captain's killed!' I cried, and stooped to raise him.

'I believe I am,' said he; 'take me to the cabin.'

A dozen ready hands were stretched to receive him, and he was taken below, and carefully laid on a sofa. 'Ay,' he said, 'I heard the crash; my ear knows too well the crash of shot against a plank to be mistaken, and my eye has pointed too many guns to miss its mark easily now. But, tell me, is any one else hurt?'

'No, thank God,' I said; 'and I hope you are not so badly hit.'

'Bad enough. But cut open my waistcoat—'tis here.' A mouthful of blood stopped his utterance, but he pointed to *his right side.* I wiped his mouth, and we cut off his *waistcoat as gently as* possible. There was no blood;

but on removing his shirt, we discovered, ab
inches on the right of the pit of the stomach, a di
spot, about the size of half-a-crown, darkening
its centre, where there was a small wound. A
ball had struck him, and from there being no
bleeding, I feared the worst. We dressed the
well as circumstances would permit; but ext
was trifling—the fatal wound was within. The
nate sufferer motioned for all to leave him but
calling me to his side: 'I feel,' said he, 'that I a
the letter, promise me that you will get it forwa
to my poor widow. Well, I've tempted this de
and escaped, and 'tis hard to be struck by a
hand. But God's will be done.' I promised tha
personally deliver the letter, for that I intende
ing to New York from Curaçoa. 'Thank you t
the dying man; 'you will then see my Helen
child, and can tell them that their unfortunate
and father died thinking of them. This ship a
are mine, and will belong to my family. Stran
not always what I now seem. But I could
that the Yankee skipper should be known a
once'—— A sudden flow of blood prevented hi
the sentence. I tried to relieve him by change o
but in vain; he muttered some incoherent sen
which his mind seemed to dwell upon former
battle for the republic, and of undeserved treatm
rallied for one instant, and with a blessing for h
and the name of Helen on his lips, he ceased to

The body of our unfortunate captain was
committed to the waves amidst the tears of us
voyage was prosecuted to an end without furth
ruption. I did not forget the wishes of the dy
how faithfully I fulfilled them, and how I h
rewarded, or how satisfactory to me was the
history of the poor captain, need not be told.
to say, that I am settled in Elm Cottage, Bloemer
am the happiest son-in-law, husband, and fa
United States.

DROLL EPITAPHS.

THE following is in St Alban's church-yard, Wood Street, London :—

Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,
Sine tombe, sine sheets, sine riches;
Qui vixit sine gowne,
Sine cloake, sine shirt, sine breeches.

In Herne church-yard, near Canterbury—

Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a china dish that must
Be used in heaven, when God shall feed the just.

On Purcell, the celebrated composer, in Westminster Abbey—

Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq.,
Who left this life, and is gone to that blest place,
Where only his own harmony can be exceeded.*

On Edward Bond, of Armagh, who ordered L.100 to be given to the poor, instead of a pompous funeral to himself—

No marble pomp, no monumental praise;
My tomb this dial, epitaph these lays.
Pride and low mouldering clay but ill agree;
Death levels me to beggars; kings to me.
Alive, instruction was my work each day;
Dead, I persist instruction to convey.
Here, reader, mark—perhaps now in thy prime—
The stealing steps of never-standing time:
Thou'lt be what I am; catch the present hour;
Employ that well, for that 's within thy power.

On the Countess of Pembroke, by Ben Jonson—

Underneath this marble hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

---

* *Purcell died* November 21, 1695, aged thirty-seven.

On the Earl of Strafford, by John Cleveland—

Here lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just;
STRAFFORD, who was hurried hence,
'Twixt treason and convenience:
He spent his time here in a mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
His prince's nearest joy and grief
He had, yet wanted all relief;
The prop and ruin of the state,
The people's violent love and hate,
One in the extremes loved and abhorred.
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies blood! And let it lie
Speechless still and never cry.

On a dramatist, who was a plagiary and a liar—

Here *lies* ——
In truth you'll find beneath this ground,
One who ne'er yet in truth was found;
Yet none on earth poor Tom deceived,
For, always lying, none believed.
But, strange!
By Fate despatched without his fill,
Below, the dog is *lying still*.

In St Leonards, Foster Lane, upon Robert Trappis, goldsmith, 1526—

When the bels be merrily roung,
And the masse devoutly soung,
And the meate merrily eaten,
Then sal Robert Trappis, his wiffe, and children, be forgotten,
Whefor, Jesu, that of Mary sproung,
Let their soulys, thy saints among.
Though it be undeserved on their syde,
Yet, good Lord, let them evermore thy mercy abyde;
And of your charite
For their soulys say a Paternoster and Ave.

In Kinghorn church-yard, Fifeshire, upon the grave-stone of William Knox of Common, armiger, who died 1677—

Of terrors' king the trophies here you see;
Frail man his days like to a shadow flie;
Or like the path of eagle's wing on high,
That leaves no traces in the distant sky:
Fair as those flowers that fleeting fade away,
So does this life expand—then droop—decay!
But future springs shall renovate the tomb,
And we in gardens of th' Eternal bloom.

stone in the ruins of an old church near Broughton
n, Northamptonshire—

Time was, I stood where thou dost now,
And viewed the dead as thou dost me;
Erelong thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand and look on thee.

mwell church-yard, Herts—on Mr Thomas Monger,
died August 1773, aged sixty-four—

That which a being was, what is it? shew;
That being which it was, it is not now;
To be what 'tis—is not to be, you see;
That which now is not, shall a being be.

following monument is of a nature to make the
glad; it exists at Waisley, near Bradford, Wilts :—

r this place lie the remains of Jane Sarfen: she spent the
r part of her life in nursing of young children; in which
she behaved with that faithful diligence and tenderness,
er example is highly worthy the imitation of all those who
ake so important a trust.
ıbeth Oliver, who owes her life to the indefatigable pains and
ried attendance of this good woman, thinks it her duty to pay
it grateful tribute to her memory.

the Statistical Account of Scotland, published by
ohn Sinclair, the writer of the notice of the parish
unkeld, in alluding to a piece of burial-ground
:en the cathedral and the street, mentions that it
ins no remarkable epitaph. 'One, however,' says
should be mentioned, which has been frequently
ted as copied from a tombstone there. But though
composed on the person to whom it relates, and
vas an inhabitant of Dunkeld, it was never actually
bed. One of her descendants is still [1798] alive,
ecollects to have seen her, and reports that it was
ɔsed by Mr Pennycook.* She died in 1728. It is as
's, more remarkable for whimsical statement of
ological facts, than elegance of poetry :—

Stop, passenger, until my life you read;
The living may get knowledge from the dead.

---

*desman in Edinburgh, who composed poetry in the style of
nsay.*

Five times five years unwedded was my life;
Five times five years I lived a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I wept a widow's woes;
Now, tired of human scenes, I here repose.
Betwixt my cradle and my grave were seen
Seven mighty kings of Scotland and a queen: *
Full twice five years the Commonwealth I saw; †
Ten times the subjects rise against the law.
And, which is worse than any civil war,
A king arraigned before the subjects' bar.
Swarms of sectarians, hot with hellish rage,
Cut off his royal head upon the stage.
Twice did I see old Prelacy pulled down, ‡
And twice the cloak did sink beneath the gown.
I saw the Stewart race thrust out; nay, more,
I saw our country sold for English ore; §
Our numerous nobles, who have famous been,
Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen.
Such desolations in my time have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.'

THE FREE TRAPPERS.

THE recital of the wild adventures of the American fur traders, given by Washington Irving in his *Astoria*, was followed up by an equally interesting account of the *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, a singular personage, who, with a trusty band of trappers and others, penetrated some years ago into the region of the Rocky Mountains, for the purpose of extending the American fur trade. In the last-named work, we have introduced to us, for the first time, a new order of vagrants, half-trader, half-

* These must have been James VI., Charles I., Charles II., James II., William III., Queen Anne, George I., and George II.; which renders it necessary that her age should have been at least three years more than a hundred, in order to reach back to the year 1625, when James VI. ceased to reign.

† It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the Commonwealth *lasted* a comparatively short time. The poet has slumped all the *various governments* of the interregnum under this title.

‡ *In 1638 and 1689.*

§ *At the Union*, in 1707.

ho have grown out of the system of exploratory
in the far west.

·ly, the principal part of the company of tra-
nsisted of *voyageurs* or boatmen, and *coureurs*
'A totally different class,' says Mr Irving, 'has
ıg up, "the Mountaineers," traders and trappers,
ə the vast mountain-chains, and pursue their
ɜ vocations amidst their wild recesses. They
m place to place on horseback. The eques-
rcises, therefore, in which they are continually
the nature of the countries they traverse; vast
d mountains, pure and exhilarating in atmo-
ualities; seem to make them physically and
a more lively and mercurial race than the fur
nd trappers of former days—the self-vaunting
the north." A man who bestrides a horse, must
ally different from a man who cowers in a canoe.
them, accordingly, hardy, lithe, vigorous, and
xtravagant in word, and thought, and deed;
of hardship; daring of danger; prodigal of the
nd thoughtless of the future. Accustomed to live
r to bivouac in the open air, he despises the com-
is impatient of the enjoyments of the loghouse.
al is not ready in season, he takes his rifle, hies
ɛst or the prairie, shoots his own game, lights his
ɔooks his repast. With his horse and his rifle,
ependent of the world, and spurns at all its
. The very superintendents at the lower posts
put him to mess with the common men, the
ɔf the establishment, but treat him as something

is, perhaps, no class of men on the face of the
ı lead a life of more continued exertion, peril,
ement, and who are more enamoured of their
ıs, than the free trappers of the west. No toil,
r, no privation, can turn the trapper from his
His passionate excitement at times resembles a
ɔ *vain may the* most vigilant and cruel savages
ath; in vain may rocks, and precipices, and

ıtry torrents, oppose his progress; let but a single ıck of a beaver meet his eye, and he forgets all danger ıd defies all difficulties.

'At times he may be seen with his traps on his shoulder, uffeting his way across rapid streams, amidst floating ɔlocks of ice: at other times he is to be found with his traps swung on his back, clambering the most rugged mountains, scaling or descending the most frightful precipices, searching, by routes inaccessible to the horse, and never before trodden by white man, for springs and lakes unknown to his comrades, and where he may meet with his favourite game. Such is the mountaineer, the hardy trapper of the west; and such, as we have slightly sketched it, is the wild Robin-Hood-kind of life, with all its strange and motley populace, now existing in full vigour among the Rocky Mountains.'

The author, at a subsequent part of the work, gives a lively account of the appearance of these roystering blades. 'They come and go when and where they please; provide their own horses, arms, and other equipments; trap and trade on their own account, and dispose of their skins and peltries to the highest bidder. Sometimes in a dangerous hunting-ground, they attach themselves to the camp of some trader for protection.

'The wandering whites who mingle for any length time with the savages, have invariably a proneness adopt savage habitudes, but none more so than the trappers. It is a matter of vanity and ambition them, to discard everything that may bear the stam civilised life, and to adopt the manners, habits, gesture, and even walk of the Indian. You cannot free trapper a greater compliment, than to persuad you have mistaken him for an Indian brave; and, i the counterfeit is complete. His hair, suffered t to a great length, is carefully combed out, and eit to fall carelessly over his shoulders, or plaited and tied up in otter-skins, or party-coloured A hunting-shirt of ruffled calico of bright c anted leather, falls to his knee; be

riously-fashioned leggins, ornamented with strings, nges, and a profusion of hawks' bells, reach to a costly ir of moccasons of the finest Indian fabric, richly broidered with beads. A blanket of scarlet, or some ier bright colour, hangs from his shoulders, and is t round his waist with a red sash, in which he bestows pistols, knife, and the stem of his Indian pipe—eparations either for peace or war. His gun is ishly decorated with brass tacks and vermilion, and ovided with a fringed cover, occasionally of buckskin, namented here and there with a feather. His horse, noble minister to the pride, pleasure, and profit of mountaineer, is selected for his speed and spirit, d prancing carriage, and holds a place in his esti-tion second only to himself. He shares largely of bounty, and of his pride and pomp of trapping. He caparisoned in the most dashing and fantastic style; bridles and crupper are weightily embossed with ads and cockades; and head, mane, and tail, are inter-ven with abundance of eagles' plumes, which flutter the wind. To complete this grotesque equipment, the oud animal is bestreaked and bespotted with vermilion, with white clay, whichever presents the most glaring ntrast to his real colour.'

Such is the account given by Captain Bonneville of ese rangers of the wilderness, and their appearance at camp was strikingly characteristic. They came dash-forward at full speed, firing their fusees, and yelling Indian style. Their dark sunburnt faces, and long wing hair, their leggins, flaps, moccasons, and gaudily ed blankets, and their painted horses richly caparisoned, ve them so much the air and appearance of Indians, at it was difficult to persuade one's self that they were uite men, and had been brought up in civilised life. ptain Bonneville was delighted with the game-look these cavaliers of the mountains, welcomed them artily to his camp, and ordered a free allowance of og to regale them, which soon put them in the most aggard *spirits.*

The following sketch of an encampment in a retreat among the mountains, recommended as a good wintering spot by some of Bonneville's Indian allies, finishes the picture of the free trapper:—'They were now in a natural fastness of the mountains, the ingress and egress of which was by a deep gorge, so narrow, rugged, and difficult, as to prevent secret approach or rapid retreat, and to admit of easy defence. Captain Bonneville soon found that the Indians had not exaggerated the advantages of this region. Beside numerous gangs of elk, large flocks of the ashanta or bighorn, the mountain-sheep, were to be seen bounding among the precipices. These simple animals were easily circumvented and destroyed. A few hunters may surround a flock, and kill as many as they please. Numbers were daily brought into camp, and the flesh of those which were young and fat was extolled as superior to the finest mutton. Here, then, there was a cessation from toil, from hunger, and alarm. Past ills and dangers were forgotten. The hunt, the game, the song, the story, the rough though good-humoured joke, made time pass joyously away, and plenty and security reigned throughout the camp.'

While at this place, one of the free trappers applied to Kowsoter, an Indian chief, to seek him a wife from among his tribe; and the chief complying with the request, brings the lady who is to be so favoured, along with a band of her relations, to the trapper's lodge. The scene which ensued is described in Mr Irving's best manner. 'The trapper received his new and numerous family connections with proper solemnity; he placed his bride beside him, and, filling the pipe, the great symbol of peace, with his best tobacco, took two or three whiffs, then handed it to the chief, who transferred it to the father of the bride, from whence it was passed on from hand to hand and mouth to mouth of the whole circle of *kinsmen* round the fire, all maintaining the most profound *and becoming* silence. After several pipes had been filled *and emptied* in this solemn ceremonial, the chief addressed *the bride*, detailing at considerable length the duties of

a wife, which, among Indians, are little less onerous than those of the packhorse; this done, he turned to her friends, and congratulated them upon the great alliance she had made. They shewed a due sense of their good fortune, especially when the nuptial presents came to be distributed among the chiefs and relatives, amounting to about 180 dollars. The company soon retired, and now the worthy trapper found indeed that he had no green girl to deal with; for the knowing dame at once assumed the style and dignity of a trapper's wife, taking possession of the lodge as her undisputed empire; arranging everything according to her own taste and habitudes; and appearing as much at home, and on as easy terms with the trapper, as if they had been man and wife for years.

The free trapper, while a bachelor, has no greater pet than his horse; but the moment he takes a wife—a sort of brevet rank in matrimony occasionally bestowed upon some Indian fair one, like the heroes of ancient chivalry, in the open field—he discovers that he has a still more fanciful and capricious animal on which to lavish his expenses. No sooner does an Indian belle experience this promotion, than all her notions at once rise and expand to the dignity of her situation; and the purse of her lover, and his credit into the bargain, are tasked to the utmost to fit her out in becoming style. The wife of a free trapper to be equipped and arrayed like any ordinary and undistinguished squaw? Perish the grovelling thought! In the first place, she must have a horse for her own riding; but no jaded, sorry, earth-spirited hack; such as is sometimes assigned by an Indian husband for the transportation of his squaw and her papooses: the wife of a free trapper must have the most beautiful animal she can lay her eyes on. And then as to his decoration: head-stall, breast-bands, saddle and crupper, are lavishly embroidered with beads, and hung with thimbles, hawks' bells, and bunches of ribbonds. From each side of the saddle hangs an esquimoot, a sort of *pocket, in which she* bestows the residue of her trinkets and *nick-knacks, which* cannot be crowded on the decoration

horse or herself. Over this she [illegible] wi
of [illegible] re a drapery of scarlet and bright-colour
great [illegible] and now considers the equipment of her sta
calico [illegible]
complete.

As to her own person, she is even still more extravaga
Her hair, esteemed beautiful in proportion to its leng
is carefully plaited, and made to fall with seeming neg
gence over each breast. Her riding-hat is stuck full
party-coloured feathers; her robe, fashioned somewh
after that of the whites, is of red, green, and sometim
gray cloth, but always of the finest texture that can b
procured. Her leggins and moccasons are of the mo
beautiful and expensive workmanship, and, fitting neat
to the foot and ankle, which with the Indian women ar
generally well-formed and delicate, look extremely pretty
Then as to jewellery: in the way of finger-rings, earring
necklaces, and other female glories, nothing within reac
of the trapper's means is omitted that can tend to impres
the beholder with an idea of the lady's high estate. T
finish the whole, she selects from among her blankets
various dyes, one of some glowing colour, and throwing
over her shoulders with a native grace, vaults into th
saddle of her gay prancing steed, and is ready to follo
her mountaineer "to the last gasp with love and loyalty."

END OF VOL. XIV.

CHAMBERS'S

KET MISCELLANY.

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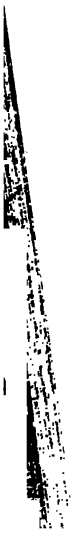

CHAMBERS'S

KET MISCELLANY.

)RY OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE.'

oncly Inn of Crook, near the source of the
spot well known to travellers and tourists,
)ne much admired by them, being, as it were,
the desert, a place of rest and refreshment in
ıountainous wilderness. This place, or rather
ırhood, was the scene of a strange adventure,
ago, which we propose to narrate to the reader
)mplete form than it has hitherto appeared.
y morning, in the autumn of 1746, George
landlord of the Crook Inn, stood at the door
:ed dwelling, eyeing attentively the heavens
and the mountains around him, for want, it
nything better to do. 'Confoun' these mists!'
ɜ; 'they'll no clear up the hail day, I doot.
:ather gang on muckle langer, we may shut
hen we like. No ae leevin' thing,' continued
out to the middle of the road that passed his
looking first up and then down the narrow
e leevin' thing to be seen either to the richt
't. But there's aye ae comfort in this rouky

weather, at onyrate; for if it be the same in the Highlands as it is here, the puir bits o' bodies that's skulkin' aboot the hill-taps winna be sae easily ta'en by the sodgers.' The landlord's observations were suddenly cut short. His eye caught sight of a party of soldiers, the very persons he had been speaking of; and he hurried in to prepare for their anticipated visit.

Meanwhile, the little party of soldiers which had caught his eye, marched slowly up the vale, along the soft and plashy road that ran nearly parallel with the Tweed. Such detachments were no uncommon visitors of the Crook, for this little hostel lay on the direct road from the Highlands towards Carlisle, whither the northern rebels were at this time regularly sent, as taken, in order that they might be tried at a cool distance from all partial influences, and where, at this particular time, scarcely a week passed without seeing numbers of them executed according to the approved style dictated by the English law of high-treason. The well-armed party now advancing to the Crook, was bound on such an errand. They were six or seven in number, with a lieutenant at their head, and in the midst of them walked a tall and finely formed young Highlander, with his right arm pinned for security to his side. Though on his way to certain death, and though his soiled tartans and thin cheek spoke of suffering and privation, the prisoner moved with as firm a tread as his captors, and, but for his bonds, might have been taken as their chief. Of a very different opinion, however, was Lieutenant Howison, the actual leader of the band, a pompous middle-aged man, of low stature, and thickset, rolling figure, which was rendered somewhat ludicrous to look at, by its possessor having bent it into a crescent—the convex side foremost—through long-continued attempts to acquire a dignified military attitude. Everything which this personage did or said was 'in the *king's name.*' This was indeed Lieutenant Howison's *tower of strength.* It was even alleged, that when he *ran away from* the battle of Prestonpans, he did it 'in the *king's name.*'

uch was the person who halted, on the morning al-
ed to, to refresh himself and men at the Inn of Crook,
ing marched some five or six miles since daybreak.
er commanding his soldiers to go with the prisoner
o one room, and take some bread and cheese, the
itenant himself retired to another apartment, there
refresh himself with something of a more savoury
ure, if it was to be had. Geordie, in person, waited
the officer, and supplied him with the best the house
itained. When this duty had been performed, the
dlord then turned his attention to the soldiers, being,
fact, anxious to get a glimpse of the 'puir chield' that
l fallen into their hands. In this object he was at
t disappointed, the Highlander's face being averted
m the rest of the party, and steadily directed towards
window. At last one of the soldiers, with more
dness than any of the others seemed disposed to shew,
laimed: 'Come, my lad, here's a share of my bit and
! I shan't see a poor fellow starved neither, rebel
ugh he has been.' The prisoner seemingly was
ched by the man's good-nature, and turned partly
nd to benefit by the offer. Geordie Black, on the
tant that he got a glimpse of the Highlander's face,
s overwhelmed with alarm and vexation. His heart
ed him, and it was with a feeling of fainting that he
unk from the apartment.

It was not until the soldiers were fairly out of sight,
t the heart-stricken landlord dared to give vent to his
lings. 'O Peggy, Peggy, woman!' said he when
ne with his wife, 'whae do ye think has faun into
ir murdering clutches but Neil Maclaren! What
l become o' Ailie noo, wandering, maybe, by this time
e door to door, without a house to put her head in,
a bit to put in her mouth, or as likely to be dead and
ie, since we have na heard from her about this unlucky
siness. O what could tempt him to gang out, and him
narried man wi' a family!' To Geordie's tirade, his
e *could only* reply by sorrowful exclamations of 'My
dochter, my puir Ailie!' The forenoon, it may well

be conceived, was spent by the l
most unpleasant state of mind, for M
will have surmised, was their so
surprised the landlord much, whic
have remained so long ignorant
Prince Charles. But the truth wa
joined him a short time before th
being drawn, *at last*, from his hou
an invading enemy in his native co

Let us now leave for awhile th
to whom this was destined to be
follow the party of soldiers in the
Vale of Tweed. As Geordie Blac
mists did not clear up as the da
parts of the country, indeed, mig
fog, but at every step the soldiers
and higher, and the white drizzlin
sides became thicker and thicker.
if there is in all the Lowlands
elevated piece of table-land than
miles above Crook, from which s
the three great rivers, the Clyde,
Tweed. The road traversed by Ma
crosses this obtusely-pyramidal heig
to be, on a great scale, by the des
at a spot called Errick-Stane-Brae.

After the height of the country
proceeds for some way along the
green hollow, in which the Anna
which is usually termed the Devil'
the Marquis of Annandale's, Beef-T
blance it bears to that domestic ut
reivers of the great Border house
old to conceal their stolen cattle i
the appellation, the sides of this h
pendicular all round, the bottom
in clear weather, a traveller lookin
the road, sees bullocks diminished
and sheep to the magnitude of r

n, however, it was filled to the brim by the dense
ıich pervaded the atmosphere, so that the road
g along the top appeared like the shore of a deep
the sea, to step from which would have been to
into an abyss, and be lost for ever.
soldiers, though the country was to them entirely
ıssed along the high and perilous road with feelings
mpressed by it. The dreariness and monotony
r day's march had rendered their minds dull and
tive, and instead of keeping in a close circle round
ıisoner, they straggled along in a line, in which
ı sometimes near the front, and sometimes near
ır. Very different was the mental condition of
en, who, from his having frequently passed this
th cattle, as many Highland gentlemen of superior
ɔ himself were accustomed to do, was acquainted
very foot of the way, and had long meditated a
lar design of escape, which he was now to put
cecution. How great was the astonishment of
ldiery, when Maclaren, who at one moment was
quietly along in the dreary march, was the next
ı start, as if instinct with a new life, from their
ıwards the edge of the precipice, over which he
d head foremost, and was in a moment lost to
To rush after him was but the work of another
ıt; yet so quick had been his movements, that
already absorbed in the sea of mist which filled
ef-Tub. With his head firmly clenched between
ees, and holding his feet in his hands, he had
himself as nearly as possible into a round form,
.owed himself freely to roll heels over head down
ep side of the hollow, the surface of which he knew
ed at this place no obstructions capable of injuring
In their ignorance of the ground, no soldier durst
him. The brave lieutenant could only, as soon as
ıvered breath, exclaim with an oath: 'Stop, sir—
t you in the king's name!' while the soldiers fired
ıuskets at random into the misty gulf, or ran a
'ay round its edges, in the hope of finding a less

perilous access to the bottom. It was all in vain, and, after once more gathering, they could only console themselves with the undoubting assurance, that the rascal must have broken his neck in the descent, and so relieved the king of the duty of punishing his rebellion.

At the moment when the lieutenant uttered his characteristic exclamation, Neil Maclaren could have stopped his career neither for king nor kaiser. He arrived, however, at the bottom of the Beef-Stand without the slightest injury, and on the instant that he did so, he commenced his ascent of the opposite side with the speed of one who hears behind him the blood-hound's bay. When he reached the top, being well acquainted with the ground, he set off at full speed in the direction of his father-in-law's house, following, not the road by which he had come, but the hillsides, where he was not likely to be seen by any one. He took this route, in the hope that in some of the many corner-holes about the Crook, he might easily lie concealed until the hue-and-cry was blown over. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations.

After the departure of the soldiers with their prisoner, Geordie Black was surprised by the arrival of visitors that were near and dear to him—namely, his daughter Ailie with her infant child. The poor young creature knew of her husband's capture, and was on her way to Carlisle to beg his life, or to die with him. Her parents persuaded or rather compelled her to stay for a night with them, in order to take that rest of which she stood in so much need; but it may be imagined, that they could offer her no other consolation. Consolation, however, was not far off, though they then saw it not. After night had set in, Geordie, with the view of excluding as much as possible all spectators of his daughter's grief, went out in person to bring a supply of fuel for the *parlour fire*, from the peat-stack. While in the act of *lifting* these combustibles, a voice whispered his name, *and, finding* by the terrified 'Gudesake! what's that!' *that it* was his father-in-law, Maclaren revealed himself

and told the story of his marvellous escape. It would be hard to say whether joy or alarm was predominant in the old man's mind on hearing it, for he feared the return of the soldiers. He had, nevertheless, no thought for an instant of abandoning Neil. Going into the house for a lantern, he led his son-in-law to an unoccupied and well-concealed corner of his premises; and then having prepared both of them for the joyful and most unexpected interview, he conducted the wife to her husband's arms. They were strongly attached to each other, and their feelings on meeting are not to be described.

Lieutenant Howison and two of his men reached Crook during the night, the rest having gone, according to command, in various directions in search of the fugitive. In anticipation of such a visit, Maclaren had been carefully and securely secreted, and the servants of the household, being put upon their guard, were too faithful not to avoid all mention of Maclaren's wife's name. The lieutenant, indeed, never entertained the slightest suspicion of the landlord, but on the contrary condescended, as if sure of the sympathies of his auditor, to repeat to Geordie many emphatic denunciations of the scoundrel who kept 'tumbling and rolling' down the Devil's Beef-Stand, though called upon to halt 'in the king's name.' The unwelcome military visitants departed from the Crook on the following day.

Neil Maclaren, the hero of this remarkable escape, contrived, with the aid of his friends, to keep himself concealed, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another, until the act of indemnity was passed by the government. He then returned with his wife to the braes of Balquhidder, in which district he was a dunie-wassal, or small proprietor. Like Rob Roy, he had not disdained to seek the improvement of his fortunes by sending cattle to England, and these expeditions he sometimes guided in person. While on one of these journeys, he had *seen* and loved, wooed and won, Allie Black. *After claiming* and obtaining the immunity alluded to, he *recovered—chiefly* by the help of Geordie Black's well-

saved *pose*—the greater part of his former heritage, and lived in peace, for the rest of his days, in the bosom of his family.

A FAIR IN INDIA.

One of the chief fairs, or assemblages of the people, in India, takes place at Hurdwar, a town in the province of Delhi, situated on the banks of the Ganges, at the spot in which the sacred river, having forced its passage through a rocky barrier, rushes from the Himalaya Mountains into the adjacent plains. This celebrated place of meeting occupies rather a circumscribed space of ground between the river and a dense forest, still unreclaimed, which nearly meets the western extremity of the town; steep wooded hills form the background; and the place is altogether so full of grand and picturesque beauties, that it is impossible to contemplate it without experiencing sentiments of wonder and delight. In consequence of the exceeding sanctity supposed to be attached to the waters of the Ganges at this place, immense multitudes of pilgrims from every part of India flock to Hurdwar for the purpose of bathing in the holy stream; and the most propitious period being the month of April, sometimes as many as a million of persons are assembled, though, upon ordinary occasions, the visitors do not exceed 300,000. Only a portion of this number consists of Hindoo devotees, the remainder being composed of people of all religions, who resort to the fair held at the same time, by way of mingling worldly with spiritual interests.

The number of Europeans present generally averages about 300; a part of these are brought to the fair upon duty in their civil and military capacities, to keep the *peace;* others are employed by government for the *purchase* of horses for the service; and the remainder *are attracted* by pure curiosity. Many rich Mussulmans

ɔed thither from the same motive, and the rest go
he purpose of buying and selling the commodities
ght from every known corner of the globe for sale
is place. The town of Kunkul, which is about
) miles to the southward, on the bank of the river,
hat of Hurdwar, is very handsomely built; the best
ɔs of cut freestone in both places, having their foun-
ns in the sacred stream, and presenting a very im-
g façade. The possession of a mansion at Kunkul,
urdwar, is quite equivalent to the importance of a
-house in London, and can only be attainable by
) and wealthy Hindoos, who are eager to display
consequence by the purchase of one of these resi-
es, where they spend vast sums of money in feasting
) cormorants the Brahmins. Many of the pilgrims
in the tents which they have brought with them;
the remainder are content with temporary huts, or
helter or shade whatsoever that they can obtain, or
the broad canopy of the sky, or the boughs of some
dly tree. The European visitors usually pitch their
on both sides of the road from Kunkul; and their
npment is exceedingly striking, the tents being chiefly
le poled, and of large dimensions, containing several
ments, while spaces at the back are enclosed by
ıs walls. It is very prettily situated amid groves
angoes, dividing the country-houses of rich natives,
fully-built, and having blooming gardens attached
em. The Mohammedan encampments are equally
did, the awnings of the tents being edged with
ped borders of scarlet or other gay colours, and
alls striped with the same; while in both the crowds
rvants superbly dressed, and the numerous animals,
s, elephants, camels, and bullocks, picketed singly,
posing in groups, add greatly to the animation of the
. In approaching Hurdwar, the concourse increases;
oad swarms with travellers in all kinds of convey-
; a fat Brahmin, stretched at length upon a bedstead
ı looks like a bier, and carried upon men's shoulders;
s squatting in small cage-like conveyances, just suffi-

cient to hold a person doubled up in the lea
pass; others in more convenient chairs and
slung on both sides of a camel in pannier
lock-carts, some mounted on bullocks or b
horses of every grade, and in fact every l
either of draught or of burden, are put i
for the purpose of transporting the pec
goods and families, multitudes of children
in the train of their parents. Religious
every denomination abound, as well as n
of fanatics and hypocrites who in India
and themselves by their pretensions to sa
The charity of the pilgrims at Hurdwar is
they cannot bathe in the river without pa
money to the officiating Brahmins, who at
ghauts; and as the benefit to be obtained
upon the number of separate dips, the
of their pilgrimage is rather costly; while
which they traverse, they are assailed by th
of some impudent fakir, eager to rob the
cowry.

A view of the town and the fair of H
upon the traveller at a sudden bend of t
space occupied by the fair is rather circu
presents a scene of perhaps unparalleled
in the multitude of objects which distract
it would be difficult to fix upon any, did
stand out so prominently amid the whol
smooth and tranquil, as if weary of its fie
in its mountain birthplace, spreads itself
diversified by low wooded islands; the l
immediately opposite to Hurdwar, being,
of the fair, connected to the mainland b
bridge. It forms the encamping-ground
of hill-rangers, brought from their he
Deyrah Doon, to assist in preserving tran
the fair, and at this time is literally cov
ings of every kind; grass-nets, blankets
cotton cloth, being extended on polea

om business has obliged to attend, and who cannot ord superior accommodation. At one of these fairs, her e Highness the Begum Sumroo made her appearance, orted by 1000 horse and 1500 infantry. There were, ides, nuwaubs and rajahs with long trains; and the iforms and liveries of their followers, many of a very ıtastic description, some wearing yellow turbans, and en sashes for the waist, and all decked in gaudy colours, med groups which neither pen nor pencil could accu- ely describe. The equipages are equally various, and tinguished by the same barbaric pomp—elephants bear- howdahs plated with silver, or shining with enamelled ıels, and caparisoned with cloths of velvet edged with d, sweeping to the ground; four-wheeled carriages, losed all round with curtains of white or scarlet th, or striped with both, and uniting at the top in a ornament; others of somewhat the same description two wheels, decorated with fringes and tassels, and drawn by bullocks, their horns painted with gay ours, and having embroidered harness and housings, l jingling all over with bells; palanquins open and sed, some panelled with the same kind of enamel- rk used for the howdahs, others being canopied h crimson or green-cloth curtains, fringed with gold. ne of these equipages convey the more wealthy devotees the principal ghaut, the remainder being occupied by re spectators. When a very great Hindoo lady per- ms the pilgrimage, a portion of the river is parted off the occasion, and she is carried into the water in a ge and richly-ornamented litter, which entirely conceals from view; women of lower rank, transported by the husiasm of the moment, are less scrupulous, and bathe nly, some with a very slender modicum of drapery, being considered rather praiseworthy to enter the river this time without any superfluous garment. The signal immersion is given in the first instance by the Brah- ıs, who, having calculated the most propitious moment, g their bells. The rush is excessive, and before the d to the principal ghaut was widened, it was often

nded by fatal consequences, 300 persons having, it is
l, been trampled upon and squeezed to death upon
a occasion. Many pilgrims, almost at their last gasp,
ving travelled hundreds of weary miles for the purpose,
ake one expiring effort, and, rushing into the wave,
ie in the first plunge; others, incapable of this exertion,
re conveyed by their friends into the river, where they
ield their last breath, happy in the conviction that they
shall be immediately absorbed into the holy essence of
the divinity.

These death-scenes take place without exciting any interest or attention from the multitude assembled, all being busy about their own affairs: the Brahmins eagerly collecting the tribute, and careful that none shall escape without payment of the toll; the fakirs, and other religious mendicants, as eagerly endeavouring to obtain something for themselves; the bathers intent upon securing as much advantage as they can from their ablutions; and the spectators merely employed in looking on, too completely distracted by the strange sights and sounds on all sides, to give much attention to any particular point. There are two temples in the immediate vicinity of the ghaut, which the pilgrims are expected to visit; and here crowds of Brahmins are stationed, to receive the contributions very peremptorily demanded upon all sides; indeed, so many and so pressing are these demand upon the purse, that the pilgrims ought to be very ric as well as very pious and charitable, in order to meet the The begging system at Hurdwar almost amounts to r bery; for so long as the poorest pilgrim is suspected having a single piece of coin of the very smallest deno nation left, he is persecuted first by entreaties, and the abuse, being told that the refusal of a single don will occasion the denial of the prayers of every holy Many of these poor creatures have a long way to t to their own homes; a circumstance which is not at all into consideration by the rapacious wretche care not who starves, provided that they are ben

As it may be easily supposed, the bathing of so g

not take place without noise and clamour: ts of the multitude are added the sound of -shells struck by the Brahmins, the ringing l the blare of trumpets; making altogether orse confounded. The fair is not less crowded, y not less noisy. At this place are assembled ıtatives of every Asiatic nation—mountaineers ıost remote districts, Osbech Tatars, Arabs, khs, Afghans, and people from Cashmere, he confines of China; Toorks, and the men Cabool, and Cutch. Horses form the grand ght for sale, and these may be seen picketed to Kunkul; they are of various descriptions, ous breeds. Elephants and camels are also sale; and both, like the horse, have their fine h are shewn off to the best advantage. An be perfect, must have a large head and large ıed back, sloping quarters, a deep flank, long ed throughout, short legs, the first pair bowing and a flat bunch of hair at the extremity of he express-camel is a very fine animal, which ll speed 100 miles at a stretch without pulling very materially in its swiftness and bearing lancholy-looking, slow-paced brethren, accus- driven long journeys with heavy burdens cks. There are other cattle in the shape l cows from Kipal, beautiful creatures with esembling black satin, and large bushy tails hite; bullocks, buffaloes, and gynees; the ls consist of hunting-leopards, tigers in cages, ıus kinds, Persian greyhounds, cats from Bulh, lken hair of singular beauty; monkeys, rare he hills, and snakes; cobra da capellos, which music of a pipe, and boa constrictors, worn of necklaces. The most experienced horse- l jockeys in the world are to be found at ıd numerous are the methods by which they pass off their cattle as sound and in good he lean kind are crammed with boiled vetches,

igled with pounded ginger and sugar; the vicious are pified by opium; and the sluggish stimulated to action some potent cordial. It being scarcely possible for y amateur to deal with these experienced practitioners, broker, or, as he is called in India, a Dulal, is usually mployed; and with his assistance, the bargain is speedily oncluded. Amongst the curiosities in horses which are rought to Hurdwar, are some very powerful ponies from Osbech Tatary, called Phooldars, which, translated, means spotted with flowers: they are very curiously marked, being covered all over with figures somewhat resembling those on marbled paper: one of these animals would be a great prize at Astley's or the Zoological Gardens.

In the stalls, almost every description of merchandise is exposed for sale—brazen vessels of every kind; idols and images of metal and of clay; common bead-necklaces; manufactured articles in agate, lapis lazuli, cornelian, and different marbles; coral, pearls, precious stones, rough, polished, or set, and some formed into necklaces, valued at L.5000 each; fans, chowries for whisking away the flies; every sort of native ornament in gold, silver, pewter, tinsel, or lac; sable, tiger leopard, ounce, and other skins; looking-glasses in ivor frames, ornamented with morceen-work; toys in ivo and mother-of-pearl; shoes, skull-caps, and scarfs, han somely embroidered; perfumes and sherbets; truf from the countries north of the Sutlej; gums medicinal drugs; shawls brought in bales from Cashr and sold unopened; pickles and sweetmeats from Ch French watches; English chintzes, broadcloth, statio and cutlery; together with other articles, forming too long for enumeration. The clamours of the traff are overwhelming; the corn-dealers vociferating their heaps of barley, wheat, or straw, are trodden and scattered; while others, watching their l pistachia-nuts, almonds, raisins, or assafœtida, w trespassers with shout and cry; while the neig *horses*, the bellowing of bulls, the trampling of ci *grunting* of camels, barking of dogs, and roarin

s, fill the air with discordant noises. In consequence
e very great demand for sweetmeats by this vast
tude, men and beasts being in India equally fond of
ctionary of all kinds, the lower floors of many of
ouses in the town of Hurdwar are let to manufac-
s of the sugared articles so much in request, who
on their operations in the open air, upon stoves
ng under the verandas. Huge caldrons and basins
n, copper, and brass, appear filled with a liquid mass,
osed of the different ingredients forming the com-
l; this mixture hisses and sputters as it boils;
at the proper period ladlefuls are taken out, and
poured upon a plate of iron over the furnace, are
ily transformed into cakes, which are piled up in
nous heaps, and sold to the passers-by.

ops belonging to bankers and money-changers are
numerous, and coin-collectors may here find many
nd curious specimens; every description of money
dia, both ancient and modern, finding its way to
war. The heat and the glare of the day render
ng the most agreeable period for a visit to the fair,
1 is best accomplished on the back of an elephant.
ssing along, groups of dancing-girls are to be seen
rming in the fronts of the houses of rich people,
ded by musicians, and singing with all their might;
amusements being carried on till a very late hour.
r revellers are also abroad, displaying their skill
all sorts of instruments; and amid all this noise
clamour, the bugles of the battalion of hill-rangers
be heard playing some English air, familiar to Euro-
ears, and the more soothing from its contrast to the
discord around. At night, the Ganges wears a very
nd enlivening appearance; the branch nearest the
being illuminated by vast numbers of lights disposed
its banks, and the surface rendered brilliant by
ng lamps, ignited and launched upon the water.
times a grand entertainment is given by the nuwaub
ajihabad, or other great personage, and the profusion
eworks which always form a part of a native fête,

renders the pageant still more effective. Lights are to be seen on all sides, and in all directions, from the temples, houses, tents, stalls, and huts; and, glancing among the trees, the European portion of the visitors drive home to a late dinner, and their encampment forms a very pleasing spectacle, more quiet, but perhaps not so gay with lights and music, as that of the rich natives. At length the uproar, which has been kept up without intermission since daybreak, dies away, and either subsides into a faint murmur, or ceases; the greater number of lamps are extinguished, and silence and darkness prevail. It is at this time that the thieves, a dexterous and numerous class, are upon the alert, and, trusting to the adroitness for which they are famed, venture, in despite of the precaution taken against them, to steal the very habiliments which some cautious sleeper has placed beneath his pillow. A terrier dog proves the best security, but when fatigued by the toils of the day, the wearied animal sinks into profound repose, and sometimes fails to give timely warning. The scientific mode by which an experienced thief will obtain the sheet or other article disposed for safety under the pillow, is to tickle the sleeper's ear with a straw; this causes him to turn, a pull being given at the same time; and should the manœuvre not be immediately successful, it is repeated at a proper interval, and is pretty certain to answer the end proposed.

Formerly, before the East India Company obtained possession of Hurdwar and its adjacent districts, the fair seldom or ever concluded without battles and bloodshed. The priesthood belonging to the rival sects, of which Hindooism presents many, all of whom are impressed with the notion of the efficacy of the Ganges water, endeavoured to secure the greater portion of the alms collected for themselves. When they and their partisans were strong enough, force was employed in the attainment of this object; while lawless tribes, covetous of the wealth brought to the fair, attacked the merchants, who were *obliged to* defend their goods by armed retainers. A

very efficient police, under the direction of the European magistrates of the district, now prevents these wholesale robberies; and it is only the petty depredations of professional thieves which are to be apprehended at the present time. The sale of spirituous liquors in the fair is prohibited under a heavy penalty: thus one fertile source of evil is cut off. No one is permitted to enter the place armed. All offensive weapons are deposited with certain officials named Chaprassies, appointed by government to take charge of them; all have duplicate-tickets, one of which is given to the owner, who, producing it upon his departure, receives his property back. At one particular period it is upon record that 700,000 swords were thus placed in the care of the chaprassies. But the fair is now said to be on the decline. Many people attribute this falling off to the belief now prevalent all over India, that the Christians are destined to spread their religion and customs throughout the land; an opinion which renders vast numbers rather lukewarm in their attachment to the fooleries of the Brahmins.

THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYBODY.

ME few summers ago, I spent several weeks at a pretty le watering-place, in one of the southern counties of tland. The village, during the period of my stay, was d with visitors of all classes and descriptions. Numbers eal or imaginary invalids from among the wealthier rs of society, were spending at the spot their usual of country residence, while many of a humbler rank seeking relief from true illness by the use of the cinal springs in the neighbourhood. Amongst all various residents, for the time being, a perfect ity reigned, and, indeed, this was in a measure able, seeing that there was no alternative between te solitude, and the adoption of such companions nce was pleased to bring in the way.

Those who lodged in the inn of the village, in particular, being chiefly young men, like myself, who had come to while away a week or two in fishing and other amusements, were brought into daily and hourly fellowship, having to breakfast, dine, and sup at a common table, and, in short, enjoying nothing individually and undividedly but their bedrooms. For my part, I enjoyed this fortuitous associateship very much, for the three or four weeks of my residence in the village. A great part of this enjoyment was owing to *one* individual, the only person among my co-lodgers who had anything remarkable about him; the rest being idle, gentlemanly young fellows of an ordinary cast. Not that I mean to insinuate that the individual particularised was not as idle and gentlemanly as any of them; only, he was not an 'ordinary' personage, and there lay the distinction. The first extraordinary thing about him was, that nobody knew his name, or who and what he was, though he knew everybody, and all about everybody. He was generally termed 'Mr S.,' or the 'gentleman with the whiskers,' his visage being decorated with an ample pair of these appendages. The chamber-maid it was, I believe, who gave us this initial glimpse at his name, having observed the letters J. S. on his portmanteau. Genteel in his person, courteous, even to excess, in his manners, and scrupulously neat, if not elegant, in his attire, Mr S. was calculated, at first sight, to excite a prepossession in his favour; and on further intercourse with him, this impression certainly had no tendency to decrease. Of the everyday small-talk of society, he was a first-rate master; he abounded in anecdote of the most pleasing conversational kind, his stories generally relating to living persons of note and rank in the world: and what was best of all about the good things he told, he almost uniformly gave you them at first hand, exactly as they had fallen from the lips of the parties concerned, in *his* presence. No common-place culler and retailer of fifty-*times* told and written *bon-mots* was the 'gentleman with *the whiskers*.' Everything that came from his mouth

ore the stamp of freshness and novelty. You could ot mention one man's name, but Mr S. would tell ou something about him you never heard before.

The reader must have a touch of S.'s vein, in order o comprehend the mysterious curiosity respecting im that gradually crept over my mind while I lived eside him. This curiosity, as has been already said, one of the rest of our watering-place companions could ratify. He was unknown to all; though, strange to ell, several of them were at times firm in the belief hat they had seen him somewhere before—but where r when they puzzled their brains in vain to recollect. Over my own mind a glimmering feeling of the same kind occasionally came, and ended in the like dark ncertainty. The general impression among us came o be, that Mr S. was a man of consequence, who ound it convenient, from some temporary pecuniary lifficulty, to keep himself and his whereabouts quiet for short while. How could we think otherwise, when we ound a man capable of describing accurately, from ersonal observation, the appearance, dress, and manners every peer and gentleman of note in the country? uppose the subject of the turf and its heroes to be started our little club of diners at the ordinary, out came with his observation—'Odd lengths keen sportsmen sometimes go, to be sure, with their passion for racing betting. Some men, from morning till night, seem to lk of nothing else; and though one would say that could not carry on turf-sports and dine at the same , yet I have actually known it done. I once heard K—— offer a heavy wager at dinner, that he would his famous hunter Rozinante over a chair-back, tly in the face of a rousing fire. The bet was taken e spot, and the stakes tabled. The horse was brought he dining-room in a few minutes afterwards, and air placed, according to agreement, at the distance ertain number of feet from the fire. His lordship ed, and in another instant the docile animal had the chair, and stood stock-still within a few inches

After some remarks had been made by the
on Mr S.'s anecdote, I chanced to observe,
sportsmen could not conveniently make their
a race-course or hunting-field, they could
at least, and never could be at a loss for things
as every one would allow, that recollected
the two sportsmen, who, when confined to the
wet day, commenced wagering with each other
parative speed of the rain-drops coursing down
—punes.' S. instantly capped—as they say at
—my good old Joe Miller with an anecdote,
daisy, and which shewed his familiar intercourse
reat as much as the last one did. 'They don't
t in a way so harmless to themselves,' said he
initials. 'The well-known Murphy, as keen a
n as ever wore spurs, once laid a very heavy
that he would stick a hundred pins, of the common
up to their heads in one of his limbs. He fulfilled
rtaking with the courage of a martyr, and won
But the consequence of his feat was, that he
confined to bed for months, and ran the greatest risk
of losing both his limb and his life. I heard the engage
ment entered into, but its execution, I believe, took place
in his own bedroom. Not quite so dangerous to himself,'
continued S., 'was the manner in which another hero
sportsman, Captain Murray, afterwards Lord E—,
exhibited his betting propensities. So proud was he
captain of the iron firmness which a long course of h
exercise on horseback had given to his limbs, that
was in the habit of laying bets, that no one could
pinch him in that quarter of his body. When he
get nobody to take up such a wager with him, it was
uncommon thing for him to *offer* half-crowns, some
in a public market, to any one, groom, hostler, or j
who could succeed in effecting a *nip*.'

Who, thought I and all present, when our friend
the whiskers gave us such stories as these—who
that is or has been so intimate with nobles and gen
of rank, as to have been a witness of the ea

ngs of their most retired and convivial moments? If
ıspicion of his being simply a retailer of things heard
n others ever crossed our mind, it was speedily
ıoved again by the discovery of his correctness in
ıe point or other, that could scarcely have been known
ıny one but an eyesight observer. And yet, would a
n of high rank live unattended in a paltry little country-
, and the inn, too, of a watering-place, a public resort?
ıides, if he were a man of note, surely somebody or
er should have known him.

)ne remarkable point in the character of this strange
sonage puzzled me much. I never heard him utter
ingle remark on literature or books, although I often
leavoured to lead him into the subject. This induced
, after much cogitation, to set him down as an author:
did not wish to commit himself on the matter of other
n's writings; like Sir Walter Scott, he wished to live
peace with all his brethren. Therefore, when this
in of thought sprung up in my mind, I set him down
an author—only to set him down as something else
hin the next ten minutes. Neither did I ever hear
ı give utterance to a single remark on science, unless,
eed, ventriloquism be ranked as one. On this subject,
remember, he once told us a very curious incident,
ich had taken place, as usual, under his own eye.

Carmichael, a ventriloquist of some note, was invited
a hotel by some admiring patrons. A bottle of wine
s ordered, when, just as the waiter was about to draw
: cork and decant it, he and the company were
ounded by a plaintive voice exclaiming: 'Oh! gentle-
n, help me out of the *lum*'—that is, the chimney. The
dlord was called, and on the voice repeating its
intive petition, he exclaimed: 'How, in the name of
nder, did you get there?' 'I cam down the wrang
ı this morning,' cried the prisoner, 'and I canna gang
again; and, O dear, as little can I get down!' The
ry landlord declared the fellow must have intended
every, sent for a policeman, and at the same time pro-
ed a couple of chimney-sweeps to examine the vent,

while every now and then the voice kept crying: 'I can't get down!' The sooty-men explored the chimney, and declared that the man was gone. A repetition of the 'I can't get down,' belied their words; and the landlord was on the point of sending for masons to break into the vent, when, to the astonishment of all, including the ventriloquist's patrons, who were completely taken by surprise as well as the others, the dexterous juggler revealed the deception. He had imitated the crying of a person from the chimney, and no one had noticed the deception.

After spending a week or two in daily listening to such anecdotes as those that have been related, my desire—and I believe it was participated in by many others—to know who Mr S. really was, knew no bounds. From his stories, one sometimes would have imagined him to be a peer, sometimes a sporting squire, sometimes a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, or a daily associate, at least, of one or other of these classes of the community. Sometimes I imagined the mystic being might be a member of our senate, but, seeing that half-a-dozen at least of M. P.s bore the same initials, I was here as much at a loss as ever.

The appointed term of my stay in the little watering-place approached, and I was wretched. Had it not been for the medicinal waters which I drank every morning, I must have fallen into a 'curious' consumption. The man with the whiskers—he of the initials—J. S.—had made me miserable. He was as courteous, as much admired, and as anecdotical as ever. One day, however, while half-a-dozen of us were sitting at the ordinary, and just as I was thinking of announcing my departure on an early day, one of the party who had taken up a newspaper, remarked that visitors had at last begun to return from the country to town, and read a long list of arrivals, including many of the nobility, at the National Hotel. For the first time, as this list was read, I saw emotion depicted on the usually unperturbed countenance of the *mysterious S.*; that countenance which I had so long

watched with absorbing interest. 'An attachment,' was my immediate thought, 'to some lady named in the list of arrivals.' As soon as I could, I got the paper into my hands, and instantly looked at the arrivals. The celebrated beauties, the Hon. Misses A——, were among the number. 'Poor J. S., or happy J. S., as it may be, has an attachment to one of them, it is quite clear,' was my cogitation; and it was confirmed by his announcement, shortly after, of his intention to return to town by next day's coach. Doubtless the ardour of his passion induced him to fly to his love without delay. More deeply interested in my friend of the initials than ever, I quickly formed and made known my resolve to depart by the same conveyance.

After I had taken my seat, at an early hour next morning, on the top of the coach, J. S. made his appearance, but, to my great surprise, his cheeks were as bare as my hand. His whiskers were completely gone. As I was ruminating on the cause of this, S. jumped up beside me on the coach, and everything was nearly ready for the start, when one of our companions of the ordinary, of whom we had taken leave on the preceding night, came to the door of the inn, and looking up to us, was about, as I thought, to say 'good-by,' but instead of that, he fixed his eyes on my companion's unwhiskered countenance with a look of amazement, gave a slap to his leg, and cried: 'I have him at last! it's the'—— 'Ya hip!' cried the coachman; off dashed the horses, rattle went the wheels, and what the gentleman was about to say was drowned in the commingled noise. But it was not altogether lost upon me. I saw that the speaker so untimeously interrupted, had at last discovered, by the denudation of his cheeks, who J. S. really was. What would I not have given for one moment's delay of that coach's career! as it was, I had learned something. The last word which I had heard—the *the*—indicated that J. S. was no common man. He had a title. People talk of *the* Viscount, *the* Lord Advocate, *the* Lord Provost, but no man in an ordinary situation of life, no lawyer or

merchant, can be distinctively pointed out by the prefixture of the definite article *the*. The gentleman with the initials must unquestionably be a man of no mean distinction.

With this impression on my mind, I confess I almost insensibly heightened the respectfulness of my tone in addressing my coach-companion as we bowled along the road, and it seemed to me that he also became more respectful, while there was a pensive reserve about him also, which I attributed to his meditations, poor fellow, upon one of the Hon. Misses A——. As we were driving along, dying with curiosity as I was, I did not like to offer an exchange of cards, which would be next to asking his name, a thing he seemed desirous to keep secret. The end of our journey approached, and I thought internally, with a bitter sigh, that it must be left to some future chance to unfold this mystery. The coach reached Edinburgh. Before it came to what is called its stand, the mysterious bearer of the initials jumped off. He touched his hat, and bade me good-by. My heart sunk within me with vexation and disappointment. As a last resource, having observed S. to speak in a familiar whisper to the coachman, it struck me to ask the latter if he knew the gentleman who had left us. Coachee was a sort of half Cockney. 'Vy,' says the handler of the whip, 'I knows him wery vell. It's Joe Swipes, as is the vaiter at the National. A rum fellor he is too, and no mistake. I'll varrant now he's been a'-playing the gen'leman somewere, wile the 'ouse is slack. And a right good gen'leman he makes. I never heard sich stories as Joe can pump out. But *visker-time's* over, as we says, wot knows him—the gentry's a'-coming in, and he must look sharp a'ter business now!'

Waiter or lord, Joe Swipes *was* a gentleman.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

is elegant poetical effusion is a translation from the German of
e, and is prized for the pleasing manner in which it connects the
ification of natural objects with expressions of the purest affec-
A captive knight is supposed to hold a dialogue in song with
ı flowers growing near the walls of his prison.—We quote from
volume of the *North American Review*.]

CAPTIVE.

A FLOWER, that 's wondrous fair I know,
My bosom holds it dear,
To seek that flower I long to go,
But am imprisoned here.
'Tis no light grief oppresses me;
For in the days my steps were free,
I had it always near.

Far round the tower I send mine eye,
The tower so steep and tall;
But nowhere can the flower descry
From this high castle wall;
And him who 'll bring me my desire,
Or be he knight, or be he squire,
My dearest friend I 'll call.

ROSE.

My blossoms near thee I disclose,
And hear thy wretched plight;
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the rose,
Thou noble, hapless knight.
A lofty mind in thee is seen,
And in thy bosom reigns the queen
Of flowers, as is her right.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

CAPTIVE.

Thy crimson bud I duly prize
In outer robe of green;
For this thou 'rt dear in maiden's eyes,
As gold and jewels sheen,
Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow,
And yet the flower—it is not thou,
Whom my still wishes mean.

LILY.

The little rose has cause for pride,
And upwards aye will soar;
Yet am I held by many a bride
The rose's wreath before.
And beats thy bosom faithfully,
And art thou true, and pure as I,
Thou 'lt prize the lily more.

CAPTIVE.

I call myself both chaste and pure,
And pure from passions low;
And yet these walls my limbs immure
In loneliness and wo.
Though thou dost seem, in white arrayed,
Like many a pure and beauteous maid,
One dearer thing I know.

PINK.

And dearer I, the pink, must be,
And me thou sure dost choose,
Or else the gardener ne'er for me
Such watchful care would use;
A crowd of leaves encircling bloom!
And mine through life the sweet per
And all the thousand hues!

CAPTIVE.

The pink can no one justly slight,
The gardener's favourite flower;
He sets it now beneath the light,
Now shields it from its power.
Yet 'tis not pomp, which o'er the rest
In splendour shines, can make me blest;
It is a still small flower.

VIOLET.

I stand concealed, and bending low,
And do not love to speak;
Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,
My wonted silence break.
For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,
Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,
My perfumes all I 'll make.

CAPTIVE.

The violet I esteem indeed,
So modest and so kind;
Its fragrance sweet, yet more I need
To soothe my anguished mind.
To you the truth will I confess:
Here 'mid this rocky dreariness,
My love I ne'er shall find.

The truest wife by yonder brook
Will roam the mournful day,
And hither cast the anxious look,
Long as immured I stay.
Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,
And says, Forget me not! the power
I feel, though far away.

Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,
For true love joins us twain,
And therefore 'mid the dungeon's night
I still in life remain.
And sinks my heart at my hard lot,
I but exclaim; Forget me not!
And straight new life regain.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and so warm that our men lay about the deck and in groups with hardly any covering; I think I never saw so perfectly clear and brilliant a night. Some of the officers were reading, and with ease, by the light of the moon; and the ocean, as far as the sight could stretch, was a glittering mirror without a single ruffle or wave: we lay like a log on the water, with all sails set, but not a breath of air to move them. The crew were collected in small parties about the forecastle and main-deck, listening to the long yarns of some gray-headed seaman, about the Flying Dutchman of the Black River of Gatand, while now and then some favourite sea-song was bawled forth from the laughing crowd. The officers were walking about the quarter-deck, smoking and conversing, and occasionally extending their walk so far as to listen to the stories of the forecastle. This was my first voyage on the 'wide, wide sea:' and as I was the youngest of the mids, I found particular favour with several of the oldest seamen, with whom, by the by, I liked to associate better than with my brother-middies. I always loved to listen to their tales of murder and battles, and would sit for hours on the coils of rope, *and hear* old Jack Transom, our second mate, an old man *of sixty* years, relate his adventures and 'hair-breadth *escapes.*'

We had left Port Royal, on the south side of Jamaica,

e day before, on our way to the mouth of the Amazon, d were now passing between the small islands of ontserrat and Guadeloupe: in the distance you could e the white moonbeams playing on the fort and beach, d glistening on the low roofs and white walls of the tle capital of Guadeloupe. I was standing on the pstan with a small night-glass in my hand, looking at e opposite shore, with its long low beach, with here d there a small slave-hut or mound of loose stones led up as a covering over the grave of some drowned ilor whose body had been washed on shore. I dropped y glass, and was getting down from my station, when .ck Transom stepped up, and asked for a squint. I nded the glass to him, and after looking through it a oment, he handed it back, saying: 'Ay, ay, there it ands, with its creaking chains and dry bones rattling in e still air, as if a ten-knot breeze was rippling over it.' What's that?' said I, eagerly catching the glass, and inting it where 'Old Starboard,' as he was familiarly lled, directed me. It was some time before I saw what i meant. When I did, I was at no loss for his abrupt eech. A little north of the town, on the white beach, od a tall gibbet with its chains, and even, as old Jack id, its white bones, for I plainly saw them even at that stance glimmering in the rays of the bright moon, and I most fancied I heard them rattling and shaking against ch other, though, as I said before, there was not a eath of air, not enough to move a feather. I shuddered the sight, for I was young, and easily affected by ything terrible or gloomy. We all knew that Old arboard was on one of his long-yarn tacks, and in short time a group was formed around the old fellow, anxious as the crowds of coffee-drinkers in the saloons Constantinople to listen to the wonderful adventures the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, or Sinbad the Sailor. t's now forty years ago, or thereabouts,' began Old arboard, stuffing a huge quid of the true Virginia into *left cheek, 'since* I first laid eyes on that same death-*ling gallows.* I was then a mere foremast-man, and

aps rather green, seeing as how that was my
x this way, and only the third time I had ever s
t water. It was a dark stormy night, with a st
rth-wester blowing at the rate of ten knots an h
d we were beating across this very channel und
avy press, with the hopes of clearing the shoals be
orning; all hands were on deck clearing off and ta
a some of our light canvas, for the gale kept on incr
ng, and our main-mast creaked heavily with its l
when the watch ahead bawled out, "Helm a-lee!
ahead!"—but before the words were scarcely out o
mouth, we were upon the vessel. We struck her a
midships, carrying away our bowsprit, and dashing in
forecastle sails and knuckle-timbers as if they had
glass. But it fared worse with the vessel we met.
was small, being about seven feet in the water, whe
we drew nearer fifteen. We passed slick over her,
she had been a mere boy's plaything. You may be
there was no standing still; everything was hauled
and we were before the wind in less than half a sh
the boats were lowered, although there was such
running that it was almost impossible to live in a
boat. Logs of wood and hen-coops were thrown over
so that, if any were alive, they might save them
Our first mate was standing on the quarter, lis
when he declared that he heard a shout. We lister
then it came again and again, but fainter every tir
length our captain ordered a boat out, with direc
put in to the shore, and come off in the mornin
should lay to. That night there was not an eye
the ship. We were all waiting for the morning,
thought it sheer madness in our captain to s
boat in such a sea, and so dark a night, and
that she would be swamped in less than ten
though no one said so to the captain, for he wa
his gloomy moods, and walked the deck nearly
night without opening his mouth. We stood
till morning, and by this time the wind ha
siderably, and we had a moderate breeze.

it, we bore down to the little bay you see off
o the nor'-east, and having anchored, sent off a
he shore. I was in her, and I shall never forget
when I first saw our men standing on the beach
looing to us: we were soon among them, and
uestions enough to sink a lighter. After leaving
, they steered as near as they could tell to where
s came from; after running about ten minutes,
ld hear them plainer, and at last got so near as
: to the person: it was a man who was clinging
ge board, and was nearly exhausted. After a
y got him in, and finally reached the shore; the
ow was nearly gone, and could not speak a word,
ook him to a house, and, after awhile, by rolling
ming him, brought him to. It so happened that
e belonged to the governor, or whatever they call
d as soon as he clapped his eyes on the man, he
m, and had him taken to prison; and it turned
, after all our trouble, we had only saved the
etch from being drowned that he might be hung;
as proved by many who knew him, having seen
ow before, and by pieces of the wreck which
shore, that he was nothing better than a real
hose murders were so numerous they couldn't be

He had been taken twice before, but had
each time. The governor, to be sure of him,
ered the execution to take place that day. We
re to stay on shore and see it. He looked pale
dead when they brought him out, and for the soul
couldn't help pitying him, he stepped so firm, and
willingly to meet his death. He was led out to
ows between two files of soldiers, and our parson
o him all the way, but he paid no attention, and
to be thinking of something else—mayhap the
sel he had lost, and all that. We saw the poor
wung off, and then went back to our ship, but
s no laughing or joking that day, nor the next.
r we all felt as if we had some hand in it, and
e poor man had been food for the fishes rather

than to have fallen a prey to land-sharks. The body w taken down, and then hung up in chains; and on o homeward voyage we saw them there rattling in the s breeze and bleaching in the sun. I have passed h often, but I have never forgotten to look for the gallo and the pirate's remains, and I shall never forget t night while I live.'

'All hands a-hoy!' shouted the boatswain, and in moment I was left alone. Before I went to my berth, took one more look at the dreaded object, and determin if ever I found leisure, to commit the story to paper.*

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

NEITHER the most humble individual, nor what considered one of the meanest of occupations, is to despised. This is illustrated by the following little sto which we quote from an old volume of the *Litera Gazette*:—

The sultan of a certain Eastern country gave notice, t on a particular day he would entertain the nobles of l court with some field-sports. The courtiers were imm diately in a state of preparation, the attendants we every one upon the alert, and all was on the tiptoe expectation, for all knew that a feast would follow, a all were eager to follow a feast, as the sultan was dist guished as an epicure, and his courtiers were not a l behind him.

The wished-for day arrived, and at the first dawn t huntsmen, their helpers, and all that belonged to t train and pomp of an Eastern hunt, were in readine On the sultan himself, the prospect of the sport had ma *some impression*, and he did not keep his nobles mo

* We have copied the above from a collection of pieces, wher appears without any author or publisher's name, and are ther not aware of the source whence it originated.

n three hours waiting. The prostrations were made, sultan was seated, and a signal was given for his ourite repast, which, on days of exercise, he was accus-ıed to order; but, O wonder of wonders! the signal ; not answered by the immediate appearance of the ıquet. It was repeated with as little success. The ırtiers who dared to look, rolled their eyes about in all ections, the mutes were distinctly seen to move, and favourite sultana alone dared to meet the eye of her d, and finding there no immediate killing orders, began breathe freely; at the same moment a confused rmur was heard, and the venerable person of the ef cook was seen making his way to the throne, before awful majesty of which, throwing himself as flat as protuberance of his body would permit, he thus ran :—

'Light of the Sun, Splendour of the Moon, Eclipse of Stars, Mightier than the mightiest! the life of thy ve is but as a grain of sand before thee.' The sultan re cut short his speech along with his head—the prime nister was despatched to discover the cause the chief ık had been so long of coming, and he found the kitchen consternation. He learned that the court chimney-eeper, in order to ruin the cook, who had levied a tax addition from the perquisites of his soot-bag, had ;lected the orders for sweeping the chimney on the day ;vious to the hunt, whereby a quantity of soot falling the fire, had spoiled the favourite mess.

By this time, the storm brewing on the empty stomach the sultan had reached its climax, and scarce had his nister intimated the occasion, when an immediate order s given to execute all the chimney-sweeps in his metro-lis. A few stragglers only were found on whom to ecute this summary order. The principal court-sweep, 'eseeing the consequences, had retreated with his family, d as many of his tribe as he could warn of the mischief ıich he knew would follow, to a neighbouring state then *war with his* quondam prince.

But the sultan waits—and wait he must; for as to

having his victuals cooked by an ordinary cook at an ordinary kitchen, the thing was not to be done; so taking some dried sweetmeats and coffee in his harem, the day's pleasure was reversed; but the mischief was not over, for the palace kitchen could have no fire till the chimney was cleansed, and the sultan called a council, by which it was concluded, that chimney-sweepers were of use, and by proclamation a pardon was offered to such as would come forth from their concealments, and operate as before. But caution and distrust had so wrought on the sable community, that not one—if any had remained—appeared. The evil increased, foul chimneys were everywhere complained of, and a reward was added to the pardon of the sultan; but still without effect.

In the meantime, a few fires broke out, and a few houses were consumed, from the accumulation of soot; and such was the general panic, that men began to think of their own safety in preference to the homage due to their first magistrate; and even went so far as to accuse him of rashness, in hastily putting an end to what was discovered on all hands to be so useful and necessary a part of the community.

The sultan continued to assemble his councils, who were instructed in all the learning and wisdom of antiquity, but who had never yet discovered that so trifling an article as sweeping a chimney might inconvenience and even menace the overthrow of a mighty empire. Insurrections were already on foot, and the precipitancy of the monarch was the ground of complaint.

The scavengers now began to feel their importance, and the city was in danger of becoming a prey to pestilence from its filth; when the sultan, a politic man in the main, though a little too hasty, entered into negotiations with the exiled sweep-master, who, on the promise of a pardon, a place, and a pension, returned to the duties of his occupation, and brought his brethren of the brush *over by making* terms for them. Upon this turn of affairs, *the other* orders of the state returned respectively to *their employment*. As the grandees had by this time

undertaken to do their own dirty work, the ladies of the seraglio made their own beds, and the favourite sultana was said to have been seen mending her own stockings; for as the revolt had become general, the necessity of the case was urgent, and even young sweeps were in training from the younger children of respectable families; for as a title had been added by way of a douceur to the original mover of the revolt, the profession was no longer thought degrading.

It was thus that necessity first shewed the importance of an humble part of society, and pointed out a remedy, by putting them upon a more equal footing with the more wealthy and exalted; and the mutual compact was cemented; the sultan gave a grand hunt on the occasion, and a tolerable cook being obtained, a good fire and a clean chimney insured him his favourite meal, and the day went off without the loss of a single life, except that of a boar, which they brought home in triumph.

DELUGE IN THE VALLEY OF THE DRANSE.

At the opening of one of the subordinate valleys which branch out from the greater strath of the Valais, in Switzerland, stands the small city or town of Martigny, on the river Dranse, which was the scene of one of the most direful inundations which had ever occurred in that part of the world. This destructive deluge took place in the year 1818, and memorials of its visitation are yet observable both in the town and its vicinity. We quote the account of the catastrophe, in an abridged form, from an exceedingly beautiful work—*Switzerland Illustrated*, by Dr Beattie. (2 vols. Virtue: London.)

For a considerable time, the waters of the Dranse had gradually diminished, and at length almost disappeared. So *unusual a phenomenon*, it might have been supposed, *would have led* to some inquiry into the cause, and to a

salutary apprehension of consequences. This, however, was not the case. At length, in the month of April, some inhabitants, more curious than the rest, ascended the course of the river, to ascertain by what cause the water had been interrupted. On further inspection, they found that vast masses of the glaciers—frozen mountains of snow—of Getroz, and avalanches, had slipped from their perch, and, falling into a narrow defile between Mount Pleuser and Mount Mauvoisin, had formed an intercepting mound of ice and snow 600 feet wide and 400 feet high, which was supported on a base of 3000 feet. Behind this enormous and still increasing barrier, the impeded waters of the Dranse had formed a lake twelve furlongs in length. They now took alarm, and adopted immediate steps to prevent a catastrophe, which, unless speedily remedied, was unavoidable. In this emergency, M. Nenetz, the public engineer, a man of great skill and energy, was appealed to; and he immediately undertook to excavate a tunnel through this enormous mass of ice, and thus effect an escape for the waters. On the 10th of May, the enterprise commenced on both sides, at the height of twenty yards above the level of the water, which it was calculated would not rise above this height during the interval employed in perforation. Every judicious arrangement was made that could accelerate and secure the success of the enterprise; and the work, kept up without intermission by alternating gangs of fifty miners at a time, promised a speedy termination to the gallery, and the vivid apprehensions which the still accumulating danger awakened. The conduct of the engineer, and the intrepidity of those acting under him in this perilous duty, were above all praise. Night and day they continued at their post, neither intimidated by present danger, nor deterred by the symptoms of almost inevitable destruction. They acted like men devoted to the salvation *of their* homes, and threw themselves into the gap with *the resolution* to rescue their fellow-citizens, or sacrifice *their own* lives in the cause. This heroic spirit was *every hour* put to the severest test. Avalanches con-

tinued to fall; and the astounding crash and descent of fresh masses from the glacier, followed by a sudden swell in the waters of the lake, might have inspired terror in the stoutest heart.

On an average, the lake acquired a daily increase of two feet during thirty-four days; but in one instance it rose five feet, and threatened, by its vast and increasing pressure, to burst the dike. This sudden rise involved another dilemma; for if it should exceed the level of the gallery or tunnel, and the height they had calculated at commencement, their labours were forfeited. Dreadful noises, similar to those which precede an earthquake, were heard at intervals, occasioned by the disrupture of solid masses from the bottom of the lake, which, emerging to the surface, floated in detached icebergs of sixty or seventy feet perpendicular. Superior to all these obstacles, dangers, and the continued exposure to a freezing temperature, the men persevered with unexampled courage, and by the 4th of June, had carried the gallery 600 feet through the intervening mass. Unfortunately, the extremities of the tunnel did not meet in the centre, as they had calculated—that opening from the lake side being twenty feet lower than that from the external aperture. The men, accordingly, proceeded to sink the upper floor, and establish a thorough communication between the two compartments; but while thus occupied, the lake received fresh contributions from the impending glaciers, and began to discharge its waters the instant the perforation was completed. On the 13th of June, the rush commenced; but the diameter of the tunnel was too small to carry off the volume of water, and it accumulated to a height of two feet above the aperture. This, however, was speedily remedied; the vibration of the torrent, and its increased temperature from exposure to a summer atmosphere, by dislodging and melting the masses of ice, widened the artificial breach, and gave free scope to the impetuous stream. In fifty-six hours, the waters of the lake had lost thirty feet in depth; and as the floor of the gallery was every instant lowered by the

violent action of the vast body of water impelled through it, there was every hope that a very few days would have reduced the stream to its ordinary level; when a sudden and unforeseen circumstance defeated all their vigilance, and produced fresh alarm and consternation.

The cataract, in its descent from the external aperture —a fall of great height—had undermined the projecting base of the dike; and this important buttress gradually destroyed, the resisting force was overcome, the flood-gates burst open, and in half an hour the lake was drained to its bottom. In this half hour, 530,000,000 cubic feet of water passed through the breach—five times the volume of the Rhine at Basle, where it is 1300 feet broad! Its velocity at first was that of a headlong torrent, estimated at 100 feet deep, impelled by the vast mass behind; and at this rate it continued for thirteen miles, sweeping everything before it. Charged with enormous blocks of rock and ice, and uprooted pines, cattle, houses, and, painful to add, human beings, it reached Martigny, a distance of twenty-four miles, in an hour and a half—being pretty nearly the speed of a race-horse. Every bridge in its course was totally demolished; that of Mauvoisin, ninety feet above the ordinary level of the Dranse, was no exception; 400 cottages were swept away, involving a loss of many lives. Yet the sacrifice of human life was comparatively small, and this was the result of precautionary measures which had been enforced during the excavation. Signal stations were erected; sentinels planted along the heights, watch-fires, and pieces of ordnance ready charged, during the night—all were prepared to announce any sudden disruption of the dike. Such, however, was the security into which the inhabitants had been lulled, or such the terror occasioned by the sudden and appalling tidings at last, that thirty-four of them, bewildered or overtaken in *their flight*, fell victims to the inundation. The noise of *the torrent* was deafening, and as if all the cataracts of *the Alps* had been collected into one channel, and let *loose upon* the plain. Many escaped as if by miracle;

l among these, were an English gentleman and his de, who saved themselves, with the loss of their riage and horses. But for the devoted heroism of engineer and his band, each of whom merits a statue, destruction must have been sweeping and conclusive, l the town of Martigny as if it had never been. As it the damage seemed almost irreparable; and the actual s of property during the two hours of inundation, stated to have been upwards of 1,000,000 Swiss livres an enormous sum in this country.

Among the tragic incidents connected with this dis-rous night on the Dranse, is the fate of a young trothed pair, natives of Lavey, and much esteemed by ir comrades. On the fatal morning, the lover left mistress, to make some arrangements at Martigny, viously to their marriage, which was to be solemnised his return; but his return was for ever cut off by the ndation in which he perished. The shock was fatal the reason of the unhappy survivor. The catastrophe s imparted to the little hamlet of Lavey a sympathetic erest among travellers of every class, which no degree prosperity could have conferred.

ARRATIVE OF THE DEE, A MISSING WHALER.

E Dee sailed from Aberdeen on its northern expe-ion, on the 2d of April 1836, having on board a crew thirty-three persons, including officers, and commanded Captain Gamblin. The ship was freighted with the al quantity of provisions, and possessed a most atten-e surgeon in Mr Littlejohn. Having sailed northward, teen additional hands were taken on board at Strom-ss, in Orkney, and thence proceeding to Davis Straits, was reached on the 15th of May.

Being thus arrived near the fishing-ground, prepara-*s were made* for capturing any whales which might

make their appearance. The hopes of the crew, however, were in this respect baffled. For two or three weeks the weather was rather unsteady, and the progress of the vessel was considerably obstructed by loose ice and icebergs. On attaining latitude 66°, the icebergs were so numerous and dangerous, that serious fears were entertained for the safety of the vessel. After some delays, North-East Bay was gained, and the vessel was allowed to proceed as far as Frow Islands. An attempt was then made to move forward in a westerly direction, but the difficulties in this quarter proved so formidable, that the course was changed to about east-north-east, and, after several days' sailing, the *Dee* was fortunate enough to reach the north water in safety, accompanied by the *Swan* of Hull, and ten other vessels. Captain Gamblin now steered for Pond's Bay—on the west coast of Baffin's Bay—where he arrived on the 12th of August, without having encountered any material obstruction, one heavy patch of ice excepted. On the 13th, the first whale was seen, and the weather being fine, it was easily struck and secured. The fish were found to be plentiful in Pond's Bay, and, during the remainder of the month, other three were killed, and three dead ones picked up. The *Dee* then moved a little to the south, but was necessitated to return, having met with very heavy ice, and seen no fish. A number of vessels were at this time in Pond's Bay, one of which, the *Friendship* of Dundee, had been fortunate in killing fifteen whales. Finding the fish to be getting scarce, and the season being well advanced, Captain Gamblin thought it prudent to return homeward. He had gone but a short way, when he fell in with the *Grenville Bay*, the captain of which stated that he had tried a passage to the east, and had found it impracticable from the ice. It was now the 13th of September, and the crew of the *Dee*, beginning to entertain serious fears, went on short allowance. The captain then resolved to try the north passage, and succeeded in getting as far as 75°, in company with the Grenville Bay and the *Norfolk*. Cape Melville—on the north-east

coast of Baffin's Bay—was now in sight; but the bay ice was 'making too strong' to admit of further progress, and, after a consultation, the three vessels, on the 20th of September, bore away to the south. On the 23d, they were in latitude 71°, with heavy bay ice around them. Here they fell in with the *Thomas* and the *Advice*, of Dundee, which had also made an unsuccessful attempt to find a passage along the north-east coast, and had discovered that eight other vessels at least must have done the same, from the marks of as many ice-anchors seen on an iceberg. On the night of the 23d, the five ships had to be fastened, for greater security, to blocks of ice, called sconce-pieces. The three following days were spent in fruitless endeavours to find an opening to the south.

Though the weather had all along been rather easy, it appeared now but too plain to the unfortunate seamen, that the ice surrounded them on all sides. They submitted to a further reduction of allowance—three pounds of bread a week, with a proportionably small quantity of other provisions, being their mess. Again the five captains, after due deliberation, bore away to the north. On the 1st of October, the weather had become bad, with east-north-east winds, and snow, strong ice, and a heavy swell. Signals were once more hoisted for a consultation, but the Dundee vessels, though at this time in sight, did not observe the call. The determination come to by the other vessels was, to move as far south as possible for a wintering station. The failing of the wind, however, kept them nearly in the same place; and on the 8th, the whole five vessels were fast locked in ice, within sight of each other, in latitude 73° 12′, at the mouth of Baffin's Bay. On the 10th, it was found that the drift had carried them two and a half miles to the south, the wind being from the north and north-east. At this time the ice was so strong, that the men could pass between the ships, but in the immediate locality of the *Dee*, the swell caused frequent and dangerous disruptions.

From this date, the peculiar sufferings of the crew of *he Dee* may be said to have commenced. Their allow-

ance remained the same, but from the scarcity of fuel, their beds became wretchedly damp. At first, to preserve the health of the men, and to keep their shivering bodies in heat, the most praiseworthy precautions were taken. A variety of exercise was allotted to them, such as the unbending of the sails, unshipping the rudder, and other toils, of no utility now, unhappily, to the ship. But the crew of the *Dee* had not long to resort to unprofitable labours to maintain the vital warmth of their frames. Notwithstanding the increasing hardness of the frost, the ice still remained in a loose state, and a fatal crush on the ship became the subject of continual alarm. On the 16th, the latitude was 72° 50′, wind strong, and large icebergs floating past. The ice began to press hard, and on the night of the 16th, the vessel was crushed up till it hung by the quarter, the ice squeezing all along as high as the guard-boards. At daylight, all hands were called up to get out the provisions. At 8 P.M., the wind fell off, but the ship still hung by the quarter. The ice, however, was at rest till 11 P.M., when there was another dreadful crush, which passed off with less harm than could have been anticipated. On the 18th, the ice gave way in several places, and opened up so far, that a warp had to be got out to secure the *Dee*. The other vessels, meanwhile, lay comparatively undisturbed. On the 20th, the ice closed again, with some severe squeezes, around the *Dee*. To strengthen the ship, its casks were placed in a peculiar way, and ten strong beams put in aft. This was done most seasonably, for, shortly after, two successive shocks took place, within half an hour of each other, of such tremendous severity, that the crew fled to the ice with their bags, chests, and everything that could be lifted, under the impression that all was over with the timbers of the *Dee*. The sufferings of the night that followed were awful. Without fire, or shelter from the biting *elements*, the crew lay on the ice, gazing on their reeling *and groaning* vessel, while around them were extended *vast fields* of ice, studded with icebergs towering to the *clouds*, and threatening destruction to all that came in

the way of their motions. Miserable as their position was, the crew could not go on board for two days, during which time the ship experienced crushes still more severe than formerly. On the 22d, the men went on board to take out the remaining provisions, but had again to fly for their lives. The ice, however, fell quiet on the same night, and they again took back their provisions to the ship. On the 23d, a good many lanes opened up in the water—a most discouraging prospect, for this was always the time of greatest peril. Once more the crew took to the ice, and by cutting the nearest parts into small pieces, cleared the vessel a few feet. The men then went for a few hours to rest, but were roused by another crush—the signal that their labours had been in vain. On the 24th, the ice broke up to a considerable extent, and the crew managed to heave the *Dee* backwards for 100 yards, to a point where the ice seemed to be thinner. Great difficulties were experienced in conveying the chests and other articles left in the ship, but at length everything was again on board.

Warned by late dangers, and fearful of the wind, which blew from the most unpromising quarter, the north-east, Captain Gamblin resolved to cut a dock for the *Dee*. This was effected by the crew, aided by several men from the *Grenville Bay*, by means of heavy ice-saws, driven through the ice, as piles are sunk into the earth, and afterwards moved up and down by the men. In working the ice-saws, the crew suffered terribly from the frosting of their feet, consequent upon their standing in water. The *Dee*, when stationed in the cut dock, seemed to be in comparative safety. From the 26th till the 29th, the crew were chiefly employed in dragging ice in boats from the nearest bergs, to dissolve into water —the ice of the bergs being fresh. As the nearest berg was three miles distant, the severity of this labour may be imagined. A bear had been seen on the 26th, and on the 30th, other three were seen and fired at, but without effect. Indeed, two of the men had a narrow escape from the animals.

Though comfort is a word that can scarcely be applied to the situation of the *Dee's* crew—placed in a latitude of 72° 50′—subsisting, to the number of forty-nine men, on a miserable pittance of provisions—with beds freezing, and little or no fire to dispel the cold—yet the position of the whalers on the 1st of November may be termed comparatively comfortable. The ice was firm around them, and the men might hope not to be overwrought, as well as underfed. Alas! things did not long remain thus. On the 2d of the month, the dock gave way, and the ice again threatened to crush the vessel to pieces. This sad reverse did not overcome Captain Gamblin's firmness. He again got assistance from the *Grenville Bay*, and also from the *Norfolk*, and cut a new dock, in which, with much difficulty, the *Dee* was got moored. On the 3d, 4th, and 5th, the weather was very boisterous and snowy, and the sufferings of the crew were very great, their supply of coal being nearly exhausted. One boat was broken up for fuel, and another soon followed. On the 6th, the dock again gave indications of rending, and at night the destruction of the ship seemed so inevitable, that the men had to leave it. By an observation taken, it appeared that the *Dee* had drifted with the surrounding masses from 72° 50′ to 72° 23′. Provisions were further reduced on the 7th, and on the 8th and 9th great fears were entertained of a crush. Several of the men were severely frost-bitten in the face, which was relieved by rubbing the parts with snow. A new dock was cut on the 10th, and the ship rendered a little more secure. A bear and two foxes were seen, but made their escape, to the great disappointment of the men, who longed to taste fresh food. What a delicacy even fox-flesh would have been, may be conceived from the fact, that the tails of the whales on board were cooked and eaten with great relish by the men!

A great advantage at this time was derived by the crew from a yard of canvas, given to each of them by the captain, and made into boots with wooden soles. Consolation, also, of a higher nature was not wanting

to the distressed mariners. On Sunday the 13th, Mr Littlejohn the surgeon, at the request of almost all on board, began to read sermons and prayers—a duty frequently repeated afterwards, on week-days as well as Sabbath-days. The worship offered up by the crew was simple but sincere, and deeply consoling to themselves. The daylight had been for some time gradually becoming weaker, and on the 15th the sun was not visible—a thing novel to all on board, and rendered more depressing in its influence on their spirits, by the threatening appearance of the ice, which the wind, and the current, called the north-east water, still continued to keep in dangerous motion. An observation of the 16th, shewed the ships to be in latitude 71° 57′. Up till the 30th, nothing occurred worthy of observation, excepting the great change, beginning to be visible, on the healths of the men. Coughs, swelled limbs, and general debility, with small red discolorations on the skin, sharp pains and stiffness, were the common symptoms. Two foxes killed on the 3d of December, gave hopes that fresh provisions might yet be got in considerable quantities; but these hopes turned out vain. On the 5th, the latitude was found to be 71° 12′—shewing the drift to be still continuing.

On the 12th, when the frost was very severe, and the daylight nearly gone, the *Thomas* of Dundee, which lay furthest of the five ships from the *Dee*, was almost heeled over by a heavy pressure of ice, and the men reduced to a sad condition. On the 13th, the *Thomas* was a total wreck. Two of the crew died on the ice—the first deaths that had taken place. With great toil and hardship, the provisions were carried from the wreck by the men of the *Dee* and *Advice*, and were subsequently distributed, as were also the sailors of the *Thomas*, in equal divisions among the remaining ships. Unfortunately, the wrecked ship was too far off to supply firewood. Three days were spent in this labour, and the cold and wet to which the seamen were exposed in performing it, laid the seeds of that disease which now began to shew its fatal power. This disease was scurvy, and it was marked chiefly by

a excruciating pain in the mouth, and
ndering eating a torture. On the 18th
wenty-one men were affected with scurv
heir distress, the ice again gave way, a
to crush every one of the miserable vessel
and *Grenville Bay* were in greatest danger,
were at times expectant only of death.
of pork was reduced, on the 24th, to half
for each man. Some of the men of the
so bad with scurvy as to be confined to bed

The 1st of January 1837 was a day
remembrance, it being customary for the s
ing vessels to be at that period in the en
the pleasures of home, in the bosoms of
On the 2d, 3d, and 4th, scurvy was making
among the *Dee's* men—fresh provisions, the
the complaint, being out of the attentive s
On the 5th, the men applied to Captain G
increased allowance of provisions. This
grant, expressing at the same time his h
knew their duty better than to use force
certainly procure them their wish. To t
crew disclaimed all desire to employ coer
the gratified commander rewarded their
giving each man a little additional flour t
the 6th, a brilliant sky gave hopes of
reappearance, and a large sheet of water
brought anticipations of release to th
damp was thrown next day on these
greater number of the crew of the *De*
leave their beds, which were in a dep
the intense cold, and also from verm
the first death in the *Dee* took place,
William Curryall, of Stromness. The
read over the body by Mr Littlejohn,
with hearts full of inexpressible so
a distant opening in the ice, where
the deep. The daylight was now sh
and on the 16th, the sun, a joy

appearance in the heavens. Captain Gamblin, unhappily, l not long enjoy the sight of it. His health began fail, and he was unable to make his customary obser-tions. Under these depressing circumstances, the mate, ding the crew to become weaker day by day, prudently solved to take in two reefs of the topsails, from the fear at all hands would be ineffective, if the vessel should get t to sea, and a gale come on. Only fifteen men were nd able to go aloft on this duty, which was performed, cording to an observation made by the mate, in latitude ° 1′, the drift still continuing southward. Four of the n died between the 19th of the month and the 1st of bruary; and two days after, the heaviest stroke of all fell the *Dee*, in the death of its beloved commander. ptain Gamblin's body was placed in a coffin, to be rried home, at the desire of his friend Captain Taylor the *Grenville Bay;* the other bodies were laid beneath polar ice. To quote a solemn and expressive line of numorous ballad—

'The iceberg is the monument that lies upon their graves.'

Though the whalers were at this time three or four grees further south than at first, the frost was even re severe than ever. Every liquid was frozen; and ile the snow was being melted, to cook the victuals, icicles were hanging on the water-cask, at the distance six feet from the fire. The beds were covered with id ice—the pillows frozen in every part but where the ad lay, the very hairs of which were in some cases ff with cold—and vermin of a more rapacious kind gan to swarm among the blankets; creatures that ate ir way through the skin, and fed on the raw flesh. d the men all the while bowed down with mortal kness, and incapable of defending or cleaning them-ves! So scarce was fuel, besides, that it could only used for the melting of ice and cooking of victuals. n we wonder that ere the 12th of February, six others *the crew sank* under their distresses? On the 13th, *ood deal of* water was seen not far off, but the

bay ice was still strong. The latitude, according to an observation on this day, was 67° 32′, and on the 16th it was 63° 33′, shewing the *Dee* to be moving rapidly to the south. The other vessels were advancing more slowly, the *Advice* being at this time not less than twenty miles further north than the *Dee*. Between the 23d and 27th, six of the survivors of the latter vessel died, and, by the 7th of March, other five had followed their departed mates. So many deaths as these enabled the remainder to enjoy full allowance of provisions. Six hands only were able at this time to do duty, and the ship was in great danger of a fatal squeeze from the state of the ice, which was loose, and rapidly breaking up. It was still so entire, however, as to permit the mate of the *Dee* to go over to the *Grenville Bay*, at this time not far off, and ask if Captain Taylor could render any assistance should the *Dee* get out into the open sea. Twenty of his men being on the sick-list, Captain Taylor could promise no help. The *Norfolk* and *Advice* were about seven miles distant from the *Dee* on the 9th; and on the 11th, the whaler of Dundee was seen moving with her sails set into the open sea. Between the 11th and 15th, three more of the *Dee's* crew died, and they were the last that were buried below the ice, which was now broken up in all directions. On the 16th, after being locked up for five months and eight days, the *Dee* entered into open water.

Great was the joy of the unhappy mariners on this occasion, but, alas! many of those yet alive were destined never to see their native shores. Fortunately, light and favourable breezes attended, in general, the passage of the ship homewards, otherwise not one man of the *Dee's* crew could ever have reached his home. The scurvy raged so fearfully on board, that between the 16th of March and the 22d of April, twenty more of the men had fallen victims to it. A ship was seen on the 20th, but it does not seem to have perceived the signals of distress that were hoisted by the whaler. On the 25th, a fishing-boat was hailed, and it was found that the *Dee* was then

the Butt of Lewis. The fishermen in the boat cruelly used to give any assistance, suspecting a case of true, it is supposed. The bark *Washington* of Dundee, Barnett master, bound for New York, bore down upon the miserable whaler on the evening of the same day, and inquired if any assistance was wanted. On being informed of the state of matters, and that only three hands of the *Dee* were able to go aloft, Mr Barnett instantly sent four men on board, and followed in person, carrying with him wine, porter, and other provisions. He then took the *Dee* in tow, and enabled her to come to anchor, on the 27th of April, in the harbour of Stromness. Every attention was here paid to the survivors of the crew, and on the 5th of May, the owners having sent active hands, the *Dee* was again put to sea, and carried into the harbour of Aberdeen, after an absence of thirteen months and three days. A heart-rending scene took place on the quay, which was crowded with the relatives of the released seamen—with weeping widows, children, and parents. Forty-six men had died on board the *Dee*, nine of whom belonged to the *Thomas* of Dundee. Fourteen men only survived of the *Dee's* own complement.

Thus ended this unhappy voyage. In the narrative from which the preceding account is condensed, and which has been drawn up from the notes of one of the survivors, David Gibb, and published at Aberdeen for his benefit, we find some judicious remarks on the propriety of storing whaling vessels, on all occasions, with a whole year's provisions and fuel, and also with a full medicine-chest. Individual seamen are even recommended to provide themselves amply with coffee and sugar, at their own expense. It is morally, and ought to be legally, incumbent upon all owners to attend to these directions, the product of dearly-bought experience.

The companions of the *Dee* in adversity—the *Norfolk*, *Grenville Bay*, and the *Advice*—all reached their respective places of outfit in safety, as far as the vessels were concerned. The sufferings of the *Advice*, like those of the *Dee*, were terrible, and the loss of lives great. In

the other two ships, much misery also had been endur
None of the distressed vessels, we believe, had the go
fortune to fall in with the ships which their sympathis
country sent to the northern seas for their relief.

I MUST NOT LOVE.

BY THE LATE ANDREW JOHNSTON.

I MUST not love!—for envious Time
Its shoreless gulf between us throws;
As well might Lapland's snowy clime
Hold dalliance with the blushing rose.

I must not love!—for thou art fair,
And still that face but paints thy mind!
While I, disfigured by despair,
Own not one charm thy heart to bind.

I must not love!—for thou art dear,
Too dear to this impassioned heart;
No home have I thy life to cheer,
This bursting sigh proclaims: 'We part!'

I must not love!—for I must toil,
Unloved, unpitied, through life's scene;
My very heart's blood would recoil
To blend thy path with woes so keen.

I must not love!—for I have loved,
And felt that bitterness of fate—
To weep the loved one far removed
From life's unpitying, cheerless state.

I must not love!—farewell! farewell!
Maid of my heart, my sister-friend!
In vain I curb this passion-swell;
In thee I leave the world behind.

THE MILLER'S FAMILY OF SHADINGBROOK.

THERE is not a sweeter spot in England than the pastoral valley in which the mill of Shadingbrook is situated. It derives its picturesque name from the clear rapid little stream, which, fringed with drooping willows, cuts its rippling way through the emerald sod of these lovely lowland meadows, and forms the boundary of the miller's garden. As for that garden, with its velvet bleaching-green, its blooming parterres, and bowing fruit-trees, white with a snow of blossoms, or bending under their rich autumnal lading, it looked like a gay fertile island rising amidst a sea of verdure.

Many a rustic sportsman, or more sprucely-attired angler from the adjacent market-town, might be seen on fine summer evenings loitering with rod and line on the banks of this pleasant stream—some in reality engaged in the fascinating but cruel amusement of beguiling the shining tenants of the brook from their native element, but far greater numbers sought these sylvan shades in the hope of obtaining an occasional glimpse of the miller's pretty daughter, Flora Mayfield, who might sometimes be seen tending her garden-flowers, gathering fruit, feeding her poultry on the lawn, or assisting her elder sister Lydia in spreading the snowy linen on the bleaching-green, or withdrawing it, when dried, from the lines, or the close-clipped hawthorn-hedgerow that enclosed the garden on either side.

Flora Mayfield, who was the beauty of the neighbourhood, was fully aware of the admiration she excited, and failed not to place the appearance of every angler on the banks of the adjacent stream to the attraction of her personal charms, apprehending no rival in her sister, the plain and unpretending Lydia.

Lydia was, however, endued with qualities which, in *the eyes of the few* who look deeper than the bright tints

of lip or cheek, might have been considered of more v
than the fair externals of which the lovely Flora c
boast. Lydia had been educated by a wise and virtu
aunt, who occupied a respectable place in society
populous town; and without seeking to acquire t
frivolous accomplishments which she rightly judged w
be out of place in a person in her station, she had labo
to strengthen and improve her mind by the attainm
of useful knowledge, and a judicious course of rea
On the death of this relative, Lydia returned to the
to take charge of her father's house, to keep his b
and to perform the difficult part of a friend and mo
to her pretty volatile sister, who had been sadly sp
by both her parents; and since the decease of her mo
she had been almost wholly emancipated from t
restraints which, at her age, and with her peculiar
nations, were so essentially necessary. Flora was
self-willed, petulant, and ambitious, and Lydia ha
course an arduous task in repressing her natural d
sition to levity and coquetry; yet her influence w
gently and judiciously interposed, that it was not w
without effect.

'I know not how it is,' would Flora observe,
Lydia always contrives to carry her point with me.
is perpetually opposing my inclinations, and yet
makes me love her whether I will or not. I have
been very cross to Lydia, and said very offensive th
to her, yet she has never in any instance answere
harshly, or complained to my father of me. Somet
I wish I were as wise and good as my sister Lydia
then, Lydia, with all her amiable qualities, will be a
maid, for she is nearly five-and-twenty years old, an
never had a single lover in all her life, while I have
more than I can reckon; so I suppose men like
people best.'

Reasoning thus, Flora was not very likely to imp
in wisdom, so she continued to bestow her whole
and attention on the adornment of her person, to
with the young farmers who brought their corn

father's mill, and to play at bo-peep from among the garden bowers whenever she saw an angler take his stand on the banks of the neighbouring stream, till the village matronage began to shake their heads, and to prophesy that no sensible man would ever seek Flora Mayfield for a wife. Sensible men, however, are not always wise when beauty is in the case, and the little world of Shadingbrook knew not how to credit the report which soon after transpired, that Edwin Elmer, the curate of the village, was added to the list of Flora Mayfield's conquests. Yet such was the fact. Edwin Elmer, a gentleman's son, a man of learning and refinement too, was actually wooing the light-minded Flora for his wife. Had it been Lydia, the circumstance of his overlooking the difference of their station in society would have excited little surprise, because her character and pursuits were so congenial to his own, and he had evidently taken much pleasure in her conversation, and was accustomed to mention her in terms of the highest commendation. Was it possible that he could prefer her pretty silly sister to her? It was to no purpose that sage proverbs were quoted on the occasion, and the blind god's archery was arraigned by those who considered themselves better qualified to choose a helpmate for the accomplished curate of Shadingbrook than he was himself. Edwin Elmer was desperately in love with the fairest flower of his flock, and the very discrepancies of their characters appeared to strengthen his passion, which, to the additional wonder of the village worthies, was reciprocal.

The heart of the young beauty was, for the first time, touched, and the natural effect of her regard for Edwin Elmer was a conviction of her mental inferiority and unfitness to become the companion of an intellectual partner. She began to grow serious and reflective. The nature of the things which she had heretofore despised and lightly regarded, impressed itself on her mind, and she voluntarily applied to her sister for that counsel and instruction which she had formerly rejected with scorn; while Lydia, rejoicing in the change in her sister's

manners, and the prospect of the happy union that awaited her, redoubled all her efforts for her intellectual improvement.

Matters were in this auspicious position, the course of true love, as if on purpose to contradict the old adage, running smooth as a summer stream, when the lord of the manor died; and having no son, the hall and demesne of Shadingbrook were inherited by a distant relation of his, a rich specimen of the old English squirearchy, to whose now exploded manners, customs, and dress, he adhered with a sturdy pertinacity, which had obtained for him the cognomen of Squire Western, junior. Sound and sturdy as heart of oak, and as unbending too, he would not have concealed an opinion or sacrificed a prejudice to have pleased the king, though king and constitution was a part of his theology.

Now, this rough diamond, instead of being, as some of my readers may have imagined, a queer-looking 'Old Squaretoes,' on the shady side of fifty, was a handsome bachelor of six-and-thirty, a great admirer of beauty, and very much in want of a wife to hold his house in order; but, then, Cœlebs himself could not have been more particular in his choice of a helpmate than Squire Morewood. He cherished a most unqualified dislike to all the showy accomplishments which have been so perseveringly cultivated in modern education, 'too often,' as he observed, 'to the exclusion of every useful acquirement.' In short, notwithstanding his love of regularity, and dislike of the misrule and wasteful habits of a bachelor's household, he considered these evils preferable to the misfortune of having a fine lady at the head of his establishment. More than one fine lady, however, among the country belles, was ambitious of obtaining so rich a prize in the matrimonial lottery as Mr Morewood, with all his oddities and antediluvian prejudices, was esteemed *in that* neighbourhood. Nor were there wanting, even *among* the young and fair, those who endeavoured to *conciliate* his regard, through the medium of those very *eccentric* notions, as they were considered. Shirt-making

ıe the fashion in the vicinity of Shadingbrook
er since the squire had said that he liked to
so employed; and because he was a brother
le, his fair neighbours vied with each other in
nd twisting hair-lines and silk-lines, and con-
rtificial flies, so natural as to deceive the most
trout that ever swam, but not clever enough
he wary squire, for whom they were covertly
s a bait. He had been too well accustomed to
their class, and was not backward in letting
w, he was not quite such a gudgeon as they
ıim to be.
ning, when the squire was pursuing his favour-
on the banks of the little trout stream—so
tioned in the course of my tale—it happened
ıvy shower compelled him to take shelter in
ıouse. It was positive pleasure to such a
regularity and good order, to enter so neat and
'elling, the exterior of which, with its snowy
ed walls, clear bright windows, and pretty
ıvined with honeysuckle and jasmine, afforded
est of the comfort to be found therein. The
I caught more than one glimpse of the pretty
n engaged in her sylvan labours among the gay
of the well-cultivated garden, and he was not
the storm which had interrupted excellent
e stream, had afforded him a reasonable excuse
ing his desire of obtaining a closer view of the
ıuty.
ıily were assembled in the kitchen or common
when he entered, and he was immediately
ıt only with the exquisite neatness, but the
air of good taste, with which not only the few
ornament, but even the culinary utensils, were
ın the snowy shelves and dressers. Pots, with
ıt flowers of the season, were disposed with the
ıle effect between glittering brass and block-tin
s on the broad chimney-piece of carved black
the polish which the diurnal labours of the

brush and rubber had bestowed on the substantial chairs and table, might have supplied an admirable substitute for a mirror, had such an article been lacking. There was, however, an excellent old-fashioned looking-glass in an elaborately carved oaken frame, relieved with a gilded rim next the diamond-cut plate, and fancifully crowned with peacocks' feathers. It was placed in the most suitable light for conveying an advantageous reflection of a pretty face.

The miller was reposing on his high-backed leathern elbow-chair, smoking his pipe over a foaming tankard of home-brewed ale, which stood on a small waiter-shaped table near him. Flora, seated on a low stool at her father's feet, was busily engaged in trimming a new straw-bonnet with pink satin ribbon. At the unexpected entrance of so important a visitor as the squire, she rose hastily, covered with blushes, and placed a chair for his accommodation; then, with a flutter of excitement, reseated herself, and coquettishly resumed her occupation, casting from time to time a furtive glance from beneath her long eyelashes, to ascertain what effect her charms produced on him. Now, the squire, notwithstanding his characteristic bluntness of manner and familiarity of address, was not only a proud man, but a very nice judge of female propriety; and so far from being fascinated with the silent artillery which the pretty Flora thought proper to play off, he was somewhat displeased at the presumption of the young baggage in setting her cap at him in so undisguised a manner, as if she considered herself his equal truly! Neither did he approve of the showy pattern of the coloured muslin dress in which she was arrayed, the shortness of its skirt, nor the amplitude of its *gigot* sleeves, which were then the prevailing fashion in the *beau monde*, and had recently found their way into the little world of Shadingbrook. Squire Morewood had *always* waged war against *gigot* sleeves. He could not *behold* them with common patience in a county ball-room; *but on the* arms of a miller's daughter, they appeared to *him* absolutely preposterous. He even felt disposed to

nething rude to the little *grisette* on the subject,
reflection, that he had no business to concern
with her follies, fortunately deterred him.
a, meantime, in her slate-coloured stuff-gown and
llar of snowy lawn, appeared to infinite advantage
ıe contrast, as she quietly pursued her employment
ing and plaiting her father's Sunday shirt, without
ng more attention on the squire than civility
d. Still he could perceive that she was interested
onversation that took place between her father and
on the topic of the poor-laws.
Morewood was a magistrate, and very desirous of
ating the condition of the agricultural peasantry,
his plans for that purpose had been opposed by
ding-men of the county; and in reply to some
ful queries from the miller, he entered into a full
ıtion of his views on that subject. While he was
g, he observed that Lydia moved her iron with a
s hand, lest the rattling of the heater in the box
interrupt the discourse; and though she ventured
ake any part in it, she more than once involun-
urned her face, beaming with intelligence, upon
oquists.
you understand the poor-laws, Miss Mayfield?'
he squire, with a half-sarcastic emphasis.
y little, sir,' replied Lydia, blushing; 'but my
being overseer of the parish, I unavoidably see
of the sufferings of our poor neighbours, and
re feel deeply interested in any plan which affords
ınable prospect of ameliorating their condition.'
ın, without waiting for a rejoinder, hastily with-
ith the tray on which she had collected the linen
l been ironing.
ery sensible, well-spoken young woman that, Mr
d,' observed the squire.
, sir, she is; and a great comfort to me,' replied
ler. 'I don't know what I should do without her,
ere to marry; but there is small chance of that,
the young men all run after a pretty face.

without considering that "a virtuous woman is a c
of glory to her husband, and her price is above th
rubies." Flora, I don't like so many bows and pu
on that bonnet of yours.'

Flora put the bonnet on her head with an air of
like simplicity, and glanced at the squire, as if de
of inquiring his opinion, and looked so very pret
the same time, that in spite of himself he coul
refrain from saying: 'Very becoming; but I am not
of bows. A pretty face needs no such adornments.'

Flora immediately cashiered three yards of super
trimming, and crossed the ribbon plainly over the
of the bonnet to tie under the chin.

From that day the squire was a frequent visi
the mill-house. The village observation was of
excited by this circumstance, which gave rise to a v
of surmises, some of them not greatly to the adv
of that incurable coquette, Flora Mayfield, especia
Edwin Elmer suddenly discontinued his attentions i
quarter. He had been absent from his curacy on
to his own family at the critical period when the s
intimacy at the mill-house commenced, and on his
was beset by all the busy-bodies of Shadingbro
clamorous contention which should be the first to
his ears with their unwelcome hints and inuend
the proceedings of his betrothed. Smarting und
sense of his imaginary wrongs, he encountered Flo
the first time since his return, in a shady grove ne
Morewood's park.

'So,' said he, 'I hear that Mr Morewood has b
frequent visitor at the mill-house during my absenc

'Your first greeting on your return is partic
agreeable, Mr Elmer,' rejoined Flora, who evi
felt hurt by the observation—'but your informat
perfectly correct.'

'*May* I ask the purport of his visits, Miss
Mayfield?'

'*Miss* Flora Mayfield is not disposed to be ca
on that subject, sir,' retorted she.

'Vain, heartless coquette, you have answered the last question with which I shall ever trouble you!' exclaimed the angry lover, and so they parted. No effort was made by either party towards a reconciliation. The breach was evidently considered irreparable by one, if not by both, and to Edwin Elmer it began to be a matter of painful diurnal meditation, not unmixed with self-reproach for the stern tone he had assumed in calling Flora to account for her conduct, before he had listened to the explanation she might have had to offer. One evening as he was deliberating on the expediency of requesting the friendly offices of Lydia in this untoward business, he was roused from his cogitations by the entrance of Nehemiah, the parish-clerk, who, advancing with a funereal step, and looks of solemn commiseration, put into his hand a little twisted note, with these words: 'From the squire, sir.'

The curate broke the seal with an ominous qualm, in anticipation of the contents, which were as follow:—'Mr Morewood presents compliments to the Rev. Mr Elmer, and will be obliged by his meeting him at the church to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock precisely, to perform the marriage-ceremony.'

'To whom is Mr Morewood going to be married?' asked the curate in a faltering voice.

'Lauk, sir! are you the last man in the parish to hear that? Didn't you know the licence had comed express by Will Tradely the groom, only yesterday?' exclaimed the astonished Nehemiah. 'Well, sir, I hope you wont take it too much to heart; for you know, sir, that a beautiful woman without discretion is likened by King Solomon to a jewel in a swine's snout.'

'Is it Flora Mayfield whom Mr Morewood is going to marry?' demanded the agitated lover.

'Why, sir, 'tisn't of no use deceiving you, since you must know the truth to-morrow,' responded the sympathising clerk with a deep groan; 'but now, sir, dear *sir! if you* have any love for me, or respect for yourself, *do pluck up* your spirit, and go through the job like a

man, and I will engage to put on your surplice and bands so gracefully, that she shall see there is some difference between you and the squire, who is full ten years older than you, and nothing of a scholar. And, after all, sir, I always did think Miss Lyddy would suit you far better than such a fly-away vanity-fair as the young one.'

'Silence, and leave me!' ejaculated poor Elmer, who could better brook the misfortune than the well-meant but misjudging consolations of his humble friend.

It was with a pale cheek and agitated step that Edwin Elmer entered the church the next morning, but he had reasoned himself into firmness sufficient for the trial that awaited him. He had occasion for it all when he heard the arrival of the elegant equipage of his fortunate rival announced. The bridal-party now approached. The miller of Shadingbrook, in all the glories of a new blue coat and buff-waistcoat, entered first, looking a proud and happy man, with his eldest daughter on his arm. Lydia was attired with exquisite neatness, in a cambric morning-dress and white silk cottage-bonnet and shawl. They were followed by the squire and Flora, who was dressed —no matter how she was dressed. Edwin Elmer had never seen her look so lovely.

The greetings on his part were brief and cold. He received the licence from the jolly bridegroom with an averted head; and though, to conceal his painful agitation, he affected to bestow all his attention upon that document, the letters swam before his eyes in general confusion, and he was incapable of distinguishing a single word of its contents.

The faithful Nehemiah, to whom the office of marshalling the bridal-party before the altar had been silently deputed, cast a rueful look at his master's fevered brow as he placed the blushing, smiling Flora at the left hand of his fortunate rival. At that sight the luckless curate, who had been vainly endeavouring to find the service for the solemnisation of matrimony, dropped his book upon the pavement. Nehemiah was ready to groan at such an unorthodox proceeding; Lydia started; the miller

ed an exclamation of wonder; the bridegroom ged his shoulders; and Flora, the unfeeling Flora, utely tittered.

e indignant colour rushed to the cheek of the in- l lover. Hastily recovering the volume, he opened itively at the proper page, and, manfully confronting andidates for matrimony, he, with a glance at Flora, conveyed unutterable reproach, commenced the fatal ce; but ere he had concluded the first sentence, he nterrupted by the miller exclaiming, in an accent of gned wonder: 'Halloo! Mr Elmer, you are going to y the wrong girl to the squire: Lydia is the bride, 'lora.'

e mistake was quickly remedied, surprise was ex- ed by no one, but the blushes brightened on the c of the lovely bridemaid, and her bosom fluttered a livelier pulsation, when she observed the alterna- from despair to rapture, which her lover's varying enance betrayed, as she resigned her station by the groom's side to her elder sister.

hen the concluding benediction had been given, the amen pronounced, and the parties, after the accus- d formalities of signing their names to the marriage- er had been duly gone through, were quitting the y, Flora looked back at the white-robed priest an arch smile, and said: 'Are the squire's visits actorily accounted for now, Mr Elmer!'

h, Flora, can you forgive my jealous folly!' was the ered response.

/hy, yes—since you did not persist in marrying me e squire, I suppose I must.'

h, if you had known what I suffered while I fancied vere the bride!'

ll your own fault; I might have been your bride if had wooed me to as much purpose as he has done ister.'

'ill you marry me to-morrow?' rejoined the curate *more, depressing* his voice to a whisper.

-morrow!' repeated Flora; 'impossible. Do not

you know, that I have devoted myself to my sister's service for a whole month, in the capacity of bridemaid! When that engagement has been duly fulfilled, I may perhaps permit you to talk to me on the subject.'

'This day month, then, shall it be?' pursued the persevering lover.

'Ay, this day month—unless'——

'Unless what?'

'You take another jealous fancy into your head before that period of probation be expired,' rejoined Flora smiling.

'What are you loitering behind, and talking about, good folks?' said the miller.

'We have been settling the day for our marriage, Mr Mayfield,' said the curate; 'which, if it meets with your approbation, is to be this day week.'

'This day month, Edwin,' interposed Flora.

'The sooner the better,' cried the miller; 'and this day week will suit me better than a month hence, which will be in the middle of harvest, when I never allow myself a holiday.'

From this decision Flora ventured no appeal, and her bridal considerably shortened the nine days' wonderment of the village on account of her sister's marriage with the squire.

A WINTER JOURNEY IN THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

THE sufferings endured by travellers in the wild unbeaten tracts of country lying betwixt Canada and the Hudson's Bay territory on the north, are severe enough in good weather, but are fearfully augmented during winter, or when the snows set in and cover the well-known landmarks. Still, many individuals are necessitated to make these dismal journeys, especially those engaged in the fur-trade and other mercantile pursuits. In a number of a St Louis paper, we find the following

account given by a young gentleman of his travels with two companions from the remote colony of Red River, in the Hudson's Bay territory, to St Peter's, in the beginning of 1837:—

'We bade adieu to our friends at the Red River settlement on the 27th of February, at which time the ground was covered with snow, but this was a circumstance which did not intimidate us, as the snow is frequently hard on the surface, and forms good walking-ground. My companions were a Mr Richard Hayes, and a Mr Ignatius Parys. We proposed walking across the plains on snow-shoes to Fort Snelling, St Peter's: the distance, as it is necessary to travel in winter seasons, being 750 miles. We were provided with a Metiff, or half-blood, a native of the colony, as guide, and dogs, and traineau to carry our provisions, buffalo-robes, blankets, &c. The weather in February had been unusually mild for the north climate of Red River settlement, and at the time of our departure, some of the oldest inhabitants predicted our subsequent sufferings and disaster, saying that March would be terribly cold and stormy, and at the same time giving us the unpleasant information, that they not only considered, but actually knew, March to be the most dangerous month in the year to travel the plains in.

'We too soon realised the predictions of the old hunters. From the 4th to the 15th of March, we had scarcely a day without a storm. In fact, the weather was a continuation of storms. At different times we had been obliged to pass eight days in encampments. These delays had fearfully reduced our food. We were aware of our great distance from any trading post, where alone we could expect to get relief, knowing that there were no Indians within 300 miles of our route, from the almost total absence of the buffalo, as we saw but sixteen in travelling 500 miles. Our only alternative was to push on as fast as possible to the trading establishment of the American Fur Company, at Lake Travers, near the head waters of St Peter's river. But we found it easier to determine than to effect. Continued exposure to the cold

without a sufficiency of food (which, little as it was, we had frequently to eat in a frozen state), had so weakened us, that it was with difficulty we could drag one foot after another; and our feet were so severely lacerated by the frozen cords of the snow-shoes, that it was no uncommon thing to see the blood oozing through our moccasons.

'Such was our miserable condition, when, on the 17th March, we were suddenly overtaken in the plain by a storm of snow and sleet from the north-west, which I shall not attempt to describe. At the time the storm came on, we were about five miles from a point of wood which lay in our route. I happened to be in front, the dogs following close to me; Mr Hayes not more than fifty yards behind; Mr Parys more than a mile distant. The morning having been very fine, the guide, not apprehending any danger, had left us to follow the track of a deer, intending to cross the plain in another direction, and meet us at the wood, to which we were hastening, when the storm came on, wetting us through our skin and blanket coats, which soon became stiff with frost, and enveloping us in dense clouds of drifting snow, from which we found it difficult to escape half suffocated.

'Fortunately, I had noticed the sudden change of the wind from north-west to north, and shaped my course accordingly, still hoping to reach the wood; upon which Mr Hayes, who was then quite near me, observed that we were going wrong, and would certainly perish. I replied: "No, no—follow me as quick as you can." At that instant I saw him stoop to arrange his snow-shoes. I continued on a few paces—an immense cloud of drifting snow hid him from my sight, and I never afterwards saw him. I had not proceeded more than two miles, when I fell down a deep ravine, and before I could extricate myself out of the snow, was nearly suffocated. Upon regaining the edge of the ravine, I found the dogs and traineau *completely* buried in a snow-bank. After digging them *out with* one of my snow-shoes, I managed to pass the *ravine*, and in a short time found myself at the edge *of a small* wood, which I afterwards found to be the same

ı we had started in the morning, and where we
ıave waited for the guide.
/ood afforded but little shelter, being only a few
ɾ oaks upon a rising-ground, and after a number
ss attempts, I had to abandon all hope of being
ıake a fire during the continuance of the storm,
ɜmed to increase with tenfold violence. Having
ole in a snow-bank, I rolled myself up, covered
with snow and ice, in buffalo robes and blankets,
under the snow, where I lay till the following

My sufferings were severe. For more than
ıours, I had almost constantly to keep rubbing
ɜ and feet, to save them from being frozen, and
me time to keep myself from falling asleep, for
ıad the greatest desire; knowing well that should
eep to overcome me, I would perish. I believed
companions would perish, and I had but little
gain seeing the guide.

I was alone in a strange country—the route
to me, even should I escape the horrors of the
ıried in a snow-bank in a half-frozen state,
ıat I would be unable to kindle a fire after the
d ceased; and to add to the gloominess of my

I was annoyed all night by the howling of
.ble wolves in concert with the raging storm.
ı, I crept from under the snow, and fired two
oon after, the guide came up, and informed me
ıad, after wandering for more than four hours in
, by mere chance fallen into a small wood about
les to the west, where he had managed to keep
rom freezing by making a large fire, being well
with materials for that purpose.

arys was found half buried in snow, and almost
.e survived four days. All search for Mr Hayes
ıeffectual; and as he had not taken the precau-
ovide himself with materials for making a fire,
ı be no doubt of his fate. Even had he lived
the night, which I think impossible, he must
hed afterwards, from either cold or hunger.

'Being without any food except part of which we had been obliged to kill, we h the melancholy alternative of leaving M in a hut made of our buffalo-skins, and trading establishment, upwards of seven for relief. Having remained one day near disaster, the guide and myself set out at t noon, and on the following day at dark trading establishment. Men were immedi for Mr Parys, with orders to search for Hayes. They returned in eleven days, body of Mr Parys, whom they found dead had made for him. Everything in the hu he had died on the second or third day of

'Mr Parys was a native of Poland, a officer of the Polish army. He had serv Romarino during the revolution in Pola all the battles of that desperate struggle. of Warsaw, he left his unhappy country through Germany, France, and Englan America in the spring of 1835, and at death, was about thirty-seven years of a was from Glenmire, county of Cork, Ir twenty-one years of age.'

ZOOLOGICAL RECOLLEC

THE popular story of Whittington and h bably some foundation in fact, although the to believe that the famous Lord Mayor not indebted to one of the feline race for of his fortunes. The same story is com and it seems exceedingly likely, that no many persons, may have found a cat a ve ment in trading to remote islands. Rats in every part of the world, but, origina

be obtained in particular countries: there are records prove the scarcity of this useful animal, both in ngland and in Wales, and the high prices for which they ld; the price of a kitten being a penny, and that of a t, after it had evinced its destructive powers by killing mouse, twopence. At this day, a female cat is not rmitted to be taken off the island of St Helena, and at e first occupation of the island of Ascension, cats were e most acceptable gifts that the colonists could receive. he prolificness of the cat, though beneficial to man, is sadvantageous to itself; for if the species were more arce, it would enjoy a much higher degree of favour. he extreme beauty of the animal, its natural grace, and traordinary sagacity, are not very highly appreciated, nce the object possessing these advantages has become common as almost to degenerate into a nuisance. In scension, cats, having been allowed to go wild, have ow increased to such an extent, as to be nearly as great a st as the rats; while keeping down the superabundance vermin, they destroy the eggs and the young of those merous birds which formerly might be taken in any antity by the crews of vessels touching at the island. ats have either not thriven so well in St Helena, or re has been taken to keep them in a more domesticated ate, for the rats are there spoken of as being the grand stroyers of game.

The moment that man has appeared upon any scene, wever savage, he is certain to be surrounded by three fferent species of animals—the mouse, the sparrow, and e common fly; and the first and last in such quantities, at he is speedily obliged to take measures against them. he crews of shipwrecked vessels compelled to take up eir residence for a time in some desolate place, have ually found their temporary habitations to be dreadfully fested with rats or mice; to such persons a cat proves inestimable treasure, and, indeed, it would be scarcely ssible *to exist* in comfort in any situation without one *these determined* destroyers of vermin.

In *India*, the belief that these useful animals are con-

nected with, and become the agents of, those wh
forbidden arts, is very prevalent. In sick-chan
more especially those of women at the period
birth, great care is taken that a cat should not
room, in order, it is said, to prevent the m
which its presence might occasion; and even
name of a cat is not allowed to be mentioned
considered to be a witch. This prejudice e:
Mohammedan families, although the cat is a sc
vileged animal with them, in consequence of a
respecting the tenderness shewn to one of th
by the Prophet himself. It is stated that, find
sleeping one day on the sleeve of his caftan, he
to be cut off, preferring to wear the garment t
lated rather than disturb his favourite, or his
favourite, for, upon recollection, the cat was sai
belonged to Fatima. In some Mohammedan
the veneration for an animal petted by the pr
of the religion, is carried to so great an extent, that
are founded for the purpose of affording asylum
It is not, however, in large communities, such
hospitals afford, that the mental faculties of th
be fully developed; the persons in charge of th
may render them exceedingly tame and orderly,
close association and domestication with men
required to shew the extent of their intellig
celebrated ornithologist states, that, while pur
studies in America, he was indebted for some of
specimens of the birds he sought after to a favc
After a time, this animal having watched her m
closely, seemed to comprehend at least so mu
employment, as to see that he rejoiced at pr
strange bird. She, therefore, went out into th
and surprised him by bringing in a specimen of
tribe, which, from its slyness, he had long sough
vain. Happening once to be writing at a m
India, in which the family were what may be te
fanciers, keeping a breed of Persians, I was mu
with the kindness and sagacity which one of th

to a stranger. She had had kittens, but they were grown up, and had been given away, when a friend sent a remarkably pretty specimen of one bred in her own house, which was taken from its mother as soon as it could be fed without her assistance. This kitten, upon being introduced, went immediately up to the before-mentioned female, and attempted to suck; there was no milk, but the cat treated her very kindly, while the others seemed disposed to be hostile. In order to prevent the kitten from straying out of our sight upon leaving the breakfast-room, we took her with us, and put her upon a pianoforte, which was too high for her to jump from; soon afterwards, we observed the cat with which she had previously made acquaintance, come into the apartment with a fried fish in her mouth, which she had taken out of the cook-room, and which formed part of the morning meal of herself and her companions. Leaping on the pianoforte, she began to feed her protégée; an act of most disinterested kindness—for though cats that have prematurely lost their kittens will perform the maternal office to animals of a nature perfectly contrary to their own, under these circumstances they experience a relief which is grateful to them, and rejoice at having an object on which they can lavish the affection, that may be termed an instinct rather than a sentiment at the time.

When cats live in solitary houses, and are either not much noticed by their human protectors, or are left a good deal in the company of other animals, they will form rather odd friendships. One of the strangest that came under my observation was that between a cat and a pigeon; for though the pigeon is rather a valiant bird, it must have been conscious that it had a very small chance against the cat, should the latter incline to be hostile; and my experience has shewn, that the natural apprehension that the cat would employ its superior strength in some aggression, has prevented much of the social intercourse which puss is desirous to establish. A cat of my acquaintance would be but too happy to be upon friendly terms with a *perroquet; but* the latter will not be conciliated, and will

take every opportunity that offers to bite the cat's tail. It tolerates puss, however, so far as to allow it to lie close to the cage in the porch of the house, while, should any strange cat enter the garden, its screams are terrific. To return to the warlike propensities of the pigeon. I had once several pets of this kind, that lived in cages, but were allowed to be at large for some hours every day: their cages were brought into what is called an inner or second veranda in India, and the doors being opened, they were permitted to walk out. They usually came into the drawing-room, and amused us with their antics, some strutting about backwards, with their heads perfectly buried in the large fan tails which they erected in the manner of a peacock. While thus engaged, the squirrels, swarming about the house in hundreds, would come to the cages, take possession, and eat the peas provided for the legal owners. The instant that the pigeons were made acquainted with this invasion, they hurried to their cages, and drove the intruders out, expressing excessive indignation at the theft; while the depredators, though forced to retreat, and sometimes well beaten by the wings of their assailants, would watch their opportunity and come again, when the same scene would be reacted. The common squirrel of India is a very small, but a very beautiful creature, having three dark stripes along the back, and a splendid feathery tail, so fine as almost to resemble the gossamer; it is armed, however, with sharp teeth, and is a fierce, and rather savage animal, exceedingly exclusive in its attachments. One which was tamed in our family, never would tolerate any person except his master, and in his absence, it bit everybody else so furiously, that we were obliged to put on gloves whenever we attempted to feed it, or touch its cage. The sparrows and the squirrels living in the eaves of the same veranda were by no means good friends: and we discovered that the latter, if in want of a meal, would make no scruple of attacking its feathered neighbours. One day an unusual hubbub brought me into the veranda of the bungalow, which, being *thatched*, afforded accommodation to various animals,

saw a squirrel with a sparrow in its claws, which
ld have speedily demolished, had not the other
ws hastened to the rescue. Their numbers gave
the victory, beating him with their wings, pecking
ı, and chirping vigorously; at the same time they
the savage to quit his prey. These sparrows,
ı uniting in defence of one of their companions,
always fighting with each other, the combatants
ntly coming down together, and rolling over and
ı the dust, as each succeeded in getting uppermost.
were certainly courageous birds, for, in despite of
ımbers and watchfulness of our cats, they would
ıt the window-blinds, to ask for the crumbs which
ıre in the habit of distributing amongst them.
side the house was a colony of carrion crows, and
two large birds of the hawk kind: these creatures
always upon the watch, and nothing that was pos-
o attain ever escaped them. I was in the habit of
out upon a terrace in the evening, with a plateful
cken-bones in my hand, to feed a favourite terrier.
og, more pleased at being let loose, and at my side,
ınxious for food, would frequently leave his meal to
.bout. As long as I kept my eyes upon the plate,
s safe; but if anything withdrew my attention for
gle moment, the bones were gone: there were
ıres hovering unseen, that darted down and seized
rey immediately. One day, when seated on this
e with the plate close to my feet, which I considered
quite safe, on turning my head I was startled by a
e noise; one of the larger birds on coming down
ly brushed my shoulder with its wing; it had
.ved that my eyes had taken another direction, and
ıne swoop it cleared the plate of all the eatables,
g the dog and myself in amazement at its audacity.
ı sometimes tempted to amuse myself with the
r and the crows. After feeding my various protégés,
were always quantities of provision left, none of
ı, so strong is religious prejudice, would the poorest
ı of India eat; it was therefore unavoidably thrown

away. On flinging these fragments from the veranda, a flock of crows was sure to descend, which the dog espying, would instantly drive away, while he gobbled up all the bits: the crows meanwhile hovering just above his head, and picking a morsel up here and there as they could. The dog not being able to eat what it seized in its mouth, would run to some more remote spot, and disgorge the food, unconscious of the strict watch kept upon all his movements; sometimes a larger piece than ordinary would tempt one of the immense argeelahs, or butcher-birds, from its eyrie. Immediately the dog would give chase, and returning from its fruitless pursuit, would see with vexation the crows feasting in his absence; he would next put them to the rout, the gestures arising from his anger and spite being so truly comic, as to afford great diversion to the servants, who took care to supply me with provisions as long as there was anything to spare. We were obliged to feed the cats inside the house, as they would have had no chance against these large birds, although they would engage in mortal combat with very formidable animals.

CAROLAN, THE IRISH BARD.

THE Scottish peasantry do not speak with more enthusiasm of Burns, than the Irish—that is, the Irish who speak and feel in the original language of their country—do of Carolan, a personage of whom nine-tenths of our readers probably never heard, but whose poetical and musical genius was nevertheless of a very high order. He flourished at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and composed a vast number of lyrics in his native tongue, which he used to sing to the harp. It is unfortunately beyond our power to convey to a British mind an adequate idea of his poetical powers; but we may give some particulars respecting him, which, we think, will be read

with interest, as shewing genius under very peculiar circumstances.

Carolan, or, to give him his full original name, Turlogh O'Carolan, was born in the year 1670, at Newton, near the village of Nodder, in the county of Westmeath. He boasted of ancient Milesian descent; but the land on which he was born had been wrested from his ancestors by the family of the Nugents, on their arrival in Ireland with King Henry II. His father was a poor farmer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which afforded him a scanty subsistence. According to one account, somewhat too marvellous, perhaps, to be strictly true, Carolan evinced no marks of talent till his eighteenth year, when he entirely lost his eyesight by small-pox. The thoughts which had hitherto wandered over the external world were then turned inwards, and he became pensive and meditative. Near his father's house, there was an artificial mount, called in Ireland a *mote* or *rath*, one of the numerous remains of early fortifications still scattered over the island, or perhaps a seat of justice in primeval times. On this place, which the country-people in latter times supposed to contain a fairy palace, the poor boy had been accustomed, while possessed of eyesight, to play with his companions. Now, when unable to join in their sports, he used to cause himself to be led out to it, and would there stretch himself for hours under the genial rays of the sun. While thus solitarily reposing, he would be observed to start up suddenly, as if under the influence of some access of enthusiasm. His friends could assign no better explanation for his conduct, than that he was visited occasionally with preternatural visions, through the influence of the fairy queen. In one of these raptures, he called hastily to his companions to lead him home; and when he reached the house, he sat down immediately to his harp, and in a little time played and sang the air and words of a sweet little song addressed to Bridget Cruise, who had already become the object of his tenderest regards. So sudden is said to have been this visit of the Muses, and so captivating was its product, that

the people firmly believed him to have been at that moment gifted with poetic and musical power by the fairies; and they still keep in remembrance the spot where he desired on this occasion to be led home.

A memoir, less striking, but more probable, states that Carolan lost his eyesight at an earlier period of life, and that he endured the bereavement with cheerfulness, saying: 'My eyes are transplanted into my ears.' It also states, that his musical genius was soon discovered, and procured him many friends, who determined to aid its cultivation; and at the age of twelve, a master was engaged to instruct him on the harp. 'His diligence in the regular modes of instruction,' says this memoir, 'was not great; yet his harp was rarely unstrung; his intuitive genius assisting him in composition, whilst his fingers wandered amongst the strings in search of melody.' His love for Bridget Cruise not being successful, he married Mary Maguire, of the county of Fermanagh, who proved proud and extravagant, but never lost his affections. On entering the connubial state, he fixed his residence on a small farm near Moshill, in the county of Leitrim. Here he built a small house, in which he practised hospitality on a scale more suited to his mind than to his means; so that, in no long time, he was thrown nearly destitute upon the world.

The trade of the wandering minstrel, or bard, had long ceased in Ireland, but the forms of society which it suited had not altogether been superseded. The Irish gentry, and many beneath that rank, had still leisure to be amused by, and liberality to reward, the talents of the musician and the poet. Carolan was eminently both. His songs were already widely famed. His manners and conversation were also of a pleasing character. He therefore found no difficulty in commencing the erratic life which he persevered in to the close of his days. It *must not* be supposed that he appeared as an ordinary *mendicant*. He was invited as a friend to live with those who were pleased to patronise him; and, in general, there was a competition among the gentry of Connaught for

the honour of entertaining him. It is recorded, that messengers would sometimes be in pursuit of him for several days from place to place, to obtain the honour of a visit from the blind harper. In many instances he signified his gratitude by composing a song in honour of his host, or of some interesting member of the family. He is said to have, in all, composed about 200 airs, to the most of which he gave verses. His compositions have all the wild grace and pathos which characterise Celtic music and poetry, and which shine so peculiarly in the melodies of Ireland.

Notwithstanding the desirableness of his society, it has been mentioned, that once when he was on a visit at Lord Mayo's house in the country, his lordship, having also as a guest the eminent Italian musician Geminiani, was so much occupied in doing honour to that accomplished performer, that he quite overlooked Carolan. The native bard complaining of this neglect, his lordship said: 'When you play in as masterly a manner as he does, you shall not be overlooked.' Carolan immediately wagered with the musician, that, though he was almost a total stranger to Italian music, he would follow him in any piece he might play; and that he would himself afterwards play a voluntary, in which the Italian should not follow him. The proposal was acceded to, and Carolan was victorious.

It appears that, much as Carolan's company was generally desired, he was not welcome in any house beyond a reasonable period. Being pressed, on one occasion, by a hospitable friend, to prolong his stay, he answered in a stanza which has been thus translated:—

> 'If to a friend's house thou shouldst e'er repair,
> Pause and take heed of lingering idly there:
> Thou may'st be welcome, but 'tis past a doubt,
> Long visits soon will wear the welcome out.'

It is related that an Italian music-master, who had settled in Dublin, hearing much of the musical genius of *Carolan, resolved* to put it to the severest test he could *devise. He* singled out an excellent piece of Italian

music, which he mutilated here and there, but in such a manner that none, he thought, but the most skilful judges, could detect the alterations. Carolan, unconscious that he was subjected to a trial, listened with the deepest attention to the performance, and at the conclusion said it was an admirable piece of music; but, to the astonishment of all present, added in a humorous tone, in his own language: '*Ta se air chois air bacaighe*,' as much as to say, 'How oddly it limps here and there!' He was desired to rectify the errors, if he could; and the Italian no sooner saw the amendments, than he declared that Carolan had been by no means overrated by his countrymen, for none but a musical genius of the first order could have so nearly restored the air to its original perfection.

Carolan was so unfortunate as to contract, in early life, a love of whisky, which greatly increased as he advanced in years. In his latter days, he never composed without a bottle by his side, being of opinion, that it was necessary to stimulate or awake his powers. Having injured his health by this indulgence, he was told by a physician, that if he did not abandon it, he could not live much longer. He obeyed with reluctance, and made a resolution that he would never again allow whisky to pass his lips. Habits, however, whether good or bad, enter into our nature, and a sudden cessation of them is like tearing away a part of ourselves. For several weeks Carolan seemed a totally changed being. His wonted spirits forsook him. He lost all relish for society. His harp lay in a nook of his mansion, neglected and unstrung. He wandered about in a state of abstraction and melancholy, pitiable to behold. It is related, that one day when in this state, passing a grocer's door in the town of Boyle, county of Roscommon, he could not resist the temptation to step in. 'My dear friend,' said he to the *lad behind* the counter, 'you see I am a man of constancy. *For six long* weeks have I refrained from whisky; was *there ever* so great an instance of self-denial? But a *thought* strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel

enough to refuse one gratification which I shall earnestly solicit. Bring hither a measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell, but indeed shall not taste.' The lad indulged him on that condition, and the poor bard was as good as his word. The smell, however, was sufficient to rouse his dormant energies; his countenance brightened up, and he pronounced, over the forbidden cup, a soliloquy of the most animated and affecting eloquence. Not long after, he once more gave way to actual indulgence in whisky, and becoming in some degree restored to his ordinary condition, he regained his poetical and musical powers. His well-known and much admired song, *Carolan's* (sometimes called Stafford's) *Receipt*, was the first effusion of his revived muse. He commenced the words, and began to modulate the air in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning, he sang and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr Stafford's parlour at Elphin. Serviceable, nevertheless, as whisky was to him on this occasion, it would have obviously been better for the poor poet if he had never so far vitiated his constitution, as to make indulgence in that liquor in any degree necessary to him.

In 1733, when advanced to old age, Carolan lost his beloved wife, and the event was attended with that extreme grief which belongs to a nature like his. The monody he composed on this occasion, is the only one of his compositions which we can give in a translated form; but, while we do so, we must warn the reader against supposing that Celtic poetry can ever be transferred to another tongue with anything like its original effect. The present translation was the performance of a young lady:—

Were mine the choice of intellectual fame,
Of spellful song and eloquence divine,
Painting's sweet power, Philosophy's pure flame,
And Homer's lyre and Ossian's harp were mine;
The splendid arts of Erin, Greece, and Rome,
In Mary lost, would lose their wonted grace,
All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,
Again to fold her in my fond embrace.

Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief,
Awhile the founts of sorrow cease to flow,
In vain!—I rest not—sleep brings no relief;
Cheerless, companionless, I wake to wo.
Nor birth nor beauty shall again allure,
Nor fortune win me to another bride:
Alone I'll wander, and alone endure,
Till death restore me to my dear one's side.

Once, every thought and every scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employed—
Now doomed to mourn my last sad years away,
My life a solitude, my heart a void!
Alas, the change!—to change again no more—
For every comfort is with Mary fled;
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

Adieu, each gift of nature and of art,
That erst adorned me in life's early prime!
The cloudless temper, and the social heart!
The soul ethereal, and the flight sublime!
Thy loss, my Mary, chased them from my breast,
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more;
The muse deserts a heart with grief oppresst,
And lost is every joy that charmed before.

Carolan did not long survive a calamity which, at his age, few can bear with fortitude. But if a jest might be indulged on so mournful a subject, it might be said that his end was like that of his countryman

——'Lord Mount-coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
Who killed himself for love, with wine, last year.'

The inordinate draughts of liquor which he took after his wife's death, brought on a lingering illness, the crisis of which arrived while he was living at the house of his friend, Mrs M'Dermot of Alderford, in the county of Roscommon. Feeling his end approaching, he called for his harp, the less perishable partner of his bosom, and played his well-known *Farewell to Music*, in a strain of tenderness which drew tears from all present. It has also been related, that, at this melancholy moment, he *called for* a cup of his favourite beverage, which, after *many vain* remonstrances from his friends, was brought. *The dying* bard attempted to drink, but could not. He *said it would* at least have been hard if two such friends

ıe and the cup should part without kissing—gave away liquor, and expired. Carolan died in the month of :ch 1738, when he had attained his sixty-eighth year. was interred in the parish church-yard of Kilronan, he diocese of Ardagh, his funeral being attended by y clergymen of different denominations, a number of tlemen from the neighbouring counties, and a vast course of country-people, who, rude as they were, had ın enjoyed the strains of their national bard. His nd O'Connor, many years after, when his own end was roaching, paid a visit of sentiment to the grave of olan, which he found covered with a heap of stones. often happens in Irish burial-grounds, the skull of the d had been disinterred, and left amongst other skulls ve ground. 'I found it,' says O'Connor, 'in a niche r the grave, perforated a little in the forehead, that it ht be known by that mark.' M'Cabe composed an ;y on his friend, or rather an unrestrained effusion grief, which has been presented in the following n by Mr Furlong, in his translation of the works of olan :—

'Wo is my portion! unremitting wo!
Idly and wildly in my grief I rave.
Thy song, my Turlogh, shall be sung no more—
Through festive halls no more thy strains shall flow:
The thrilling music of thy harp is o'er—
The hand that waked it moulders in the grave.

I start at dawn—I mark the country's gloom—
O'er the green hills a heavy cloud appears;
Aid me, kind Heaven, to bear my bitter doom,
To check my murmurs and restrain my tears.

O, gracious God! how lonely are my days!
At night sleep comes not to those wearied eyes,
Nor beams one hope my sinking heart to raise—
In Turlogh's grave each hope that cheered me lies.

Oh, ye blessed spirits, dwelling with your God,
Hymning his praise as ages roll along,
Receive my Turlogh in your bright abode,
And bid him aid you in your sacred song.'

his account of Carolan, as descriptive of a genuine *and musician* who rose in an untutored nation, and,

without education, employed his faculties to the delight of all who could understand him, will not, we hope, be without interest. When we know that the Celtic Irish produced a Carolan so recently, we can no longer wonder that the common people in various countries possess bodies of vernacular poetry, in the shape of ballads and songs, capable of commanding the admiration of the educated and refined. Unrecorded Carolans must have been, in general, the authors of those compositions—men who sprung up in the night of our literary history, and flowered and died before it was yet dawn.

THE CRUISER OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

THE seas which interlace the various West India islands, and border on the South American coast, generally termed the Caribbean Sea, have long been infested with piratical cruisers, vessels manned with desperadoes of all nations, which are ever on the outlook for prizes, and which all the vigilance of the British and other governments has never altogether suppressed. Some thirty or thirty-one years ago, a piratical schooner, named the *Mexican*, commanded by a Captain Jonnia, a Spaniard, was the scourge of the ocean in this part of the world. Its depredations on the peaceful traffic of the British and Americans were heard of far and wide; but not until the capture which we are about to narrate was its character minutely known.

On the 13th of November 1821, the schooner *Exertion* sailed from Boston, in the United States, bound for Trinidad, in the island of Cuba. It was commanded by Captain Lincoln, besides whom there were on board a mate, cook, and four seamen. The cargo consisted of flour, beef, pork, butter, and other articles of provision, to the value of 8000 dollars. The voyage was attended with rather bad weather, but was on the whole prosperous, till the 17th of December, on the afternoon of which day, as the vessel was

Cape Cruz, with every prospect of a speedy and safe
val at its destined port, a vessel was observed in the
ance, which it was too obvious was on no good errand.
the suspicious-looking vessel approached, which it
with all sail set, and with the aid of long sweeps or
on each side, it was observed to be manned with a
of piratical ruffians, at least forty in number, armed
muskets, blunderbusses, cutlasses, long knives, and
s; two carronades, one a twelve and the other a six
nder—the whole forming a force too great to be for
ioment resisted. The vessel, though carrying the
iot flag of Mexico, was the pirate schooner *Mexican*,
of the famous Jonnia, who instantly ordered the
ter of the *Exertion* to come on board with his papers.
being done, Bolidar, the first-lieutenant, was ordered
ake the command of the *Exertion*, and bring her
id after the other, behind one of the islands called
Twelve League Key, which is about thirty or thirty-
leagues from Trinidad. We shall now allow the
ain of the unfortunate ship to tell his own story,
ch is sufficiently distressing.

'After this strange conduct,' says he, 'they began
mining my papers, by means of the only one who
eared to be able to read—a Scotchman, named
cola, who acted as their sailing-master. He spoke
l English, had a countenance rather pleasing, although
beard and mustaches had a frightful appearance—
face, apparently full of anxiety, indicated something
ıy favour; he gave me my papers saying: "Take good
of them, for I am afraid that you have fallen into bad
ds." The pirate's boat was then sent to the *Exertion*,
more men and arms; a part of them left on board
the rest returning with three of my crew to their
iel—namely, Thomas Young, Thomas Goodall, and
rge Reed. They treated them with something to
k, and offered them equal shares with themselves,
some money, if they would enlist, but they could not
il on them. I then requested permission to go

board my vessel, which was granted, and further requested Nickola should go with me, but was refused by the captain, who vociferated in a harsh manner: "*No, no, no!*" accompanied with a heavy stamp upon the deck. When I got on board, I was invited below by Bolidar, where I found they had emptied the case of liquors, and broken a cheese to pieces, and crumbled it on the table and cabin floor; the pirates, elated with their *prize*—as they called it—had drunk so much as to make them desperately abusive. I was permitted to lie down in my berth; but, reader, if you have ever been awakened by a gang of armed desperadoes, who have taken possession of your habitation in the midnight hour, you can imagine my feelings. Sleep was a stranger to me, and anxiety was my guest. Bolidar, however, pretended friendship, and flattered me with the prospect of being soon set at liberty. But I found him, as I suspected, a consummate hypocrite; indeed, his very looks indicated it. He was a stout and well-built man, of a dark, swarthy complexion, with keen ferocious eyes, huge whiskers, and beard under his chin and on his lips four or five inches long; he was a Portuguese by birth, and his appearance was truly terrific.

'*Tuesday*, 18*th December*.—Early this morning the captain of the pirates came on board the *Exertion*, took a look at the cabin-stores and cargo, and then ordered me back with him to his vessel, where he, with his crew, held a consultation for some time respecting the cargo; after which the interpreter, Nickola, told me that the captain had or pretended to have a commission under the commander-in-chief of the republic of Mexico, authorising him to take all cargoes whatever of provisions, bound to any Spanish royalist port; that my cargo being bound to an enemy's port, must be condemned; but that the vessel should be given up, and be put into a fair channel for Trinidad, where I was bound. I requested him to examine *the papers* thoroughly, and perhaps he would be convinced *to the contrary*, and told him my cargo was all American *property*, taken in at Boston, and consigned to an Amer*ican gentleman*, agent at Trinidad. But the captain would

not take this trouble, but ordered both vessels under-way immediately, and commenced beating up amongst the Keys through most of the day, the wind being very light. They now sent their boats on board the *Exertion* for stores, and commenced plundering her of bread, butter, lard, onions, potatoes, fish, beans, &c., took up some sugar-box shooks that were on deck, and found the barrels of apples; selected the best of them, and threw the rest overboard. They inquired for spirits, wine, cider, &c., and were told they had already taken all that was on board. But not satisfied, they proceeded to search the state-rooms and forecastle, ripped up the floor of the latter, and found some boxes of bottled cider, which they carried to their vessel, gave three cheers in an exulting manner to me, and then began drinking it with such freedom, that a violent quarrel arose between officers and men, which came very near ending in bloodshed. I was accused of falsehood, for saying they had already got all the liquors that were on board, and I thought they had: the truth was, I never had any bill of lading of the cider, and consequently had no recollection of its being on board; yet it served them as an excuse for being insolent. In the evening, peace was restored, and they sung songs. I was suffered to go below for the night, and they placed a guard over me, stationed at the companion-way.

'Wednesday, 19th, commenced with moderate easterly winds, beating towards the north-east, the pirate's boats frequently going on board the *Exertion* for potatoes, fish, beans, butter, &c., which were used with great waste and extravagance. They gave me food and drink, but of bad quality, more particularly the victuals, which were wretchedly cooked. The place assigned me to eat was covered with dirt and vermin. It appeared that their great object was to hurt my feelings with threats and observations, and to make my situation as unpleasant as circumstances would admit. We came to anchor near a Key, called by them Brigantine, where myself and mate *were permitted* to go on shore, but were guarded by *several* armed pirates. I soon returned to the Mexican,

and my mate to the *Exertion*, with George Reed, one of my crew; the other two being kept on board the *Mexican*. In the course of this day I had considerable conversation with Nickola, who appeared well disposed towards me. He lamented most deeply his own situation, for he was one of those men whose early good impressions were not entirely effaced, although confederated with guilt. He told me, "those who had taken me were no better than pirates, and their end would be the halter; but," he added, with peculiar emotion: "I will never be hung as a pirate," shewing me a bottle of laudanum which he had found in my medicine-chest, saying: "if we are taken, *that* shall cheat the hangman before we are condemned." I endeavoured to get it from him, but did not succeed. I then asked him how he came to be in such company, as he appeared to be dissatisfied. He stated that he was at New Orleans last summer out of employment, and had been induced, under false pretences, to sail with a crew, which afterwards turned out to be of a piratical nature.'

Passing over the account of several days' miseries, we come to Sunday the 30th of December.

'This day,' continues the captain, 'is the beginning of trouble. Early in the morning, one of the pirates, who was a merchant in disguise—one of those infamous traders who purchase the property captured by sea-robbers such as Jonnia—came with a large boat for the cargo. I was immediately ordered into the boat with my crew, not allowed any breakfast, and carried about three miles to a small island out of sight of the *Exertion*, and left there by the side of a little pond of thick muddy water, which proved to be very brackish, with nothing to eat but a few biscuit. One of the boat's men told us, the merchant was afraid of being recognised, and when he had gone, the boat would return for us; but we had great reason to *apprehend* they would deceive us, and therefore passed *the day in* the utmost anxiety. At night, however, the *boats* came and took us again on board the Exertion; *when, to* our surprise and astonishment, we found they

had broken open the trunks and chests, and taken all our wearing-apparel, not even leaving a shirt or pair of pantaloons, nor sparing a small miniature of my wife, which was in my trunk. The little money I and my mate had, with some belonging to the owners, my mate had previously distributed about the cabin in three or four parcels, while I was on board the pirate, for we dared not keep it about us; one parcel in a butter-pot they did not discover. Amidst the hurry with which I was obliged to leave my vessel to go to the before-mentioned island, I fortunately snatched my vessel's papers, and hid them in my bosom, which was a happy circumstance for me.

'*Tuesday*, 1*st January* 1822.—A sad New-Year's Day to me. Before breakfast, orders came for me to cut down the *Exertion's* railing and bulwarks on one side, for their vessel to heave out by, and clean her bottom. On my hesitating a little, they observed with anger: "Very well, captain, suppose you no do it quick, we do it for you." Directly afterwards another boat, full of armed men, came alongside; they jumped on deck with swords drawn, and ordered all of us into her immediately. I stepped below, in hopes of getting something which would be of service to us; but the captain hallooed: "Go in the boat directly, or I will fire upon you." Thus compelled to obey, we were carried, together with four Spanish prisoners, to a small low island, or key of sand in the shape of a half-moon, and partly covered with mangrove-trees, which was about one mile from and in sight of my vessel. There they left nine of us, with a little bread, flour, fish, lard; a little coffee and molasses; two or three kegs of water, which was brackish; an old sail for a covering; and a pot and some other small articles no way fit to cook in. Leaving us these, which were much less than they appear in the enumeration, they pushed off, saying: "We will come to see you in a day or two." Selecting the best place, we spread the old sail for an awning, but no place *was free from* flies, mosquitoes, snakes, the venomous-*stinged scorpion*, and the more venomous centiped.

Sometimes they were found crawling inside of our pantaloons, but fortunately no injury was received. This afternoon, the pirates hove their vessel out by the *Exertion*, and cleaned one side, using her paints, oil, &c., for that purpose. To see my vessel in that situation, and to think of our prospects, was a source of the deepest distress. At night we retired to our tent; but having nothing but the cold damp ground for a bed, and the heavy dew of night penetrating the old canvas—the situation of the island being fifty miles from the usual track of friendly vessels, and 135 from Trinidad—seeing my owner's property so unjustly and wantonly destroyed—considering my condition, the hands at whose mercy I was, and deprived of all hopes, rendered sleep or rest a stranger to me.

'*Wednesday*, 2*d*.—The pirates hove out, and cleaned the other side. She then commenced loading with the *Exertion's* cargo, which appeared to be flour and lard. In the afternoon, their boat came with four kegs of poor, unwholesome water, and left us, saying they should not bring us provisions again for some time, as they were going away with goods from the prize, to be gone two or three days. Accordingly, they brought a present supply of beef, pork, and a few potatoes, with some bedding for myself and mate. The mangrove-wood afforded us a good fire, as one of the Spanish prisoners happened to have fireworks, and others had tobacco and paper, with which we made cigars. About this time, one of my men began to be unwell; his legs and body swelled considerably; but having no medicine, I could not do much to relieve him.'

The forlorn party continued in this situation several days, when they were conveyed to another island more secluded, in which their condition was still more distressing.

'We arrived about sunset; and for our support, they *left us only* a ten-gallon keg of water, and perhaps a *few quarts* in another small vessel, which was very poor; *part of* a barrel of flour, a small keg of lard, one ham, and *some salt-fish*; a small kettle, and an old broken pot; an

old sail for a covering, and a small mattress and blanket, which were thrown out as the boats hastened away. One of the prisoners happened to have a little coffee in his pocket; and these comprehended all our means of sustaining life, and for what length of time we knew not. We now felt the need of water, and our supply was comparatively nothing. A man may live nearly twice as long without food as without water. Look at us now, my friends, left benighted on a little spot of sand in the midst of the ocean, far from the usual track of vessels, and every appearance of a violent thunder-tempest, and a boisterous night. Judge of my feelings, and the circumstances which our band of sufferers now witnessed. Perhaps you can, and have pitied us. I assure you, we were very wretched, and to paint the scene is not within my power. When the boats were moving from the shore, on recovering myself a little, I asked Bolidar if he was going to leave us so? He answered: "No, only two days —we go for water and wood, then come back, take you." I requested him to give us bread, and other stores, for they had plenty in the boat, and at least 100 barrels of flour in the *Mexican*—"No, no; suppose to-morrow morning we come, me give you bread," and hurried off to their vessel. This was the last time I saw him. We then turned our attention upon finding a spot most convenient for our comfort, and soon discovered a little roof supported by stakes driven into the sand, which was probably erected by the turtle-men or fishers, who visit these islands in June, for the purposes of their trade; it was thatched with leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, considerable part of which was torn or blown off. After spreading the old sail over this roof, we placed our little stock of provisions under it. Soon after came on a heavy shower of rain, which penetrated the canvas, and made it nearly as uncomfortable inside as it would have been out. We were not prepared to catch water, having nothing to put it in. Our next object was to get fire, and after *gathering some* of the driest fuel to be found, and having *a small piece* of cotton wick-yarn, with flint and steel, we

kindled a fire, which was never afterwards suffered to be extinguished. The night was very dark, but we found a piece of old rope, which, when well lighted, served for a candle. On examining the ground under the reef, we found perhaps thousands of creeping insects, scorpions, lizards, crickets, &c. After scraping them out as well as we could, the most of us having nothing but the damp earth for a bed, we laid ourselves down in hopes of some rest, but it being so wet, gave many of us severe colds.

'*Sunday*, 20*th*.—As soon as daylight came on, we proceeded to take a view of our little island, and found it to measure only one acre, of coarse white sand, about two feet, and in some spots perhaps three feet, above the surface of the ocean. On the highest part were growing some bushes and small mangroves—the dry part of which was our fuel—and the wild castor-oil beans. We were greatly disappointed in not finding the latter suitable food; likewise some of the prickly-pear bushes, which gave us only a few pears about the size of our small button-pear; the outside has thorns, which, if applied to the fingers or lips, will remain there, and cause a severe smarting similar to the nettle; the inside a spungy substance, full of juice and seeds, which are red and a little tartish—had they been there in abundance, we should not have suffered so much for water—but, alas! even this substitute was not for us. On the northerly side of the island was a hollow, where the tide penetrated the sand, leaving stagnant water. We presumed, in hurricanes, the island was nearly overflowed. According to the best calculations I could make, we were about thirty-five miles from any part of Cuba, 100 from Trinidad, and forty from the usual track of American vessels, or others which might pass that way. After taking this view of our condition, which was very gloomy, we began to suspect we were left on this desolate island by those merciless plunderers to perish. Of this I am now fully convinced; still we looked anxiously for the pirate's boat to come, according to promise, with more water and provisions, *but looked* in vain. We saw them soon after get

nder-way, with all sail set, and run directly from us, until ut of our sight, and *we never saw them again!* One may artially imagine our feelings, but they cannot be put nto words. Before they were entirely out of sight of us, ve raised the white blanket upon a pole, waving it in the ir, in hopes that at two miles' distance they would see t, and be moved to pity. But pity in such monsters was ot to be found. It was not their interest to save us rom the lingering death which we now saw before us. We tried to compose ourselves, trusting that God, who ad witnessed our sufferings, would yet make use of some ne as the instrument of his mercy towards us. Our ext care now was to try for water. We dug several oles in the sand, and found it, but quite too salt for use. The tide penetrates probably through the island. We ow came on short allowance for water. Having no neans of securing what we had by lock and key, some ne in the night would slily drink, and it was soon gone. The next was to bake some bread, which we did by nixing flour with salt water, and frying it in lard, allowng ourselves eight quite small pancakes to begin with. The ham was reserved for some more important occasion, nd the salt-fish was lost for want of fresh water. The emainder of this day was passed in the most serious onversation and reflection. At night, I read prayers from prayer-book, which I had most carefully concealed hile last on board the pirate's vessel. This plan was ursued morning and evening during our stay.'

Fourteen days of confinement to this miserable islet ucceeded; starvation began to do its work in thinning he number of the unhappy prisoners, and hope of eliverance was almost gone. At length deliverance came, nd in a manner the least expected. A vessel hove in ight, and from it a boat came on shore. To the surprise f the worn-out islanders, their deliverer was no other han Nickola, who had all along been the secret friend f Captain Lincoln, and had actually fled from the pirates with a few companions, and, procuring a vessel, had now ome to rescue the victims of piratical oppression. Nickola,

in making known these circumstances, declared also his true name, which was Jamieson, and that he was a native of Greenock, in Scotland. By this wandering and really good-hearted Scot, the American captain and his men were kindly treated, and removed from their desolate place of residence. According to Captain Lincoln's narrative, Jamieson afterwards followed the profession of a teacher of navigation in the States, and died in 1829.

'Since his death,' says he, 'I have been informed that the piratical schooner *Mexican* was afterwards chased by an English government vessel from Jamaica, which was cruising in search of it. Being hotly pursued, the pirates deserted their vessel, and fled to the mangrove-bushes, on an island similar to that on which they had placed me and my crew to die. The English surrounded them, and thus they were cut off from all hope of escape. They remained there, I think, fourteen days, when being almost entirely subdued by famine, eleven surrendered themselves, and were taken. The others probably perished among the mangroves. The few who were taken were carried by the government vessel to Trinidad. They were in a state of starvation; their beards had grown to a frightful length; their bodies were covered with filth and vermin, and their countenances were hideous. From Trinidad they were taken to Kingston, Jamaica, and there executed. Thus there is every reason to believe that this horde of monsters was at last broken up and dispersed.'

RCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

lowing singularly-involved case, shewing the
f yielding too much to circumstantial evidence,
in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1754, with the
f a correspondent, who states it to have been
l from some minutes of evidence made by his
ıer in criminal causes in which he was counsel
.rt of the crown in the reign of Charles II.:—

du Moulin, a French refugee, having brought
family and a small sum of money, employed
chasing lots of goods that had been condemned
stom-house, which he again disposed of by retail.
goods were such as, having a high duty, were
y smuggled, those who dealt in this way were
suspected of increasing their stock by illicit
nd smuggling, or purchasing smuggled goods,
lour of dealing only in goods that had been
ɛized by the king's officers, and taken from
s. This trade, however, did not, in the general
ɑ, impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction
ıracter; but he was often detected in uttering
d. He came frequently to persons of whom
eceived money, with several of these pieces of
it coin, and pretended that they were among
ɜ which had been paid him: this was generally
ith great eagerness, but, if particular circum-
lid not confirm the contrary, he was always
ry and obstinate in his charge. This soon
him into disrepute, and he gradually lost not
business, but his credit. It happened that,
ɔld a parcel of goods, which amounted to L.78,
ırris, a person with whom he had before had no
he received the money in guineas and Portugal
ral pieces of which he scrupled; but the man
ɜured him that he himself had carefully ex-

amined and weighed those very pieces, and found them good, Du Moulin took them, and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with six pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods. Harris examined the pieces, and told Du Moulin that he was sure there were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alleging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad, insisting that they were the same to which he had objected. The man now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud. Du Moulin appeared to be rather piqued than intimidated at this charge; and having sworn that these were the pieces he received of Harris, Harris was at length obliged to make them good; but as he was confident Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud, supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and met with many persons who made nearly the same complaints, and told him that it had been a practice of Du Moulin's for a considerable time. Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned; and hearing what Harris had reported from all parts, he brought his action for defamatory words, and Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence; and, in the meantime, having procured a meeting of several persons who had suffered the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers, a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several others were picked from other money, that was found in different parcels *in his* scrutoire; upon further search, a flask, several *files*, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small *quantity* of aqua regia, and several other implements,

were discovered. No doubt could now be made of his guilt, which was extremely aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he made, the insolence with which he had insisted upon its being paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim. His action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly increasing his guilt, and everybody was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to his trial, and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his scrutoire, and, above all, the instruments of coining, which, upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

It happened that a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been bred a seal-engraver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse; his wife, who was then big with child, and near her time, immediately fell into fits, and miscarried. She was soon sensible that she could not live, and therefore sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account:—

That her husband was one of four, whom she named, that had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was therefore intrusted with the whole secret; that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of footman and porter, and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money, by opening his master's scrutoire, and leaving it there in the stead of an equal number of good pieces, which he took out; that by this iniquitous practice, Du Moulin had been defrauded of his business, his credit, and his liberty, to which in a short time his life would be added, if application was not immediately made to save him. By this account, which she gave in great agonies of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons

so did one of the other two; but while the
examining, a messenger who had been sent
their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of b
and many instruments for coining. This threw
confusion, and the magistrate, improving the o
by offering him his life if he would become a
for the king, he confessed that he had been
ciated with the other prisoners and the man
dead, and he directed where other tools and mo
be found, but he could say nothing as to the
which Du Moulin's servant was employed to
Upon this discovery, Du Moulin's execution was s
and the king's witness swearing positively that h
and the other prisoner had frequently coin
presence, and giving a particular account of th
and the part which each of them usually perfor
were convicted, and condemned to die. Both
however, still denied the fact, and the public
in doubt about Du Moulin. In his defence, h
clared that the bad money which was found tog
such as he could not trace to the persons of
had received it; that the parcels with which b
was found mixed, he kept separate, that he mi

y either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular
hich was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf;
ut it happened that while the public opinion was thus
eld in suspense, a private drawer was discovered in a
hest that belonged to his servant, and in it a bunch of
eys, and the impression of one in wax: the impression
as compared with the keys, and that which it corre-
ponded with was found to open Du Moulin's scrutoire,
n which the bad money and implements had been found.
Vhen this particular, so strong and unexpected, was urged,
nd the key produced, he burst into tears, and confessed
ll that had been alleged against him. He was then asked
ow the tools came into his master's scrutoire; and he
nswered, that when the officers of justice came to seize
is master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he
ad in his chest these instruments, which the private
rawer would not contain, and fearing that he might be
ncluded in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept
im in continual dread and suspicion; that for this
eason, before the officers went up stairs, he opened the
crutoire with his false key, and having fetched his tools
rom his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and
ad just locked it when he heard them at the door.

In this case, even the positive evidence of Du Moulin,
hat the money he brought back to Harris was the same
e had received of him, was not true, though Du Moulin
as not guilty of perjury, either wilfully or by neglect,
nattention or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial
vidence against him, however strong, would only have
eaped one injury upon another, and have taken away
he life of an unhappy wretch, from whom a perfidious
ervant had taken away everything else.

LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

THIS lady was certainly one of the most remarkable women of the present age. Lady Esther—sometimes spelt Hester—Stanhope was a daughter of the late eccentric Earl of Stanhope, and a niece of the second William Pitt, who was strongly attached to her, and under whose eye she was chiefly brought up. This distinguished statesman died shortly after his young relative had attained to womanhood. Lady Esther deeply deplored the loss; and after its occurrence (in 1806) left England, to travel over Europe. Being young, handsome, of high birth, and possessed of a large independent fortune, she was courted everywhere with all the eagerness which rank, wealth, wit, and beauty seldom fail to attract, but no matrimonial overtures, however eligible might be the parties from whom they came, made the desired impression on the mind of Lady Esther. It has been said, indeed, that she *had* an attachment, and of the strongest kind, its object being a young English officer, who fell in the war at that time raging in the Peninsula. But this, as far as we know, is only a conjecture, and the true motives of the lady for remaining single, as well as for other steps of an extraordinary kind which she took, must be held as altogether unknown, unless we regard the peculiarities of her disposition as a sufficient explanation of all.

After spending several years in the chief capitals of Christian Europe, Lady Esther embarked, with a numerous retinue, for Constantinople, where she took up her abode for the space of two or three years. The glimpse of Asiatic manners and customs which she thus obtained, seems only to have fostered that passionate love of the *East* which was the ruling sentiment of her romantic, *bold*, and enterprising mind. From Constantinople, she *set sail* for Syria, in an English vessel, laden with a great *part of* her fortune, in money, jewels, and other portable

articles of value. Unfortunately, the vessel was wrecked on the coast of Caramania, opposite the island of Rhodes, and the whole of Lady Esther's property went to the bottom of the sea. She barely escaped with life, being carried on a portion of the wreck ashore, where she passed twenty-four hours without food or help of any kind, on a small desert island. A party of fishermen at last found her, and conveyed her to Rhodes, where her difficulties were relieved by the English consul.

This misfortune did not for a moment check the love of adventure in the mind of Lady Esther, or cause her to depart from her purpose. As soon as possible, she proceeded to England, collected the remains of her fortune, and, after placing a portion of it in the funds, embarked with all the rest in another vessel, with which she set sail for the coast of Syria. She landed at Latakia—the ancient Laodicea—and at this place took up her residence for a time, with the view of learning the Arab language, and of taking other steps preparatory to the commencement of exploring journeys into the most inaccessible parts of Arabia, of Mesopotamia, and of the desert. While prosecuting these initiatory measures, Lady Esther entered into free and frequent intercourse with all who were calculated to give her either counsel or aid in the execution of her enterprise.

These proceedings and projects on the part of a young, delicately nurtured, and beautiful female, exhibit, it must be admitted, a spirit and temperament of no ordinary kind. Lady Esther did not fail or shrink as the difficulties attending the accomplishment of her proposed journeys became more obvious and better understood by her. After being thoroughly familiarised with the language, costume, manners, and usages of the country, she organised a numerous caravan, and loaded a great number of camels with rich presents destined for the Arab chiefs and their tribes. With this caravan she visited all parts of Syria, and sojourned, at various times, at Jerusalem, *Damascus*, Aleppo, Homs, Balbec, and Palmyra. The *French poet* and traveller, Lamartine—to whose account

of Lady Esther, drawn up from a personal visit, we are indebted on the present occasion, relates that, 'at Palmyra, the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs who had facilitated her approach to that city's ruins, assembled round her tent to the number of 40,000 or 50,000, and, charmed with her beauty, her grace, and her splendour, proclaimed her QUEEN OF PALMYRA, and delivered firmans (missives or credentials) into her hands, by which it was agreed that every European to whom she might deign to grant a protection, should be allowed to visit in perfect security the desert and ruins of Balbec and Palmyra, provided he pledged himself to the payment of 1000 piasters as a tribute. This treaty is still in existence, and would be most faithfully respected by the Arabs, if they were satisfied of Lady Esther's protection having been in any case obtained.'

In returning from Palmyra, Lady Esther shewed her power of sustaining personal fatigue, by executing, along with her caravan, a forced march of twenty-four hours, during which they passed over an immense extent of desert, pursued by a party of Arabs hostile to those of Palmyra. Through the great speed of Lady Esther's horses, the caravan escaped. She went afterwards to Damascus, where she received the utmost attention from the pacha, to whom the court of Constantinople had recommended her. Many were the wanderings of Lady Esther in the countries of the East subsequently to this period; but she finally settled in the pachalic of St Jean d'Acre. Her chosen place of abode was a convent and village called Dgioun, inhabited by Druses—a particular branch of the Syrian population—and situated in an almost inaccessible solitude on one of the mountains of Lebanon. 'Here,' says M. Lamartine, 'she built several houses, and surrounded them by a wall of enclosure, resembling our fortifications of the middle ages; formed *an artificial* garden in the Turkish fashion, containing *within* its limits a pasture-field, an orchard, a bower made *of* vines, kiosks embellished with Arabian sculptures *and* paintings, water running through marble conductors,

pouts in the centre of the pavement of the kiosks,
ches formed of orange, fig, and lemon trees.
tanhope lived here during many years in Oriental
ıur, surrounded by a concourse of Arab or Euro-
lragomen, of female attendants, and of black
s, and holding frequent intercourse with the
pachas, and particularly with the Arab chiefs of
ert around.'

that this revival of the romance of Arabia should
e been permanent! Alas that this new queen of
: should have had her desert throne shaken by
versity! Such was the case. The fixed portion
' Esther's funds—that part from which her annual
was chiefly derived—had been placed by her, as
ın said, in the British funds. Owing to her own
, and to other causes, we regret to have heard,
y honourable to those in whom this interesting
usted, she was deprived of a great part of her
. From the period of that loss, she lived in
absolute solitude. But misfortune did not in
ghtest degree bow her spirit. 'This was the
n,' says M. Lamartine, 'on which she displayed
ergy, and the firm and lofty determination of
roic character. She never dreamed for an in-
f retracing her steps; she bestowed not a regret
ıe world or the past; she did not shrink at the
; of her forlorn condition, or of her misfortune, or
prospect of old age, and of being utterly forgot;
nained the solitary being she yet is.' A few
negroes and black children, with an Arab peasant
to work in the garden, were her sole attendants.
much of her influence over the Arabs ceased
er ability to make them continual presents, the
' Lady Esther Stanhope was still held in veneration
e East.

ıave purposely refrained from entering into details
to the character and mental peculiarities of the
ge who had chosen for herself a way of life so
ifferent from that which those of her sex and

her rank usually prefer and pursue. M. Lamartine's visit to her residence will supply us with these details in a collected form. On reaching the district of Lebanon, the French traveller wrote to Lady Esther, requesting the honour of an interview. It was at once granted, though scarcely expected, as the recluse generally declines the visits of Europeans. M. Lamartine found her house to be rather a cluster of cottages than one building. He was hospitably entertained on his arrival, and when three o'clock came—her usual hour for seeing visitors—he was introduced by a little negro girl to the cabinet of Lady Esther. 'It was so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble, grave, yet mild and majestic features, clad in an Oriental costume. She rose from the divan, advanced, and offered me her hand. Lady Esther appears to be about fifty years of age, but she possesses those personal traits which years cannot alter: freshness, colour, and grace depart with youth; but when beauty resides in the form itself, in purity of expression, in dignity, in majesty, and a thoughtful countenance, whether in man or woman, this beauty may change with the different periods of life, but it does not pass away—it eminently characterises the person of Lady Esther Stanhope.

'She wore a white turban, and on her forehead was a purple-coloured woollen fillet, which fell on each side of her head as low as her shoulders. A long yellow cashmere shawl, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with flowing sleeves, enveloped all her person in simple and majestic folds, while an opening of these folds upon the bosom, displayed a second tunic of rich Persian stuff, covered with flowers, which was attached round the neck by a clasp of pearls. Turkish yellow morocco boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful Oriental costume, which she wore with that freedom and grace, *as if she* had never used any other from her youth.'

Scarcely had M. Lamartine been a few minutes in Lady *Esther's* presence, when the most remarkable feature in *her character* came into view—her belief, namely, in the

influence of the stars upon human affairs; and her supposition, also, that she had discovered the power of reading their language. She proved, in fact, to be a pure-minded visionary, enthusiastic in her hopes for man's future good, and withal possessed of an intellect naturally clear, lofty, and vigorous. Her creed of divination, as shewn in the following sentence, appears to be a compound of Orientalism and Lavaterism:—'There is a science at present lost in your Europe—I possess it: I read in the stars—we are all children of some one of those celestial fires which presided at our birth, and of which the happy or malignant influence is written in our eyes, on our forehead, in our fortunes, in the lines of our hands, in the form of our feet, in our gesture, in our walk. I have only seen you for a few minutes, yet you are known to me as well as if I had lived an age with you.' Lady Esther did indeed make a good guess at the character of her guest. She knew not his name, and even if she had, that would have told her nothing, for she never read books. The only thing she *did* know was, that he could write a very civil letter; yet she said, within a quarter of an hour after having first seen him: 'You must be a *poet*.' After a conversation, in which she shewed the liveliest powers of fancy, a black slave entered, who prostrated himself on the carpet, she said: 'Go; dinner is served; dine quickly, and return soon. I will study you, and endeavour to see more clearly than in the first confusion of my ideas, into your person and future destiny (through the stars). As for me, I never eat with any one: I live very abstemiously: a little bread and fruit, when I feel hungry, are all I take; but I must not subject my guest to such a regimen.' When M. Lamartine had dined, he returned to Lady Esther, and found her smoking a long Oriental pipe, in a nonchalant and graceful attitude, after the fashion of ladies in the East. The conversation again turned on the favourite subject—'On the unique and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman—this *modern magician*—this Circe of the desert—who fully *reminded me of the most celebrated magi of antiquity!*

The traveller took an opportunity of testing Lady Esther's powers of divination, by inquiring her opinions relative to certain individuals whom he knew to have visited her, and he declares her judgments to have been in most cases wonderfully correct, though she knew these personages only by name. He remarks, finally, respecting Lady Esther's character: 'I felt that no string was wanting to this lofty and vigorous mind; that all the stops of the instrument gave a correct, full, and powerful sound, excepting, perhaps, the metaphysical chord, which too great a stretch, too solitary a life, had forced or raised to a tone far too elevated for human understanding.' In parting with M. Lamartine, Lady Esther observed, in the mystical manner which had become natural to her: 'We must not bid each other farewell; we shall often meet on this journey, and oftener still in future journeys, which you do not even contemplate at present.'

Alas! these anticipations were, we believe, never realised. Lady Esther Stanhope died a few years ago, in the same self-exiled position in which Lamartine had found her.

ANECDOTES OF WOLVES.

The wolf resembles the dog in shape, but is generally larger and more muscular, as well as more savage in appearance. The leading peculiarity of the wolf, wherever it may be found, is ferocity of disposition, accompanied with a certain degree of meanness or cowardliness, which is foreign to the character of the dog in all its varieties. It has been usual with naturalists to represent the wolf as untractable, or at least unsusceptible of attachment to man. But this is now discovered to be incorrect. The wild ferocious character of the wolf, it appears, is very much the result of the circumstances in

which it is placed. Cuvier mentions the case of a young wolf which was brought up like a dog by a gentleman in France, and became familiar with every person whom it was in the habit of seeing; learned to follow like a dog, was obedient, and attached to its master in an extreme degree. This remarkable case of the taming of a wolf is given as an instance of how much may be accomplished by early culture and kindness on even the wildest and most rapacious of animals.

Wolves were at one time plentiful in Britain and Ireland, but it is long since they were extirpated. They still abound in the northern parts of Europe, particularly in Russia, and are numerous in some parts of France, where they commit dreadful devastations. They are likewise common in North America, where they are black in colour, and in some instances white. In the year 1764, a wolf committed the most dreadful devastations in some particular districts of Languedoc, in the south of France, and soon became the terror of the whole country. According to the accounts given in the Paris gazette, it was known to have killed twenty persons, chiefly women and children; and public prayers are said to have been offered up for its destruction. It seems rather strange, that wolves were not yet banished from the thickly inhabited parts of France at the period to which we refer. This is apparent from the following anecdote, which we quote from a London newspaper of 1838:—

'The winter before last, Monsieur de B——, an advocate of Dijon, was returning rather late from shooting near that town, when his dog, a small pointer, which was a few paces in advance, ran suddenly back in evident alarm. The spot was a long hollow, formed by two sand-banks; and as far as his eye could reach, he could discover no cause for the animal's sudden terror, which sent him crouching to his feet. He proceeded cautiously, however, cocking both barrels of his gun; but for upwards of 200 yards, no cause of alarm presented itself. Indeed, he had forgotten the circumstance, and rested the gun across his shoulder, when the dog again sprang behind him with

hted yell. A wolf stood on the sa
ards before him. Armed only with
ır de B—— considered it most pru
n a cross-road in the rear. He ha
yards, when, to his horror and as
i another wolf barring his path
er as yet ventured to attack his
ıced, each retired; but the other wou
s heels. His situation became critical
oaching, and he feared that with it n
ld be down upon him; and to this the
f to call a reinforcement, and the sport
t certain they were answered from the
ıs to be lost; he rapidly advanced on c
enty paces fired both barrels at him.
ounded, and the other cleared the b
cared. Monsieur de B——, following his
o his heels, and never drew breath till h
Dijon. On examining the snow next m
ascertained that he had been hotly pursu
gates. As for the wounded wolf, a few
that his comrades had left of him.'

The following account of the rapaci
Russia, is given by a traveller, but of
are ignorant, from the manner it has
notice:—

'A peasant, when one day in his sl
by eleven of those ferocious animals: a
only about two miles from home,
urged his horse at the very top of
entrance to his residence was a gate,
be closed at the time; but the hors
and thus himself and his master fou
courtyard. They were followed, h
of the eleven wolves; but, very fort
these had entered the enclosure, th
its hinges, and thus they were cau
being the most ferocious of anim
beasts, now that they found e

completely changed: so far, indeed, from offering molestation to any one, they slunk into holes and corners, and allowed themselves to be slaughtered almost without making resistance.'

The following singular adventure of General Putnam with a wolf, in the state of Connecticut, in North America, has been already made known in works of natural history, but may here appropriately be repeated:—

'Some time after Mr Putnam had removed to Connecticut, the wolves, which were then very numerous, broke into his sheepfold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides worrying several lambs and kids. This dreadful havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the neighbourhood. The whelps were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gunshot; and upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

'This animal at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr Putnam and five of his neighbours agreed to hunt alternately, until they could destroy her, and two of them, in rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that, having lost the toes from one foot by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognised, in a light snow, the route of the wolf. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back toward Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a cave about three miles distant from Mr Putnam's house. The people soon assembled with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack their common enemy, and several attempts were made to dislodge her from the den; but the hounds came back wounded and intimidated, and neither the smoke of blazing straw, nor *the fumes of* brimstone, could compel her to quit her *retirement.*

'Wearied with these fruitless attempts, which had continued nearly twelve hours, Mr Putnam proposed to his negro servant to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; and on his declining the hazardous service, the general resolved himself to destroy the ferocious animal, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. Accordingly, having provided himself with several strips of birch-bark, to light him in this darksome cave, he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his body, by which he might be drawn back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

'The aperture of the cave, on the east side of a high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square: from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, and then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this cavity consist of smooth solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by an earthquake. The top and bottom are also composed of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is extremely slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet broad.

'Mr Putnam having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the cavern, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch, and all was silent as the house of death. Cautiously proceeding onward, he came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, till he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, which was sitting at the extremity of the den. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl, upon which the general kicked the rope, as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the cave hearing the growling of the wolf, and imagining their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him out with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. However, he boldly persisted in his resolution, and having adjusted his clothes,

and loaded his gun with buck-shot, he descended a second time. On his second approach, the wolf assumed a very fierce and terrible countenance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs; but when she was on the very point of springing on him, Mr Putnam fired at her head, and was immediately drawn out of the cave. After refreshing himself, and permitting the smoke to dissipate, he went down again, and on applying his torch to the animal's nose, found her dead; then taking hold of her ears, and kicking the rope, he drew her forth, to the astonishment of all the spectators.'

A REMARKABLE CASE OF MURDER.

In the town of M——, in Germany, resided a goldsmith, named Christopher Ruprecht, aged upwards of sixty; rich, illiterate, quarrelsome, covetous; rude in speech, vulgar in his habits; whose chief indulgence consisted in frequenting low ale-houses, and mingling in such haunts with the most disreputable among the lower classes of his fellow-citizens. His selfishness and repulsive manners had alienated from him all his relations, with the exception of a sister, who resided with him, and a married daughter, who still continued, notwithstanding his peculiarities of temper, to visit him regularly, though as much from interest perhaps as affection.

The favourite resort of Ruprecht was a small ale-house of the meanest order, situated at the end of a dark winding lane, and receiving as a title, from its gloomy situation, and the orgies of which it was the scene, the emphatic monosyllable usually applied to the place of darkness. About half-past eight o'clock, on the evening of the 7th of February 1817, the goldsmith repaired to this place *according to* custom, took his seat among the circle which *generally* assembled round the inn fire on the first floor.

and in his usual overbearing style, joined in the current conversation. In this manner the time was spent till past ten o'clock, when Ruprecht despatched the landlord to the ground-floor for a further supply of beer. As the master of the house was reascending the stairs to the company with the liquor wanted, a voice from the passage or outer door below, was heard inquiring if Ruprecht was above; and on the landlord replying—without turning his head—in the affirmative, he was desired by the person below to tell the goldsmith to come down. On receiving the message, Ruprecht rose immediately, and left the room. A minute had scarcely elapsed afterwards, when the company heard distinctly a loud groaning from below stairs, followed by a sound as of a heavy body falling in the passage. All present, to the number of eleven, hurried down stairs, where they found the goldsmith lying near the house door, still alive, but covered with blood flowing from a large wound on his head. At a little distance lay his leather-cap, which had been cut through by the blow. The only words which the wounded man uttered, when lifted up, were: 'The villain—the villain with the axe!' and once afterwards, 'My daughter, my daughter!' She was immediately sent for, but his mind apparently wandered, and he did not recognise her.

No trace of the author of the deed, or of any weapon, was visible in the neighbourhood. On examination, the wound was found to be about four inches long, extending along the left side of the head from front to back, and deeper in the centre than at the ends. From the force required to inflict such a blow, it was obvious that it must have been done outside the door, as the passage within was so low, that no weapon could have been raised sufficiently high to produce such an injury. After receiving it, the goldsmith must have been able to stagger into the passage before falling. On the left side of the door without, was a stone-seat, two feet high, on which, it was supposed, the murderer must have taken his stand, *awaiting* his victim, and directed, from this position, the *deadly* stroke. Though Ruprecht's words implied that

the weapon had been an axe, the medical inspector was of opinion that a sabre, wielded by an experienced hand, was more likely to have been the instrument. The main hope of explaining this point, and of discovering the author of the deed, rested on the revelations which the goldsmith himself might be able to make. It was not, however, till the evening of the following day, that he appeared sufficiently in his senses to warrant the judge in commencing his examination. The wounded man's answers were given in monosyllables. He was asked: 'Who struck you?'

'Schmidt.'

'What is this Schmidt—where does he reside?'

'In the Most.' (The Most is a street of the town.)

'With what did he strike you?'

'A hatchet.'

'How did you know him?'

'By his voice.'

'Was he indebted to you?' Ruprecht shook his head.

'What was his motive?'

'A quarrel.'

The wounded man was so much exhausted by these responses, that scarcely any other questions could be put to him, excepting the request, that he would again name the individual who had struck him. His repeated answer was, 'Schmidt—wood-cutter.'

Who, then, was this Schmidt?—a name, it is to be observed, not less common in Germany than Smith is in England. It turned out that there were three Schmidts, wood-cutters, in the town, two of whom were brothers, and lived in the Most, the street indicated by the goldsmith; while the third, Christopher Schmidt, lived in the street called the Hohen Pflaster. The brothers were usually named from their different heights, the Great Schmidt and the Little Schmidt, and they proved to be old acquaintances of Ruprecht, but to have recently ceased to be on familiar terms with him, chiefly because the Great Schmidt had given evidence against him in an action of damages. Regarding Christopher Schmidt, it

was ascertained that, at a former period of his life, he had been imprisoned under a charge of accession to a robbery. Before proceeding to the arrest of any of these individuals, Ruprecht, whose skull had in the interval been trepanned, in order to raise the depressed bone, was again asked, at a favourable moment, a string of questions similar to the former, and gave the same responses, excepting in one important point. On being asked whether the Great or the Little Schmidt was the guilty person, he tried to speak, but failed. He was then asked if the Most was the street, but was silent. To the next question, 'If the Hohen Pfiaster was the man's residence?' he answered with difficulty, but distinctly, 'Yes,' and then relapsed into the state of insensibility which was common to him.

All three Schmidts being thus implicated in suspicion, they were taken into custody, for the purpose, in the first place, of being confronted with the wounded man, and to have the guilty individual, if possible, identified by him. But Ruprecht, though sensible, was unable to open his eyes, and the main object of the interview was thus defeated. The behaviour of the suspected persons was, however, so very different, as to excite the strongest hopes that the matter would be cleared up. The brothers Schmidt were calm and composed on being brought into the goldsmith's presence; they spoke to him, called him by name, and expressed the greatest sympathy for his situation. Christopher Schmidt, on the contrary, was agitated and restless: when asked if he knew the person in bed, he first said he did not know him, and then that he did know him; first, that he remained in his mother-in-law's house on the night of the murder till eleven, and afterwards, that he was in his own house in bed at nine. He at the same time protested his entire innocence, and appealed to the testimony of his wife, his mother-*in-law, and his* neighbours. His agitation and his contra-*dictions* drew the suspicion of all from the other Schmidts *upon him,* and he was committed by the judge to prison. *All hope* of further information from the victim himself

was put an end to by his death on the following day, the second from the accident.

Subsequent investigations tended to increase the suspicions against Christopher Schmidt, which his behaviour on the first occasion had awakened. On inspecting his house, the handle of his axe, near the blade, was found to be streaked with *blood!* The truth of the report as to his former imprisonment he did not attempt to deny, but alleged that he had been merely made the innocent instrument of conveying stolen property from one place to another. On undergoing another examination, his contradictions were even more glaring than before. To the question, 'How he came to know Ruprecht in bed, when he stated that he had never seen him before,' he said that he knew him from having heard of his accident, and from being aware of the object of his own visit to the goldsmith's house. He stated that he had been with his wife and child to his mother-in-law's house, where they wrought at some in-door work, to save candles at home. It was impossible to ascertain from his answers the time at which he had come from his mother-in-law's house to his own. He first averred that he had come home with his child at nine, and that his wife had come an hour after him; then, that his wife had returned with him at ten o'clock; then that he was asleep, and did not know when she came; and made fresh contradictions, in short, with regard to time, at every query put to him. All these things—his variations, his agitation, his downcast and suspicious look, his previous imprisonment, the spots upon his axe, the expressions of the dying man, which pointed most strongly to him—when taken together, formed a strong combination of circumstances against Christopher Schmidt. Indeed his guilt was scarcely doubted of by any one.

On the other hand, after men's minds became capable of calmer reflection on the subject, the very grossness of these contradictions seemed to lead to the inference, *that they* arose from a deficiency of intellect, or from a *mind disordered* by temporary anxiety and fear, or from

both causes, rather than from a desire to conceal the truth. The report of the neighbours, when their evidence was collected, corroborated this conjecture; his stolidity and dulness of intellect was such as to have acquired for him the common nickname of 'the Sheep.' He never was capable, it was found, of expressing himself clearly, and it followed that, under such circumstances as a charge of murder, this deficiency must evidently have been greatly aggravated. From such a character as this, the statement, illogical as it was, that he knew Ruprecht in bed from having heard of his accident, was natural enough. With regard to the contradictory representations regarding the hour of his return, the inconsistency might be in part explained away by supposing his wife to have first gone home with him, seen him to bed with the child, and afterwards to have returned to her mother's for a short period before she finally came to sleep in her own house. This was, in fact, substantially proved by subsequent investigations of Schmidt's mother-in-law and wife. They, with other witnesses, proved that the wife, having seen her husband home, went back to her mother's to finish some work, and after an hour or an hour and a half's stay, returned to her own domicile. It was remarkable, however, that these two witnesses differed considerably with respect to the hours at which these events took place. These discrepancies were held to arise from the fact, that the night in question was a long and dark one in February, and that no clocks were within reach of the parties. This gave a favourable colour also to Schmidt's own inconsistencies as to time, particularly when taken in connection with the man's unquestionable stupidity.

But—admitting the wife's statement to be correct—Christopher Schmidt was left alone for an hour and a half at the very time the deed was committed. The ale-house where it took place, however, was a mile and a quarter from Schmidt's dwelling; and to have been the actor in the deed, he must have sprung from bed at the *moment* of his wife's departure, hurried to the spot, *committed* the murder, and again been in bed a quarter

of an hour afterwards. Was this energetic villainy likely to have been exhibited by one so slow and sluggish in intellect and behaviour as Schmidt was proved to be? The thing was felt by all, on reflection, to be barely possible.

But, again, the blood on the handle of the axe? The accused, on being questioned respecting this, said, that if such stains existed, of which he knew nothing, they must have proceeded from a swelling in the hand—which he shewed—that had burst some days before. The swelling, it was replied, is in the *right* hand, while the stains are upon the upper part of the handle, which is always held in the *left* hand. 'I am *left-handed*,' said the accused; and on inquiry among his associates, it was found to be the case. Further examination, also, shewed that the axe of Schmidt could not have been the instrument of death, the wound in the head being four inches long, while the axe's blade was barely three inches. A strong additional testimony in Schmidt's favour, was the discovery that he had actually been free of all guilt, as he had represented, on the occasion of his former imprisonment, and that his general character everywhere was that of a sober, industrious, peaceable man.

Thus, one by one, the grounds of suspicion which had at first appeared to be assuming so firm and compact a form, crumbled away, and, though not yet finally liberated, it was apparent to all that Christopher Schmidt would be acquitted. But as the clouds of suspicion passed from Christopher, they gathered for a time round the heads of his namesakes, the Great and Little Schmidts of the Most. These men, it was recollected, knew Ruprecht, which Christopher did not; they had, moreover, been actually placed in an inimical position with respect to the deceased. They had borne evidence against him, in an action instituted by two respectable surveyors, whose names the goldsmith had publicly vilified. Ruprecht had lost the cause, and had been sentenced to a short confinement on bread and water. At his liberation, he had set on foot an action of retaliation against the

surveyors, which was still undecided at the time of the murder. Could the surveyors have made use of their former witnesses, the Schmidts, to rid themselves of their pertinacious opponent? The high character of the men rendered this supposition improbable; and after it had lived for but a short time on the public breath, it was completely extinguished by the coming forward of several witnesses, who spoke to the fact of the brothers Schmidt having come home early on the night of the goldsmith's death, and not having left the house till next morning.

While all grounds for suspicion to rest upon were thus disappearing as far as the parties first implicated were concerned, some new discoveries, or rather conjectures, were made, which drew the eyes of justice to an entirely different quarter. Two other Schmidts, wood-cutters also, were found out, not living in the town indeed, but in the suburbs. One of these men was woodman to Berenger, Ruprecht's son-in-law, and this circumstance seems to have originated a new train of thinking in the minds of the official persons of the town, though no ground of suspicion could be found against the newly-discovered Schmidts. One of Ruprecht's first expressions, it will be remembered, after receiving the blow was, 'My daughter! my daughter!' These words had been naturally interpreted at the time into an expression of anxiety to see her, but circumstances subsequently emerging, seemed to render it doubtful whether his exclamation did not bear a less favourable meaning. The matrimonial life of Berenger and his wife had long been, it appeared, an unhappy one: Berenger had often made complaints against his wife to her father. Recently, some steps taken by the husband had ended in making the wedded pair's life a little more harmonious, but they had, at the same time, exasperated Ruprecht's mind in the highest degree against Berenger. A short time before his death, the goldsmith had been heard to call his son-in-law a villain; and he had also for some time *past* entertained the resolution of making a will, leaving *all to* his daughter, and beyond her husband's control.

his resolve he had announced to his daughter, about wo months before his death, and also to his apprentice Hogner. Nay, within a few hours of his accident, he ad sent for Hogner to assist in arranging his papers, reparatory to the execution of the will on the following unday. This intention he had expressed in the hearing f the maid-servant. These remarkable circumstances irected the attention of justice to Berenger, who might ave heard of the old man's determination; and a sufficient motive for a desire on his part to get rid quickly f the goldsmith would thus have been established.

Berenger, according to account, shewed no emotion or ympathy on hearing of the accident, and his wife, it was aid, shewed also a want of feeling. One of her first oncerns was to see whether her father had his keys bout him; and having ascertained that he had, she took ossession of and walked away with them. She had, esides, shewn a strong anxiety to criminate one of the chmidts, reporting several speeches against him, from her ather's lips, which no one else had heard. Several other inor incidents seemed to bear against the Berengers. n interpreting her father's dying words with this view, it vas thought that the old man, feeling himself struck with vhat he conceived to be an axe, would immediately revert n his mind to the wood-cutters, the Schmidts, who had orne a part against him in the suit then pending, and vhich occupied at the time much of his attention. This vas the sense now put upon the goldsmith's mention of he name of Schmidt.

Here also, however, as in the former cases, the grounds f suspicion vanished, one by one, into thin air. That he words 'my daughter' bore no meaning unfavourable to he Berengers, was proved by the statement of Ruprecht's ister, that such was her brother's common expression vhen anything troubled him; it was also proved, on etter inquiry, that Berenger's wife *had* shewn deep eeling for her father, and had only taken away his keys n the surgeon suggesting that the murder might be a reliminary to robbery; it was, moreover, sworn by the

the apprentice, and the maid-servant, that they h
r spoken of the will—a thing, indeed, most unlik
he wife to do, when she alone was to be benefi
it; and, finally, there was distinct evidence t
enger himself, at least, had not been the murde
at the time of it, he was quietly seated in the par
the Golden Fish. By this and other evidence,
spicion against the Berengers fell to pieces.

Even after all these failures, the investigation was
bandoned. A soldier, who was indebted to Rupre
nd who had been threatened by him, on the day of
ccident, with hard measures, was the person next brou
under examination. After the fabric of evidence in
case also had gathered some strength, it was at
overturned by a clear proof of an alibi.

Here, at last, justice was obliged to give up the pur
nor has any light since been thrown on this strange st
Who of all the parties suspected, or whether any of th
was guilty, must be left, in all probability, for anot
tribunal to judge and decide.

In the winding-up, or moral of a story, the chief int
commonly lies. The above tale of crime, however, a
attention from a different cause. It offers the ex
of a case of murder which all human means have
to elucidate. Thirty-six years have elapsed sin
murder was committed, and, till this day, its perp
remains undiscovered. The case therefore teach
to relax in vigilance in the discovery of a m
with the hope that time will clear up the circum
is neither rational nor attended with any sat
result.*

* A collection of German criminal trials, noticed in *Quarterly Review*, has supplied us with the materials for t

DESTRUCTIVE FALL OF A SWISS MOUNTAIN.

THE Valley of Lowertz, situated in the canton of Schwytz, in Switzerland, and bounded on two sides by the lakes of Zug and Lowertz, and the mountains of Rosenberg and Rosi on the others, was the scene of a dreadful catastrophe, in the month of September 1806. An account of the event to which reference is made, was given by an American clergyman, who passed over the spot shortly after the occurrence took place :—

'About five o'clock in the evening of the 3d of September, a large projection of the mountain of Rosenberg on the north-east gave way, and precipitated itself into this valley; in less than four minutes it completely overwhelmed the three villages of Goldau, Busingen, and Rathlen, with a part of Lowertz and Oberart. The torrent of earth and stones was far more rapid than that of lava, and its effects as irresistible and as terrible. The mountain in its descent carried trees, rocks, houses, everything before it. The mass spread in every direction, so as to bury completely a space of charming country more than three miles square! The force of the earth must have been prodigious, since it not only spread over the hollow of the valley, but even ascended far up the opposite side of the Righi. The quantity of earth is enormous, since it has left a considerable hill in what was before the centre of the vale. A portion of the fallen mass rolled into the lake of Lowertz, and it is calculated that a fifth part is filled up. On a minute map you will see two little islands marked in this lake, which have been admired for their picturesqueness. One of them is famous for the residence of two hermits, and the other for the remains of an ancient château, once belonging to the house of Hapsberg. So large a body of water was raised and pushed forward by the falling of such a mass into the lake, that the two islands, and whole village

of Seven at the northern extremity, were for a time completely submerged by the passing of the swell. A large house in this village was lifted off its foundations, and carried half a mile beyond its place.

'The disastrous consequences of this event extended further than the loss of such a number of inhabitants in a canton of little population; a fertile plain is at once converted into a barren tract of rocks and calcareous earth, and the former marks and boundaries of property are obliterated. The main road from Art to Schwytz is completely filled up, so that another must be opened with great labour over the Righi. The former channel of a large stream is choked up, and its course altered; and as the outlets and passage of large bodies of water must be effected by the filling up of such a portion of the lake, the neighbouring villages are still trembling with apprehension of some remote consequences, against which they know not how to provide. Several hundreds of men have been employed in opening passages for the stagnant waters, in forming a new road for foot-passengers along the Righi, and in exploring the ruins.

'The number of inhabitants buried alive under the ruin of this mountain is scarcely less than 1500. Some even estimate it as high as 2000. Of these, a woman and two children have been found alive, after having been several days under ground. They affirm, that while they were thus entombed, they heard the cries of poor creatures who were perishing around them for want of that succour which they were so fortunate as to receive. Indeed, it is the opinion of many well-informed people, that a large number might still be recovered; and a writer in the *Publiciste* of Paris goes so far as to blame the inactivity of the neighbouring inhabitants, and quotes many well-attested facts, to prove that persons have lived a long time buried under snow and earth. This at least is probable in the present case, that many houses, exposed to lighter weight than others, may have been merely a little crushed; while the lower storey, which in this part of Switzerland is frequently of stone, may have remained

firm, and thus not a few of the inhabitants escaped unhurt. The consternation into which the neighbouring towns of Art and Schwytz were thrown, appears, indeed, to have left them incapable of contriving and executing those labours which an enlightened compassion would dictate.

'The mountain of Rosenberg, as well as the Righi and other mountains in its vicinity, are composed of a kind of brittle calcareous earth and pudding-stone, or aggregated rocks. Such a prodigious mass as that which fell, would easily crumble by its own weight, and spread over a wide surface. The bed of the mountain from which the desolation came, is a plain inclined from north to south. Its appearance, as it is now laid bare, would lead one to suppose that the mass, when first moved from its base, slid for some distance before it precipitated itself into the valley. The height of the Spitsberg—the name of the projection which fell—above the lake and valley of Lowertz, was little less than 2000 feet. The composition of the chain of the Righi, of which the Rosenberg makes a part, has always been an obstacle in the way of those system-makers who have built their hypotheses upon the structure of the Alps. It has nothing of granite in its whole mass; and, though nearly 6000 feet above the sea, is green and even fertile to its summit. It is composed of nothing but earth and stone, combined in rude masses. It is also remarkable, that the strata of which it is composed are distinctly inclined from the north to the south; a character which is common to all rocks of this kind through the whole range of the Alps, as well as to the greater part of calcareous, schistous, and pyritous rocks, and also to the whole chain of the Jura.

'It was about a week after the fall of the mountain, that our route through Switzerland led us to visit this scene of desolation; and never can I forget the succession of melancholy views which presented themselves to our curiosity. Picture to yourself a rude and mingled mass *of earth and stones*, bristled with the shattered part of *wooden cottages*, and with thousands of heavy trees torn

up by the roots, and projecting in every direction. In one part you might see a range of peasants' huts which the torrent of earth had reached with just force enough to overthrow and tear in pieces, but without bringing soil enough to cover them. In another were mills broken in pieces by huge rocks separated from the top of the mountain, which were carried high up the opposite side of the Righi. Large pools of water were formed in different parts of the ruins, and many little streams, whose usual channels had been filled up, were bursting out in various places. Birds of prey, attracted by the smell of dead bodies, were hovering all over the valley. But the general impression made upon us by the sight of such an extent of desolation, connected, too, with the idea that hundreds of wretched creatures were at that moment alive, buried under a mass of earth, and inaccessible to the cries and labours of their friends, was too horrible to be described or understood. As we travelled along the borders of this chaos of ruined buildings, a poor peasant, bearing a countenance ghastly with wo, came up to us to beg a piece of money. He had three children buried under the ruins of a cottage, which he was endeavouring to clear away. A little further on, we came to an elevated spot which overlooked the whole scene. Here we found a painter seated on a rock, and busy in sketching its horrors. He had chosen a most favourable point. Before him, at the distance of more than a league, rose the Rosenberg, from whose bare side had rushed the destroyer of all this life and beauty. On his right was the lake of Lowertz, partly filled with the earth of the mountain. On the banks of this lake was all that remained of the town of Lowertz. Its church was demolished, but the tower yet stood, and the ruins, shattered but not thrown down. The figures which animated this part of the drawing were a few miserable peasants, left to grope among the wrecks of their village. The foreground of the picture was a wide desolate sweep of earth and stones, relieved by the shattered roof of a neighbouring cottage. On the left hand spread

the blue and tranquil surface of the lake of Zug, on the margin of which yet stands the pleasant village of Art, almost in contact with the ruins, and trembling even in its preservation.

'We proceeded, in our descent, along the side of the Righi, towards the half-buried village of Lowertz. Here we saw the poor curate, who is said to have been a spectator of the fall of the mountain. He saw the torrent of earth rushing towards his village, overwhelming half his people, and stopping just before his door. What a situation! He appeared, as we passed, to be superintending the labours of some of the survivors who were exploring the ruins of the place. A number of new-made graves, marked with a plain pine cross, shewed where a few of the wretched victims of this catastrophe had just been interred.

'The immediate cause of this calamitous event is not yet sufficiently ascertained, and probably never will be. The fall of parts of hills is not uncommon, and in Switzerland, especially, there are several instances recorded of the descent of large masses of earth and stone. But so sudden and extensive a ruin as this was perhaps never produced by the fall of a mountain. It can be compared only to the destruction occasioned by the tremendous eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius. Many persons suppose that the long and copious rains which they have lately had in this part of Switzerland, may have swelled the fountains in the Rosenberg sufficiently to push this part of the mountain off its inclined base. But we saw no marks of streams issuing from any part of the bed which is laid bare. Perhaps the consistency of the earth in the interior of the mountain was so much altered by the moisture which penetrated into it, that the projection of the Spitsberg was no longer held by a sufficiently strong cohesion, and its own weight carried it over. Perhaps, as the earth is calcareous, a kind of fermentation took place sufficient to loosen its foundations. But there is no end to conjectures. The mountain has fallen, and the villages are no more. Several travellers, or rather

strangers, have been destroyed; but whether they were there on business or for pleasure, I know not. Among them are several respectable inhabitants of Berne, and a young lady of fine accomplishments and amiable character, whose loss is much lamented.'

LADY GRANGE.

On the shores of the lonely island of St Kilda, two persons walked together in the calm and pleasant twilight of a summer-day. One of them was a lady, of tall and elegant form, and of beautiful features, though the bloom of youth no longer sat on them, and their loveliness was dimmed by the sad and melancholy impress which they wore. Her companion was an aged man, of venerable aspect, and dressed in plain but respectable attire. He was the pastor—self-delegated to the hermit-like office—of the island of St Kilda; and scanty as was the reward which accrued from his labours, few of the richest dioceses of earth could boast of a more zealous worker in the cause of peace than that solitary rock of the western main.

Long did the sad lady and her companion move in silence on that eve along the beach, listening to the tranquil murmur of the breaking waves of the Atlantic. Neither seemed disposed for converse. At length the pastor made a pause in his walk, and looking with an air of kind sympathy on his companion's downcast countenance, he said: 'You are ever sorrowful, lady; but to-night, it seems to me, you are more heavy and depressed than you have ever appeared since the time when I was first honoured with your society and friendship. No new misfortune, surely—pardon me if I am intrusive—can have reached you in such a place as this?'

'No recent calamity troubles me, my friend,' said the *lady with* a sigh; 'but the memory of past evils haunts

me this evening with unwonted oppressiveness, and hath excited in my breast a dark presentiment of coming ill —of sorrows yet and again to be endured. What a fate has been mine!' continued she, while a tear stole down her pale cheek; 'banished from country, home, friends —from all that the heart holds dear! And banished by those, too, that were most dear! Can new evils be added to such a sum as this?'

'Nay, dear lady,' replied the old pastor, taking her hand, 'do not let that despondency again seize you which you have encouraged me to think my counsels had helped to dispel for ever. The worst of your misfortunes, certainly, are past and known. Neither friends nor foes can well add to them.'

'Alas!' said the lady, 'you little know how far the hatred of friends, who have become enemies, can go. Those hearts of flint that could imprison a tenderly nurtured and defenceless woman on a rock like this —that husband who could doom to suffering and exile the wife of his bosom, the sharer of his pillow for many long years—that son who could so far throw off all affection and reverence for the mother that bore him, as to become the abettor of her cruel enemies—these are not the beings to think any misery too great, any barbarity too severe! Nine years of captivity have already been my doom; and these years, O how lengthened, how wearisome, how wretched! But I forget myself, my friend, my best friend, to whom I owe so much of the little comfort I have enjoyed: I forget myself; you yet know not the details of my unhappy history. Come with me now, then, and listen to them, while the wound is open, and the pain cannot be increased; come, and listen to the tale of my sufferings, ere new ones befall me, and close my lips perhaps for ever. But that the recital could not be made without throwing disgrace upon those whom I have ever loved in despite of my injuries, I would have spoken of these things ere now. One witness, however, of my griefs and my innocence I would willingly leave behind me; and whom should I

choose but him who has been as a father to me, and who has taught me to turn my thoughts to the only place where peace can be found for the wretched and oppressed!'

The tears of the venerable pastor of St Kilda flowed in sympathy with those of the lady, as he turned in silence with her from the spot where they had been standing, and took the direction of the cottage in which she resided, along with an old woman, her only attendant. When seated in this place with the pastor, the lady began her melancholy story. 'I am,' said she, 'the unfortunate daughter of an unfortunate, though ancient and respectable house. My father was John Chiesly of Dalry, a name, alas! but too well known, from the unhappy deed which his passionate nature led him to commit, and which you, my dear friend, may have heard of even in this place, where foot from the mainland seldom comes. My father, in a fit of irrepressible anger, slew Lockhart, the Lord President of the Scottish courts, and paid with his life for the deed. In her infancy this fate befell the parent of Rachel Chiesly. It was ominous of her own wretched destiny.

'After coming to the estate of womanhood, and having received the nurture suitable to my condition, under the eye of an affectionate mother, my hand was sought in marriage by several Scottish gentlemen of good rank and fortune. The one whom I loved and chose, was James Erskine of Grange, a youth who appeared to me to be endowed with every amiable quality. The affection he expressed for me was boundless, and we were united in wedlock. Our happiness for many, many years, was such as falls to the lot of few wedded pairs, and a lovely family sprung up around us. At length my husband became deeply involved in the political affairs of the period, being led into this dangerous occupation by his great influence as brother to the Earl of Mar. Alas! as *he* plunged more and more deeply into this vortex, his *mind* grew gradually estranged from me. He became restless, intriguing, and dissipated; and as all confidence was broken up between us, he began to entertain fears

—most unfounded fears—lest the political matters to which as mistress of his family I had necessarily become privy, should be revealed by me to his hurt and that of his friends. Ultimately, his dislike to me waxed so violent, that he could not live with me, and desired me to subscribe to a separation, to last during his pleasure. Yes! after I had lived with him twenty-five years, in all love and peace on my part, and had borne him a family, now partly grown up to mature estate, my husband causelessly wished me to do what I thought was contrary to my solemn vows; besides, I dearly loved my husband. Not all the persuasions used could make me subscribe to that deed.

'At length my cruel husband, after much threatening, turned me from the door of his house. I would have then gone straight to my relations in London, but some of my friends thought his temper might yet make a favourable change, and I retired for a time into strict privacy in the country. But I could not bear to live near them, and not enjoy the sight of my dear family; so, after the expiry of some months, I returned to Edinburgh, and took a chamber in a private house, near to my lord's lodging, that I might have the pleasure to see the house that he was in, and to see him and my children going out and in. I also went secretly, and made some of our relations and some religious friends speak to my husband of the sin of putting away his innocent wife; but finding all to be vain, and his heart to be strongly hardened against me, I resumed my intention of going to London.

'Having taken leave of my friends, and having, indeed, paid part of my *coach hire* to the English capital, I chanced to lodge, upon the 22d of February 1732—two days before I should have gone away—in the house of Margaret Maclean, a Highland woman, at a very little distance from Edinburgh. Being desirous of going early to rest, at my request the landlady sent the few persons that were about *her house, being* two Highland women and a servant-girl, *to bed* an hour or so before the usual time. I had no

servant with me at that moment, but one chamber-maid; and whether she was a party in the plot against me, or whether the landlady, who *was* a party to it, put her out of the way, I know not. However, after I had laid down my weary head to sleep in my chamber, I was aroused by the landlady, who came to my room door, and told me to rise and dress myself immediately, because two men had brought letters for me. The hope that my husband had at last relented, entered my mind, and I arose with alacrity, and put on some of my clothes. But when I anticipated joyful tidings, my expectations were frustrated by the entrance of a number of rude Highlanders into my chamber, who took hold of me, closed my mouth with their hard hands to prevent me crying out for help, as I was at first inclined to do, and finally they covered my face with a cloth, tying down my hands at the same time. I was then dragged or carried down stairs, being perhaps used the more cruelly because I had recognised the men to be servants of my Lord Lovat, and their leader to be a cousin of his. They afterwards placed me, still blindfolded, in a chair, and carried me hurriedly a considerable way, when I was taken out, and placed on horseback behind a man, whom I knew to be a retainer of Lord Lovat. Other six or seven horsemen were there also. Before they placed me behind the man, I shewed them how all the linens about my face were covered with blood, in consequence of the violence used in forcing me to keep silence. Instead of pitying me, they again tied about my face the cloths which they had for a short time taken off. We then rode away in the middle of the night, and the first thing that I knew of our route, was when we reached Linlithgow, after three hours' riding.

'I was here taken into a house where there was a good room, and I seized the opportunity of telling to two persons *whom* I saw in the house, that I was forced away. But *no relief* came of it. I could not throw off my clothes, or *rest* myself in this place, because a man was commanded *to sit* continually in the room beside me. At night I

was taken by force down stairs, and tied on the horse as I had been before. I was then carried by this man, whose name I knew to be Alexander Fraser, of Lovat's household, to a country-house near Falkirk, where I was imprisoned in a vault for more than thirteen weeks. I was then carried to the northward, travelling on horseback, and by night. All day I was kept in the houses, where it was too apparent my cruel persecutors had pre-arranged matters for my close confinement. So barbarously did they use me, when I endeavoured, either by night or by day, to excite sympathy in my favour, that I desisted latterly from the attempt altogether. Sometimes, for weeks together, I never knew the luxury of a peaceful night's repose. At length, after being tossed hither and thither through the Highlands, ignorant almost entirely of the roads I traversed, I was put on board a small vessel, and was conveyed to the island of Hesker, off the Ross-shire coast. Wasted in body, tattered in attire, I was glad of a haven even in this miserable island, where I was lodged with one Alexander Macdonald, a tenant of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Here I was confined nearly a year, when my troubles again began, and I was conveyed, after suffering many hardships, to this island, the home once of the devout St Kilda, and where I have enjoyed comparative rest, though banished from all that is dear to me, for nine long years. Peace—true peace of mind—I have only known since your counsels have taught me to quell my repinings after what is irretrievably lost, and to seek for consolation from one who will be to me in the place of father, husband, children—all that are gone from me!'

After her narrative, the Lady of Grange sat for some time in tears, nor could the old pastor of St Kilda refrain from joining in them, when he thought of the sad reverse of fortune that had befallen the gentle and still lovely being before him. The lady was the first again to break silence. 'Perhaps you may have marvelled,' said she, '*that such things* as I have related could be transacted *without* detection in a Christian land. Alas! the fears

which my husband entertained regarding my knowledge of his political intrigues, were shared in by too many powerful men to permit justice to be done to an injured woman; and a woman injured in nothing more than in the supposition, that treachery to her husband ever entered her thoughts. But do me one favour,' continued the lady; 'note down these things that I have now said to you, that my good name may not rest through all time with the stain upon it, which my enemies would willingly affix. Do this as you regard me; for I have a heavy presentiment that my ills are not done yet, nor is this fear altogether without rational reasons.'

The good minister did as the lady required. In a few days afterwards, the narrator of the sad story now recorded, disappeared from the island of St Kilda! Whither she was taken by her persecutors, is a matter of doubt. It is believed, however, that from a revived dread of discovery, she was removed to the isle of Skye, and that she there died soon afterwards. The narrative taken down from her own account by the pastor of St Kilda, is now before us; and from it we have, with slight abridgments, drawn the materials of the preceding story. That Lady Grange gave, in the main, a true account of her seizure, and the motives which led to it, there can be little doubt.* The only difficulty respecting the affair, is the seeming disproportion between the necessity for the act and its barbarous execution. But this disproportion is in seeming only, not in reality. A great number of influential persons—Erskine of Grange himself among the number—were concerned in Mar's rebellion of 1715, but were never

* The writer of this paper perhaps takes too favourable a view of Lady Grange's case against her husband, a course allowable in a semi-fictitious composition, but which must be received with some reservation by our readers. According to the less favourable version of the story, the temper of this unfortunate lady was extremely violent, and her conduct marked by outrageous bursts of passion. In one of her quarrels with her husband, she is said to have reminded him significantly enough, that she was the daughter of Chiesly. These circumstances, operating to the irritation of a nature not *perhaps* of the most patient kind, appear to be what led to the extra*ordinary* fate of the lady.—*Ed.*

discovered by government to have taken any share in it. If Lady Grange had, in reality, seen papers criminating her husband and others, it is perfectly natural to suppose that these parties would have been ready to take any steps to silence *the* witness against them, particularly after the rebellion had ended so unfavourably. To this are we to ascribe the sufferings of the unfortunate Lady Grange. Her abduction has scarcely any parallel in the history of civilised times. But the situation of her prison, St Kilda, far out in the western main, and the little intercourse held by its simple fishermen with the mainland, rendered the place of her exile a mystery till long after her death. Her husband's influence, also, tended to suppress all attempts to investigate into the fate of his ill-fated lady.

STORY OF THE BURNING SHIP.

LATE in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occurred by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of travelling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseille. The ship was commanded by Captain S——, who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any noteworthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days' sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseille; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and went on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain read with unexpected delight, that so small was the supply of cotton in the market, and so strong the

demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it might command almost any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little toward the south, was at this time getting round to the east, and promised to bring us without delay directly to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived that, by availing himself to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might pretty certainly realise a splendid fortune; a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning, a light was descried to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal-guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain was at this time pacing the deck, as he had done almost constantly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel, for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eye was directed resolutely toward the north; and though the light now glared unshunnable, and the frequent shots could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamations of the passengers could not be unnoticed, his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement among the passengers and crew at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him, and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel; but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain, and said to him, that I deemed it my duty to inform him, that the universal desire of his crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship. He replied with agitation, that the vessel

could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin, and locked the door. He was a kind-hearted man by nature, and, on ordinary occasions, few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow-being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames, I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and from his appearance then, I imagine that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look—the countenance of a man who braved, yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from which we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east, till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view; he then turned fully round, and with an affected gaiety, but a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks, drew out his glass, and having, by long and scrutinising examination, satisfied his fears, at length recovered his composure.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence, and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at his pleasure. About eight months after this, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in the private parlour of a London hotel, when a letter was put into my hands from Captain S——. It stated that the writer, who was in

the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a very great kindness if I would visit him at my earliest leisure; my coming would be of the utmost importance to himself and others; his servant, it added, waited to shew me the way. I immediately set out to comply with the request.

Upon entering the room, I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was thin, pale, and haggard, with a wildness of eye that almost indicated that his reason was unsettled. He testified much joy at seeing me, and desiring me to be seated, began his communication.

'I have taken the liberty,' said he, 'of desiring your company at this time, because you are the only person in London to whom I can venture to make application; and I am going to lay upon you a commission, to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marseille will occur to your mind without my repeating them. I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms, and was rendered at once a rich man. The possession of wealth was new to me, and its enjoyment added, in my case, to its usual gratification, the charm of novelty. In the capital of Paris I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, until one day, on entering a *café*, I took up a gazette, and my eyes fell upon an account of the awful burning of a British man-of-war. The announcement fell upon me like the bolt of heaven. My heart beat and my frame shivered, but I read every word of the article. The vessel which I passed the day before had seen the light from a great distance, and immediately put back to render assistance, but arrived too late to rescue more than two of the crew. They reported that a vessel passed to the north of them within half an hour's sail, but paid no regard to the repeated signals; upon the commander of that ship, the article concluded, *must* rest the loss of 200 persons.

'My peace of mind was gone for ever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went that day, I was haunted by remorse. I retired

to bed, that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the day; but a terrific dream brought before my mind the whole scene of the conflagration, with the roar of the signal-guns. I awoke with horror. Thrice on the same night did I compose myself to sleep, and thrice was I awakened by the repetition of the dream. For many hours on the succeeding day my spirits were shockingly depressed, but the gay company which I frequented gradually restored me to serenity, and by night I was tolerably composed. But the evening again brought terror; the same vision rushed upon my mind, and racked it to agony whenever I fell into a slumber. Perceiving that if I yielded to this band of tormentors, I should quickly be maddened by suffering, I resolved to struggle with remorse, and to harden my heart against conscience. I succeeded always, when awake, in mastering the emotion, but no power on earth could shield me from the torments of sleep. Imagining at length that the prostrate position of my bed might be one cause of the vividness of my dreams, I took the resolution of sleeping upright in a chair, while my servant watched by me. But no sooner did my head drop upon my breast in incipient slumber, than the fire again tortured my brain; the booming guns again rang upon my inward ear. I sought all diversions; I wandered over Europe, seeking to relieve myself from the domination of this fancy by perpetual change of sights and succession of sounds, but in vain. Daily the horrid picture more and more enslaved my imagination, until at length, even in waking, while my eye rested on vacancy, a burning ship was painted in the air, and with my waking ears I heard the eternal guns. The horror has absorbed my being. I am separated by a circle of fire from the world; I breathe the stifling air of hell. Even now, I see nothing but the wide sea and the incessant flame upon it; I hear now the agonising signals—boom! boom!'

The unfortunate man paused for a moment, and I never yet saw such anguish upon human face. He resumed in a few moments his account.

'This must soon end. I know I shall not survive many hours. I am dying of a raging fever, but I will have no advice or assistance. The purpose for which I have sent for you is briefly this: the whole sum of money which I gained by my ship's cargo is in the Bank of England. I shall order in my will that every cent of it shall be at your disposal. I wish you to discover the families of those who perished in this vessel; you will learn their names by inquiring at the Admiralty. Distribute to them every cent of this money. You will not deny the last request of a dying man? promise me that you will faithfully perform my wish.'

I gave him the promise which he desired, and left him.

That night Captain S—— was no more.*

ELI WHITNEY.

ELI WHITNEY, the Arkwright of America, and one of the most intrepid and persevering improvers that ever lived—whose name, nevertheless, has as yet been totally unknown in Britain—was the son of a respectable farmer at Westborough, Worcester County, Massachusetts, where he was born in the year 1765. Very early, young Eli gave striking indications of the mechanical genius for which he afterwards was so distinguished. His education was of a limited character until he had reached the age of nineteen, when he conceived the idea of entering a college. Accordingly, notwithstanding the opposition of his parents, he prepared himself, partly by means of the profits of his manual labour, partly by teaching a village-*school*, for the freshman class in the university of New

* The above story appears among the original contributions in the *New York Mirror* for March 11, 1837, and it is from that paper we quote it. The writer's name is unknown to us.

n, which he entered May 1789. Soon after he took egree in the autumn of 1792, he entered into an gement with a gentleman of Georgia, to reside in mily as a private teacher; but on his arrival in state, he found that another teacher had been oyed, and he was left entirely without resources. mately, however, among the passengers in the vessel hich he sailed, was Mrs Greene, the widow of the rated general, who had given him an invitation to l some time at her residence at Mulberry Grove, Savannah; and on learning his disappointment, she olently insisted upon his making her house his until he had prepared himself for the Bar, as was tention.

hitney had not been long in her family before a lete turn was given to his views. A party of gentle- on a visit to Mrs Greene, having fallen into a ersation upon the state of agriculture among them, essed great regret that there was no means of sing the green seed-cotton, or separating it from its remarking, that until ingenuity could devise some ine which would greatly facilitate the process of sing, it was in vain to think of raising cotton for et. 'Gentlemen,' said Mrs Greene, 'apply to my g friend Mr Whitney: he can make anything.'

e then conducted them into a neighbouring room, e she shewed them a number of specimens of his is. The gentlemen were next introduced to Whitney elf; and when they named their object, he replied he had never seen either cotton or cotton-seed ig his life. But the idea was engendered; and it out of season for cotton in the seed, he went to nnah, and searched among the warehouses and boats he found a small portion of it. This he carried , and set himself to work with such rude materials nstruments as a Georgia plantation afforded. With resources, however, he made tools better suited to *urpose*, and drew his own wire, of which the teeth *earliest* gins were made, which was an article not

at that time to be found in the market of Savannah. Mrs Greene and Mr Miller—a gentleman who, having first come into the family of General Greene as a private tutor, afterwards married his widow—were the only persons admitted into his workshop, who knew in what way he was employing himself. The many hours he spent in his mysterious pursuits afforded matter of great curiosity, and often of raillery, to the younger members of the family. Near the close of the winter, the machine was so nearly completed as to leave no doubt of its success. Mrs Greene then invited to her house gentlemen from different parts of the state; and on the first day after they had assembled, she conducted them to a temporary building which had been erected for the machine, and they saw with astonishment and delight, that more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day, by the labour of a single hand, than could be done in the usual manner in the space of many months.

We have in vain searched the best British encyclopædias for a description of the machine which Mr Whitney thus constructed, but we learn from the *Encyclopædia Americana*, that it consisted chiefly of a process of circular saws, which by a rotatory motion dragged the cotton betwixt wires, leaving the seeds to fall to the bottom, while the cotton so cleaned was carried off by a rotatory brush playing upon the saws. An invention so important to the agricultural interest, and, as it has proved, to every department of human industry, could not long remain a secret. The knowledge of it soon spread through the state; and so great was the excitement on the subject, that multitudes of persons came from all quarters of it to see the machine; but it was not deemed prudent to gratify their curiosity until the patent-right had been secured. So determined, however, were some of the populace to possess this treasure, that neither law nor *justice* could restrain them: they broke open the building *by night*, and carried off the machine. In this way the *public* became possessed of the invention; and before *Mr Whitney* could complete his model, and secure his

patent, a number of machines were in successful operation, constructed with some slight deviation from the original, with the hope of evading the penalty for violating the patent-right. A short time after this, he entered into partnership with Mr Miller, who, having considerable funds at command, proposed to him to become his joint adventurer, and to be at the whole expense of maturing the invention until it should be patented. If the machine succeeded in its intended operation, the parties agreed to share equally all the profits and advantages accruing from it. The instrument of their partnership bears date May 27, 1793.

Immediately afterwards, Mr Whitney repaired to Connecticut, where, as far as possible, he was to perfect the machine, obtain a patent, and manufacture and ship for Georgia such a number of machines as would supply the demand. On June 20, 1793, he presented his petition for a patent to Mr Jefferson, then secretary of state; but the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, at that period the seat of government, prevented his concluding the business until several months afterwards. We have not space sufficient at our disposal to give a satisfactory detail of the obstacles and misfortunes which for a long time hindered the partners from reaping those advantages from the invention which it should have procured for them, and which they had an ample right to expect. These difficulties arose principally from the innumerable violations of their patent-right, by which they were involved in various almost interminable lawsuits. The legislature of South Carolina purchased, in 1801, their right for that state for the sum of 50,000 dollars—a mere 'song,' to use Whitney's own phrase, 'in comparison with the worth of the thing; but it was securing something.' It enabled them to pay the debts which they had contracted, and divide something between them. In the following year, Mr Whitney negotiated a sale of his patent-right with the state of North Carolina, the legislature of which laid a tax of 2s. 6d. upon *every saw*—and some of the gins had forty saws

—employed in ginning cotton, to be continued for five years, which sum was to be collected by the sheriffs in the same manner as the public taxes; and after deducting the expenses of collection, the proceeds were faithfully paid over to the patentees. No small portion, however, of the funds thus obtained in the two Carolinas, was expended in carrying on the fruitless lawsuits which it was deemed necessary to prosecute in Georgia. A gentleman who was well acquainted with Mr Whitney's affairs in the south, and sometimes acted as his legal adviser, observed, that in all his experience in the thorny profession of the law, he had never seen a case of such perseverance under such persecution; 'Nor,' he adds, 'do I believe that *I* ever knew any other man who would have met them with equal coolness and firmness, or who would have obtained even the partial success which he had.'

There have, indeed, been but few instances in which the author of such inestimable advantages to a whole country as those which accrued from the invention of the cotton-gin to the Southern States, was so harshly treated, and so inadequately compensated, as the subject of this sketch. He did not exaggerate when he said, that it raised the value of those states from 50 to 100 per cent. 'If we should assert,' said Judge Johnson, 'that the benefits of this invention exceed *one hundred millions of dollars*, we can prove the assertion by correct calculation.' Besides the violations of his right, he had to struggle against the efforts of malevolence and self-interest to deprive him of the honour of the invention, which he did triumphantly. In 1803, the entire responsibility of the whole concern devolved upon him, in consequence of the death of Mr Miller. In 1812, he made application to Congress for the renewal of his patent. In his memorial, he presented a history of the difficulties which he had been forced to encounter in defence of his right, observing that he had been unable to obtain any decision on the merits of his claim until he had been eleven years in the law, and thirteen years of his patent term had expired

He set forth that his invention had been a source of opulence to thousands of the citizens of the United States; that, as a labour-saving machine, it would enable one man to perform the work of a thousand men; and that it furnishes to the whole family of mankind, at a very cheap rate, the most essential article of their clothing. Hence he humbly conceived himself entitled to a further remuneration from his country, and thought he ought to be admitted to a more liberal participation with his fellow-citizens in the benefits of his invention. 'It does, we must confess,' says Mr Whitney's American biographer, 'strike us with no little surprise, that the southern planters —gentlemen who enjoy a great and just reputation for elevation and generosity of character—should not have taken some means of conveying to Mr Whitney an adequate and substantial testimony of the gratitude which they must have felt towards one to whom they were so incalculably indebted. So far, however, from this having been the case, even the application just mentioned was rejected by Congress on account of the warm opposition it experienced from a majority of the southern members.'

Some years before, in 1798, Mr Whitney, impressed with the uncertainty of all his hopes founded on the cotton-gin, had engaged in another enterprise, which conducted him, by slow but sure steps, to a competent fortune. This was the manufacture of arms for the United States. He first obtained a contract through the influence of Oliver Wolcott, at that time secretary of the Treasury, for 10,000 stand of arms, amounting to 134,000 dollars, which was to be fulfilled within a little more than two years. This was a great undertaking, as may be inferred from the facts, that the works were all to be erected, the machinery was to be made, and much of it to be invented; the raw materials were to be collected from different quarters, and the workmen themselves, almost without exception, were yet to learn the trade. The impediments he was obliged to remove were too numerous and great to allow him to fulfil his stipulation as to time, and eight years instead of two elapsed before

the muskets were all completed. The entire business relating to the contract was not closed until January 1809, when—so liberally had the government made advances to the contractor—the final balance due Mr Whitney was only 2400 dollars. It is universally conceded, that his superior genius and industry greatly contributed to the improvement of the manufacture of arms, and, indeed, to the general advancement of arts and manufactures; for many of his inventions for facilitating the making of muskets, were applicable to most other manufactures of iron and steel.

In 1812, he entered into a new contract with the United States for 15,000 stand of arms, and in the meantime executed a similar engagement for the state of New York. In January 1817, he married the youngest daughter of Pierpont Edwards, late judge of the district court for the state of Connecticut. For the five subsequent years he continued to enjoy domestic happiness, a competent fortune, and an honourable reputation, when he was attacked by a fatal malady, an enlargement of the prostate-gland, which, after causing great and protracted suffering, terminated his life on the 8th of January 1825. In person, Mr Whitney was considerably above the ordinary size, of a dignified carriage, and of an open, manly, and agreeable countenance. His manners were conciliatory, and his whole appearance such as to inspire respect. He possessed great serenity of temper, though he had strong feelings, and a high sense of honour. Perseverance was a striking trait in his character. Everything that he attempted, he effected as far as possible. In the relations of private life, he enjoyed the affection and esteem of all with whom he was connected.

ADVENTURE OF A RANGER.

DARING hardihood, readiness of resource, and patience in overcoming difficulties, are nowhere so well or so frequently exemplified as among the hunters and woodmen of the back states of America. The following account of one of these enterprising and resolute men, appeared upwards of twenty years ago in a periodical in Illinois, and its truth is vouched for by the writer:—

Tom Higgins, as he was usually called, is a native of Kentucky, and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine backwoodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the Rangers—a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 30th of August 1814, he was one of the party of twelve men, under the command of Lieutenant Journey, who were posted at Hill's Station—a small stockade, about three miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. Those towns were not then in existence, and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, 'Indian signs' were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning, early, Mr Journey moved out with his party, in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a corn-field adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when, in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazel-thicket, in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of Indians, who rose suddenly around them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of our party were killed, among whom was Lieutenant Journey; one other fell badly wounded; and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was an uncommon sultry morning—the day was just dawning, a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night, the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins's surviving companion had escaped, supposing all who were left were dead; or that, at all events, it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, fell to his knees, and rose again several times. Believing the animal mortally wounded, he dismounted, but finding the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for, as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked around for a tree—there was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it; but at this moment the cloud of smoke arose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, fired, and the Indian fell. Mr Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, reloaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near hailed him with: 'Tom, you won't leave me?'

On looking round, he discovered the speaker to be one of his comrades named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly: 'No, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you.'

'I can't come,' replied Burgess; 'my leg is smashed all to pieces.'

Higgins sprang from the saddle, and picking up his comrade—whose ankle-bone was broken—in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend, on foot. Still, the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency; and setting Burgess down gently, he told him: 'Now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while

between you and the Indians, to keep them off'—
ting him at the same time to get into the highest
and crawl as close to the ground as possible.
s followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. His-
ıes not relate a more disinterested act of heroism
ıis of Higgins, who, having in his hands the certain
of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily
ıem up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade;
ho, when that generous intention was defeated,
s own retreat was still practicable, remained, at
ɜard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.
cloud of smoke—which had partially opened before
ɜ he faced the enemy—still lay thick behind him;
ɜ he plunged through this, he left it, together with
lge and the hazel-thicket, between him and the
ɔody of the Indians, and was retiring unobserved
ɜm. Under these circumstances, it is probable
' he had retreated in a direct line towards the
, he might very readily have effected his escape.
ırgess was slowly crawling away in that direction,
e gallant Higgins—who coolly surveyed the whole
l—foresaw that, if he pursued the same tract, and
be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He
ɔre took the heroic resolution of deviating from the
ıurse, so far as that any of the enemy who should
him, would not fall in with Burgess. With this
on, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and
, intending, when he emerged, to retreat at full speed.
he left the thicket, he beheld a large Indian near
nd two others on the other side, in the direction
fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to
out his track; for although in the confidence of
n activity and courage he felt undismayed of such
'et he found it necessary to act *the general.* Having
ımy on each flank, he determined to separate them,
ɣht them singly. Making for a ravine, which was
r off, he bounded away, but soon found that one
imbs failed him, having received a ball on the first
hich, until now, he had scarcely noticed. The

largest Indian was following him closely; Higgins turned several times to fire, but the Indian would halt and dance about, to prevent him from taking aim, and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing on him; and he found, that unless he could dispose of the first one, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, he suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh, which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again and ran; and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others, pursued. They soon came near Higgins, who had again fallen, and, as he rose, they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced on him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but on his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last, the largest one ---thinking, probably, from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty—charged boldly up to him, and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, and with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion; the Indian whom he had last slain was the most dangerous of the three, and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently, to discover that he was their superior in courage. He therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle; they raised a whoop, and rushed on him. 'They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded,' said he; 'but now, when they knew it was empty, they were better soldiers.'

A fierce and bloody conflict ensued; the Indians rushing upon Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened,

ortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin oles, rigged hastily for the occasion, which bent whenever ie point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of ne of Higgins's tough muscles. From this cause, and ie continued exertion of his hand and his rifle in warding ff their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, ut his whole front was covered with gashes, of which ie scars yet remain in honourable proof of his valour. t last one of them threw his tomahawk: the edge sunk eep into Higgins's cheek, passed through the ear, which severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and retched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on, but om instantly recovered his self-possession, and kept them f with his feet and his hands, until he succeeded in grasping ie of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull from him, aided him to rise; and, clubbing his rifle, e rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his rains out; in doing which, he broke the stock to pieces, taining only the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had fought before, ow came manfully into battle. It is probable that he lt his character as a warrior at stake. To have fled om a man desperately wounded and almost disarmed, r to have suffered his victim to escape, would have rnished his manhood. Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed n, and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; while ie latter, warding off the spear with one hand, brandished is rifle-barrel in the other. The Indian, unwounded, as now by far the most powerful man, but the moral ourage of our hero prevailed; and the savage, unable bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye, began to treat slowly towards the place where he had dropped is rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his un, his own case was hopeless, and, throwing away his ifle-barrel, he drew his hunting-knife, and rushed in pon him. A desperate strife ensued, and several deep ashes were inflicted, but the Indian succeeded in casting *Higgins from him*, and ran to the spot where he had *thrown down his gun*, while Tom searched for the gun

of the other Indian; thus the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the conflict.

By this time the smoke that lay between the combatants and the main body of the Indians had passed away, and a number of the latter having passed the hazel-thicket, were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger; but relief was at hand.

The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this unparalleled combat. There was among them a heroic woman, a Mrs Pursley, who, when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers at first considered the attempt hopeless, as the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. But Mrs Pursley, declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and jumping on a horse, sallied out. The men, who, not to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop towards the place of combat. A scene of intense interest ensued: the Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were rushing down towards him with savage yells; his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first. Higgins, exhausted with the loss of blood, had fallen and fainted, while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe anything else, was looking for a rifle. The rangers reached the battle-ground first. Mrs Pursley, who knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retired.

We repeat this adventure just as it was related to us, *and* have not the least doubt that it is literally correct, *or* as nearly so as Mr Higgins's opportunities for observation would admit. For, as he very properly observes, *he* was 'in a *desperate* bad fix' just about that time.

and it was a '*powerful bad chance*' for a man to take notice of what was going on around him.

After being carried into the fort, he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two, which remained in the thigh; one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. As he rode home, he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan; when he reached home, he requested his wife to hand him a razor, the exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his helpmate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet, and inserting his finger into the gash, 'flirted it out,' as he termed it, 'without costing a cent.' The other ball remains in his limb yet, but gives him no trouble except when he uses violent exercise. Tom, notwithstanding his injuries, is still one of the most successful hunters in the country.

THE MUSIC MEETING.

FEW country towns of any eminence are unblessed by occasional visits from that portion of the musical world, who, having finished their engagements in London, betake themselves, at the close of the season, to a tour in the *provinces, for* the purpose of gathering a new harvest, *and of delighting* ears which otherwise might never be *acquainted with* the concord of sweet sounds produced by

artists of the highest rank. The borough, however, of which we write, would have been unblessed by any visitation of the kind, had not the passionate love of music evinced by the vicar of St Mary's and his large family, induced them to attempt to get up an affair so well suited to their tastes. Mr Godfrey proposed the scheme to the governors and governesses of charitable institutions, but these obtuse persons were resolutely opposed to it: and but for one enterprising individual, the hopeful project would have fallen to the ground.

A speculating wine-merchant, fancying that he would make a handsome profit by the sale of his liquors during the festival, took up the idea very seriously, and agreed to join the vicar in risking the chances of payment of the expenses incurred, by the proceeds taken at the doors of the church and the concert-room. The overplus, after all the demands should be satisfied, was generously promised to a charity; and with this benevolent colour to the private and personal views of the parties concerned, the undertaking was commenced. The arrangements, engagements, and all the professional part of the business, devolved upon Mr Godfrey, who, from his musical experience, was supposed to be perfectly adequate to the task. The whole of his sons and daughters, always excepting the baby, assisted with infinite glee in preparing for an occasion of so much importance, and their enthusiasm fortunately carried them through the sea of troubles which speedily arose to thwart or cross them in the arduous undertaking. Mr Godfrey, in getting up concerts at home, had in a small way experienced the pains and penalties of management: he now knew what they were when it was to be conducted upon a larger scale; but notwithstanding his presumed acquaintance with the routine to be followed, he failed at the very outset to accomplish a favourite object. Unaware of the schism existing between them, he entered into negotiations with two prima donnas, each of whom was entitled to have her name printed in capital letters at the head of the bills. Both names, it was clear, could not be placed first

the point was one of too great importance to be ceded by either: and the delicate affair of the correspondence not being carried on upon the vicar's part with the requisite address, both ladies declined, and the post of honour remained unfilled for a considerable period. At length, a third singer of equal pretensions, new to England, but celebrated for her continental reputation, was prevailed upon to *début* at this festival. The Godfreys were in ecstasies, but speedily discovered that the advantages gained by securing this novelty, were more than counterbalanced by the cabals and intrigues which her introduction produced amongst the other performers, all anxious to throw obstacles in the way of her success, and to raise themselves upon the ruins of her celebrity. She proved as intractable as the two former; her demands were enormous, and seemed to have no end; and so pertinaciously did she cling to every fresh stipulation, that Mr Godfrey found himself compelled to engage a set of useless people, her relations, who were absolutely destitute of talent, and only served to embarrass the concern. The instrumentalists were as troublesome as the vocalists. Many insisted upon being permitted to introduce pieces of their own composition, perfectly unsuitable to the occasion. All were more intent upon individual display than the general effect; and the most valuable and the most obstinate were per force indulged in their caprices, to the injury of the performances which they were paid to support.

The talk caused by this music meeting raised very unreasonable expectations of profit amongst the tradespeople of the town. Everything marketable was doubled and trebled in price; and the poor managers justly feared that the high demand for lodgings, and the expenses of living, would deter numbers of persons of limited income from attending the festival, or from staying through the whole of it. In vain did the wine-merchant expostulate and represent; a foolish notion prevailed that he was to make his fortune by this affair, and a general determination was evinced to secure a due proportion of

the golden showers to be poured in upon the borough. Shopkeepers were induced to speculate very deeply in the purchase of an expensive assortment of goods, in the hope of finding a ready sale for them during the influx of visitors; and had their expectations been more reasonable, they would have been satisfied. But there is such a thing as being too sanguine, and the calculations based upon mistaken premises, occasioned almost universal disappointment. The bustle and confusion prevailing in other parts of the town, as visitors of all descriptions thronged in, though very considerable, was nothing compared to that which took place at the vicarage. Mademoiselle Zucarelli, invited under the supposition that she would come to the music meeting alone, had thought proper to bring a father, mother, sister, and two brothers, with her; the amiable relatives for whom she had procured engagements, and whom she accordingly chose to consider included in the list of guests. Casinski, the celebrated pianist, and Puffenuff, the not less celebrated oboist, had also come upon the unadvised invitation of some thoughtless members of the family. Troublesome guests they proved: poor Mrs Godfrey had no peace either by night or by day. Articles of furniture were to be borrowed or hired for the accommodation of these people; the usual occupants of the apartments relinquished to them their use, packing themselves in garrets; while the children were obliged to be content with closets under the stairs. The windows of one apartment were to be nailed up, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, to prevent the possibility of admitting the foggy air of the climate, the alleged cause of Mademoiselle Giacinte Zucarelli's inability to sing in England. Another insisted upon a warm bath being put up in his bedroom; and a third had the grate taken out, to admit a cooking-apparatus which he carried about with him. Not content with making their coffee, and pursuing their culinary operations in their own apartments, the whole party, with the exception of the prima *donna*, were continually sallying down into the kitchen, *to superintend* what the stout blowsy damsel, who presided

he family roasts and boils, was pleased to denomi-
nesses and stuff. Sauce-pans and frying-pans laden
nacaroni or fish, swimming in butter and oil, flew up
own stairs, and the house was sheeted with grease
op to bottom. Nearly all the foreigners breakfasted
, and old Madame Zucarelli dined there. Extra ser-
were hired to help, and a constant scene of eating and
ng, fussing and wastery, went on. Half the town,
the pretence of paying their respects to the family,
d to the vicarage, in order to stare at the foreigners,
e how they comported themselves in private. To the
l of all decorous people, Mademoiselle Zucarelli, the
received her visitors at her toilet; a continental
n, which seemed most particularly shocking to the old
of the borough, who had never even read of such
, and wondered how the world had existed so long
told that people in France and Italy thought nothing
it. The only periods during the four-and-twenty
in which poor Mrs Godfrey, the drudge of this
l family, obtained any respite, were those occupied
e oratorios and concerts, which took place alter-
—the sacred selections in the morning, and the
laneous music in the evening of every other day.
d then the satisfaction of seeing the whole party bend
way to the church, or to the Assembly Rooms, and
ft to snatch a little rest and enjoyment in the
ny of two or three elderly ladies, her particular
s, who came to pick up the news, and the fragments
eon-pies, and to descant upon the particular hard-
f the unfortunate matron's lot, while they finished
ld punch that happened to be left in the bottles.

first oratorio and concert went off exceedingly
the church was crowded, and so also was the
bly Room. On the second occasion, symptoms of
e were observable, and the third threatened to be an
te failure. The vicar had been advised not to give
torio and a concert on the same day; and had the
of lodgings been less extravagant, this arrange-
might have answered; but not many of the families

that came in from the country could afford to pay the sum which was demanded per diem for decent accommodation. Very few, therefore, remained during the week, and those were principally induced to stay by the promise of a ball on the Friday, the last day of the oratorios. The triumph of dancing over music, would at any other time have been a sad mortification to the vicar's family, but it was disregarded in the alarm of the moment. A heavy onus had been incurred, and Mr Godfrey looked very blank when he thought of his own responsibility. In this emergency, the young people were eminently useful; their honour was concerned in averting the catastrophe which soon became confidently anticipated. An alarming degree of languor prevailed amongst the whole community, and the hawks' eyes of the Godfreys, having even on the crowded day detected the absence of a very large portion of their own acquaintances, they determined upon pressing them into the service. Miss Godfrey, therefore, and Miss Caroline, Mr James, and Mr Charles, attended by some of their younger brothers and sisters, filled their pockets with tickets, and flew in all directions over the town, forcing some and persuading others to become unwilling purchasers. Few escaped their exactions; and the fortunate recovery of one of the performers, whose name, in consequence of an alarming indisposition, had been left out of the bills, enabled the directors to issue new placards. The wonderful performances of Signor Guiseppe di Mancini, on the double bassoon, were vaunted in large letters. It was not a common instrument; and the promised accompaniment of trumpets and kettle-drums proved more attractive than Signora Zucarelli had been, whose execution of sacred music was pronounced inferior to that of a young English lady, of no reputation whatever, who came out at the same time. The Godfreys, in their invasions upon the quiet of harmless peaceable families, sowed the seeds of dissension in many places. One lady, prevailed upon sorely against her will to make the purchase, burned the tickets, in order to prevent her husband from becoming

acquainted with her imprudence; others bore the brunt of a lecture for the sake of the promised amusement; while several grumbled over their too easy assent, given from mere inability to devise any method of escaping the importunities of people who would take no denial.

'Good gracious me!' exclaimed Miss Sarah Crumpton, upon returning from a gossipping expedition, to her meeker sister Miss Anne, who had unfortunately stayed at home—'good gracious me! you haven't been buying these tickets surely?' Four printed cards, bearing the directors' seals and signatures, were lying on the table, evidences of the almost incredible fact. 'Well, I shall really go crazed with the thought of such extravagance! —half-a-guinea each for the oratorio tickets, and seven shillings, that's fourteen, for a concert—one pound fifteen gone, and nothing to shew for it!' Miss Anne's countenance exhibited a deplorable mixture of contrition and dismay, but she screwed up her courage for an answer.

'Why, Miss Caroline was *so* pressing, and she took me *so* by surprise, and she seemed to think it would be *so* shabby to refuse; and *so*'——

'And *so*,' interrupted Miss Sarah, 'we are to be one pound fifteen shillings out of pocket, besides all that we must lay out in dress. I assure you,' she continued, 'no one goes in bonnets to the church; nothing is worn there except hats or caps of the most tasty kind.'

'Suppose,' said Anne, a good deal chagrined, 'that we were to try to get the oratorio tickets off our hands; they are the dearest, the half-guinea ones, which is certainly too much to give for a morning's amusement. But I must say, I shouldn't object to go to the concert in the evening. All our acquaintances make it a point to be seen once at least at this festival; and I daresay that the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Taylors, would think it odd if we were not to go. Our turbans look remarkably well by candle-light, and we have never worn the dresses that came home from the scourer last week.'

Miss Sarah approved, and each taking a ticket, they *sallied forth to try* their fortunes in different parts of the

town. But the idea, though ingenious, proved a forlorn-hope. The Godfreys had been everywhere before them: and the few who possessed nerve enough to withstand the fire of that family, were deaf, dumb, and insensible to the humble solicitations of the Misses Crumpton. What was now to be done? Why, to buy some cheap bargain of hats, a little out of date, from Miss Dodd, the milliner. Well, then, these indispensable articles were bought. The hats, observed the ladies to each other, were really very handsome, and so wonderfully cheap, that they would not have been justified in letting them go. The Smiths, and the Browns, and the Taylors, would be quite surprised at the dashing appearance they would make in the church; and upon second thoughts, both agreed that it would have been very impolitic to have stayed away, as their absence in the morning would doubtless have been attributed to the shabbiness of their turbans. The next day, the Misses Crumpton, having completed all their preparations for the toilet, and having quite got over their regret at an unexpected outlay, dressed with great alacrity, and walked to the church, sailing along the streets with conscious dignity, and returning most graciously the bob-courtesies which the children playing in the gutters instinctively made to the grand hats passing along. They congratulated themselves upon having seats in the middle aisle, where they could both see and be seen, and screened from the sun, which came through a great hole in the blind, full upon a pink satin hat in the next pew. They surveyed with ineffable contempt all the head-dresses which were inferior to their own, and could not help exclaiming in the midst of a cavatina by Signora Zucarelli, when they espied the identical old shop-keepers which they had rejected, on the pericraniums of Mesdames Blackwood and Halliday, ladies whose husbands were exceedingly well to do in the world.

The wonderful success of Signor Guiseppe and the kettle-drums, induced the Godfreys, who discovered that the receipts of the music meeting would barely cover the expenses, to get up a concert alleged to be for his benefit.

The stars having engagements to fulfil elsewhere, could not, fortunately, remain to swallow up all the profits, and two or three of the minor performers who had assisted at the festival, offered their services gratis. There being insufficient, however, to get up anything upon a grand scale, the vicar's family, seeing a good opportunity of indulging their passion for music and display, volunteered their assistance. Signor Guiseppe explained in the bills, that, in consequence of the departure of the principal performers, some very distinguished amateurs had in the handsomest manner come forward with an offer of their valuable aid, at the concert which would take place for his benefit, on Monday evening, at the Assembly Rooms. The readiness of the Godfreys to undertake everything and anything, occasioned so strong a resemblance between the programme of this concert and Sylvester Daggerwood's celebrated enumeration of the performances of the Misses and the Master Daggerwoods, that it might have passed as a parody of the bill of fare for the benefit of Dunstable. Miss Fanny presided at the piano; Mr John followed, with a fantasia; Mr Adolphus, in a black velvet tunic, and his hair dishevelled *à la* Paganini, came forward with his astonishing performance on the guitar; the Lyra of the family, only five years old, perched upon a table in a silver muslin petticoat, surprised the audience by her own variations to a popular air on a miniature harp; Miss Godfrey and Miss Caroline had prominent parts; Mr James took the violoncello; and Mr Charles displayed the versatility of his talents, by making the tour of the orchestra, and playing on all the different instruments in turn. Harriet and Jane joined their sisters in a concerto for six harps, and Dick and Septimus performed on violins. The vicar alone, poor man, who would have given all the world he had to give to be leader, was excluded. He was convinced of the melancholy truth, that decorum forbade him to take a part in a public *concert-room*, even for the benefit of that talented and *deserving individual*, Signor Guiseppe. Cut out of every-

thing, he was fain to content himself with beating time. The young Godfreys rejoiced in their freedom from so barbarous a restriction. To them it was a triumphant hour, for the applause was tremendous, and the speculation promised to be extremely profitable. The amateur performers drew amazingly; curiosity to see how the young ladies and gentlemen would acquit themselves in public, inducing numbers to attend who cared nothing for music. The prices had been judiciously lowered, single tickets being five shillings, and family-tickets, six for a guinea. Those shopkeepers, therefore, who were afraid to incur the imputation of extravagance, by appearing at an expensive amusement, indulged in the treat, and were somewhat flattered by the vicar's consideration for them, it having been reported that Mr Godfrey had advised Signor Guiseppe to sell his tickets at prices which would enable every respectable person to attend. The performances went off with great *éclat;* the music was sufficiently good to afford gratification to those who really possessed a taste for it; and the Godfrey's had condescended to make their selections from the most striking and popular compositions. This gracious yielding to public inclination went not without its reward; everybody was satisfied and pleased, with the exception of those whom no human exertion will gratify or content. An old mahogany-visaged musician, very much resembling his own cracked violoncello, whose style was quite out of date, and who of course despised the modern school, was rather severe in his remarks. He had heard Viotti play, and Banti sing, and could not relish music which might be turned into quadrilles, and was fit for nothing else. He was sorry that Miss Caroline had attempted a *staccata* passage, as nobody had succeeded since Miss Catley, whose style of singing was prodigiously superior to that which obtained now; and he was disgusted with the *laboured* accompaniments, which absolutely overwhelmed *the vocal* parts; though, to be sure, that was necessary, *as there* was nobody to sustain them as in former times. *Other* malcontents chimed in. It was ridiculous to

expect to keep in tune in mounting up to F natural in alt. Zucarelli could not do it, and Miss Caroline should have profited by her failure. James Godfrey would never turn out a *basso cantante* of eminence. Miss Godfrey's voice wanted power, sweetness, and flexibility; and Fanny's cavatina, though without a fault, was without a beauty. These remarks, though they did not fail to come to the ears of the family, being imputed to envy, did not greatly annoy them.

It was not until the departure of Signor Guiseppe and his bassoon, that they felt all the inconveniences attendant upon the late jubilee. The patrons of the charity in whose behalf the music meeting had been convened, though it was proved very plainly upon black and white that not a fraction remained over the expenses, were not satisfied, and Mr Godfrey and his colleague became involved in disputes with them. Signora Zucarelli's donation, the only advantage which the charity derived, was pronounced to be very inadequate; since, if she had in reality received the enormous sums placed against her name, she ought to have sent thrice the amount. The difference of opinion between the giver and the receivers —the one an Italian adventurer, and the others substantial persons, accustomed to liberal subscriptions from the noblemen and gentlemen of the county—was not taken into consideration; and general belief was given to a report, that collusion existed between the vicar and his guests. The *benefit* for the bassoon player was treated as a fiction; and it must be confessed, that there were grounds for the supposition, that a part of the profits went to defray the extra expenses incurred during the festival by the vicar's family. Nor was this all. The appearance of amateur performers at a public concert, where money was actually taken at the doors, formed a fertile theme for scandal. The Godfreys, in return, descanted very freely on the impertinence and the ingratitude of their associates. Mrs Godfrey protested, *with tears in* her eyes, that her husband, what with one *thing and* another, the dreadful havoc committed in the

larder and the cellar, the heavy bills for coals and candles, the amazing outlay for sundries of all denominations, and the wear and tear of clothes and shoe-leather, was sorely out of pocket by this vexatious affair. It was discovered shortly afterwards, that Signor Amadius Zacarelli had taken a fancy to the finest Cremona, and Signora Giacinta had packed up some very valuable music-books in mistake with her own. There was no end to the dilapidation of the furniture, and it was found that the house would require painting and whitewashing throughout. Nevertheless, the music meeting formed a proud era in the lives of the Godfreys, and they would gladly have undertaken all its pains and penalties anew, for the sake of the gratification it afforded.

EIDER FOWLING.

THE rocks and sea-coasts of Norway, the rugged steeps and barren precipices of the Shetland, Orkney, and Feroe Islands, and the wild scenery of the Hebrides, are the abodes of numerous tribes of aquatic birds, as puffins, herons, cormorants, and eider fowl. The simple inhabitants of some of these secluded spots depend in a great measure upon these creatures for their food and clothing. The flesh of some is eaten when fresh, and some is salted for keeping: the eggs are esteemed excellent food, though much too strong in their taste to be relished by persons unaccustomed to such delicacies; the skins of the eider-ducks form under-clothing, which is proof against very severe cold; and, without any very material injury to the birds, a vast quantity of the finest down is collected *from* them annually. This invaluable substance is so *firm* and elastic, that a quantity which, when compressed, *might* be covered by the two hands, will serve to stuff a *quilt* or coverlet, which, together with extreme lightness

possesses more warmth than the finest blanket. The importance of such a defence in the inhospitable climate of these exposed regions, may be well imagined. Accordingly, one of the chief employments of the inhabitants, is the collection of these indispensable articles; an occupation, in the pursuit of which the adventurous fowlers are often exposed to dangers, the bare idea of which would seem enough to deter the most courageous from the attempt, had not long practice rendered them almost insensible to fear. We shall give a short account of the method pursued on these occasions.

On the coast of Norway, there are many low and flat islands, upon which the birds, during their breeding-season, lay their eggs in great abundance: these the fowler approaches in his boat; leaving it moored to the rocks, he quietly examines the nests, which are made on the ground, constructed of sea-weeds, and lined with the finest down, which the female plucks from her own body. The eggs are generally four in number, of a pale-green colour, and somewhat longer than a common duck's egg. With great caution and gentleness, the fowler removes the female from the nest, and takes possession of the superfluous down and eggs, being careful, however, to leave one behind, lest the nest should be deserted. The patient bird endures this robbery with the greatest resignation, and immediately commences the reparation of her loss, by laying more eggs, and covering them with fresh down; in which latter office her faithful mate bears a part, and yields up his own plumage for the defence of their yet unhatched progeny. This operation is often repeated more than once upon the same nest. It is asserted that, although the birds will bear quietly this treatment from the hands of those to whom they are accustomed, the appearance of a stranger is by no means acceptable, and that they testify their displeasure at the work of destruction by loud and fearful screams. This singular fact may perhaps be accounted for by the great kindness with which the natives treat them; so great, indeed, that in Iceland they have been almost rendered tame, and

will often build their nests close to the houses. Their quiet and peaceable dispositions are also manifested by the circumstance, that two females will sometimes lay their eggs in the same nest, in which case they always agree remarkably well.

The ease and facility, however, with which the plundering of these nests is effected, are remarkably contrasted with the extreme danger to which the same occupation is exposed in other parts. The most precipitous and inaccessible rocks are often the chosen abodes of these winged creatures, where they remain in apparent security, seemingly far removed from man's rapacious hand. But who shall say what difficulties are so great, that patience and courage may not overcome them? The bold adventurer, inured to toil, with sinews well strung by constant labour, and animated by a spirit of dauntless courage, climbs the most rugged steep, surveys with coolness the most frightful precipices, and, trusting himself to ledges of rock scarcely large enough for the foot to rest on, loads himself with the hard-earned spoil, and returns to the bottom with as much indifference as ordinary men would descend a ladder.

The Holm of Noss, a vast rock separated by some violent convulsion of nature from the island of the same name—one of the Shetland group—presents remarkable difficulties to the bird-catchers. Its sides are extremely precipitous, its distance from the mainland is about sixteen fathoms, and the gulf between is occupied by a raging sea—yet have all these been overcome. A kind of bridge of ropes is thrown across, by which the fowler, seated in a cradle, is drawn over, and commences his operations. The original formation of this bridge, if such it may be called, is somewhat remarkable. The rock had been long inaccessible, when at last an adventurer, bolder or more skilful than the rest, having landed at the base, contrived to scramble his way to the summit, after encountering incredible difficulties; his companions threw across to him a strong rope, which he made fast to several stakes previously driven firmly into the ground,

ınd the same was done by them on the opposite side; to his rope a basket or cradle was then attached, which, by neans of cords fastened at either end, might be drawn ıackwards or forwards. The end of the story is truly ragical. Emboldened by his success, instead of returning ›y the means of conveyance he had thus provided, the ınfortunate man determined to descend the rock where ıe had come up; but the task was too difficult even for ıis practised foot: one false step, and all was over; his nangled body at the foot of the rock too plainly attested he madness of the attempt.

But not always can even these means be had recourse o; it is often necessary to descend from the cloud-capped ummit down the face of the naked precipice, to seek or nests hidden in the fissures of the stone. The reckless laring exhibited by the islanders on these occasions, ıas called forth the admiration and wonder of all who ıave had an opportunity of witnessing them. We subjoin he account given by Sir G. Mackenzie, of the method vhich the inhabitants of the Farŏe Islands pursue in their earch for puffins. 'When the rocks are so high and ımooth as to render it impossible for the fowlers to ascend, they are let down by means of a rope from above. To prevent the rope from being cut, a piece of wood is ›laced at the verge of the precipice. By means of a small ine, the fowler makes signals to those above, and they let ıim down or pull him up accordingly. When he reaches ı shelf of the rock where the birds have their nest, he ınties himself, and proceeds to take them. Sometimes ıe places himself on a projecting rock, and, using his ıet with great adroitness, he catches the birds as they ly past him—and this they call veining. This mode of atching birds is even practised while the fowlers are sus-›ended. When a projection of rock is between the fowler ınd the place where the birds are, he swings himself rom the rock so far that he turns round the projection. n this, great address and courage are requisite, as well *s in swinging* into a cavern. When he cannot, with the *elp of his* pole, swing far enough, he lets down a line to

people stationed in a boat below, who swing him by means of it as far as is necessary to enable him to gain a safe place to stand upon. Besides being exposed to the risk of the rope breaking, the fowler is frequently in danger of being crushed by pieces of the rock falling down upon him.' The same method is pursued in the other islands. The ropes employed are of two sorts—one made of hides, the other of hair of cows' tails—the former are most esteemed; they have the advantage of ancient usage to recommend them, and they are, besides, less liable to be worn away by the sharp edges of the rock. The mode of constructing them is as follows:—A hide of a sheep and one of a cow are cut into slips, the latter being the broader; each slip of sheeps' hide is then plaited to one of cows', and two of these compound slips are then twisted together, so as to form a rope of about three inches in circumference. The length of these ropes varies from ninety to about 200 feet, and they are sold at thirteenpence a fathom. So highly are they valued, that, at St Kilda, a single rope forms a girl's marriage-portion. In this island, the most westerly of the Hebrides, a mere speck of land in the wide waters of the Atlantic, old and young alike engage in the same hazardous pursuit. Accustomed from infancy to creep to the extremest verge of the precipice, dangers which, to the unpractised, appear most appalling, only serve to afford them amusement. A modern traveller informs us, that he has seen very young children creep over the edge of a tremendous cliff, 1300 feet high, formed by the termination of Conachar, the loftiest eminence in the island, and considered to be the highest precipice in Britain, and coolly collecting the eggs or birds by means of a slender pole like a fishing-rod, furnished at the end with a noose of cow hair, stiffened by the feathers of a solan-goose. The same writer witnessed the extraordinary feats of a bird-catcher, who, while supported by one companion alone, with whom he was conversing carelessly, contrived to catch four birds, and, burthened with two in each hand, still held fast by the rope, and striking his foot against the rock, threw

himself out from the precipice, and returning with a bound, would again dart out, capering and shouting, and playing all manner of tricks. When we consider that one false step of the man above, one momentary yielding of his strength, would inevitably prove fatal to both, we cannot but feel the greatest astonishment at their presence of mind. Accidents, however, though extremely rare, do sometimes occur, and those of the most frightful nature, of which the following may serve as an example :—

It is by no means uncommon for fowlers to proceed alone on these excursions : on such occasions they fasten the rope to a stake driven into the ground above, and thus descend. It was upon one of these solitary expeditions that the following occurred :—A bird-catcher left his home one morning to pursue his usual occupation, but alone ; having secured his rope to the summit of the cliff, he let himself gradually down, and reaching the spot where the rock overhung a ledge, on which he expected to reap an ample harvest, he dexterously swung himself forwards, and gained the resting-place. As he expected, he here found a number of nests, and in his ardour forgetting the usual precaution of fastening the rope round his body while in the act of plundering a nest, the cord slipped from his grasp, and after swinging backwards and forwards for some time, but without coming within reach, at length settled many feet from the spot where he stood. For a moment he stood aghast, uncertain how to act ; the sudden blow almost deprived him of the power of thinking ; gradually, however, he recovered the use of his faculties, and looked anxiously around for means of escape. Fearful, in truth, was the prospect : the heavy mass of rock above, smooth as if chiselled by the mason's hand, offered no crevices to which the most tenacious grasp might cling : many hundred feet below, the raging waters burst with terrific noise upon the pointed crags ; while the depth to which he had descended, the solitude of the spot, and the roar of the tumultuous waters, *altogether* precluded the possibility of making himself heard, and summoning assistance to rescue him

n his dreadful situation. One chance alone remained
l that a desperate one : by a bold leap he might regai
e rope—it was an awful hazard ; if he failed, instan
struction must be the result ; but death, though slowe
his present state, was no less sure : his resolution w
aken ; breathing a short and energetic prayer, he sum
oned all his strength, and fearlessly sprung forwar
le lived to tell the tale, for the rope was caught, and th
summit gained in safety.

Such are the usual methods pursued for capturing bir
when they build near the summit of the highest rock
and such the dangers to which the attempt is expose
But similar risks are run in taking those which have the
haunts below. For this purpose, the expedition sets o
in a boat, and having landed at the spot selected for the
operations, one of the most daring of their number faste
a rope round his waist, and taking in his hand a long pol
furnished with an iron hook at one end, either climl
up the rock, or is thrust upwards by his companion
until he can find a resting-place sufficiently large f
their purpose. Having reached this spot, he lowers t
rope, and hauls up one of the boat's crew ; the others
then raised in the same manner ; and this process
climbing and hauling is repeated as often as necess
until they reach the spots most frequented by the b
The fowlers then separate, and distribute themselves
the face of the rock, acting, however, for the most
in pairs, each being provided with a rope and fo
staff. For the sake of mutual security, two freq
connect themselves together by their ropes, and wh
the nests are below the ledges on which they sta
permits himself to be lowered down by the oth
he can reach them. In this laborious occupati
often spend many days together, throwing the bo
have collected into the boats below, and spen
nights in the crevices of the rocks, being at the s
not unfrequently ill supplied with provisions.

Another plan sometimes adopted in these
that of setting gins or nooses overnight, in pl

frequented by the birds; these are examined next morning, and often afford a large supply. It was upon one of these occasions that the following occurred:—A bird-catcher of St Kilda had been fixing some traps upon a ledge, elevated about 150 feet above the level of the sea, and was moving forwards for the purpose of regaining his rope, when, unfortunately, his foot caught in one of the nooses, and before he was aware of the fact, tripped himself, and fell over the edge of the precipice. There he hung, suspended by one leg, and with a full view of the boiling surf below him. In vain he wrenched his body round, and strove to grasp the edge from which he had fallen; all his exertions were to no purpose; the bare stone afforded nothing to his grasp, and his strength became rapidly exhausted. He shouted and screamed till the rocks re-echoed with his clamour, but none was at hand to lend him succour; the shades of night were fast closing in, and he was obliged to resign himself patiently to his fate, hoping that the morning might bring some assistance. In this perilous situation he passed the live-long night. Pierced with cold, suffering the severest agony, the weight of his whole body being supported by one limb alone, and momentarily expecting the noose to give way and precipitate him headlong into the angry waters, it seemed as if the hours would never end. But morning came at last, and, as surrounding objects gradually emerged from the darkness which had concealed them, his eyes wandered anxiously around in search of some sign of life. Who may describe the pleasure that thrilled through his bosom, as first he distinctly recognised the form of a companion! The sight gave new vigour to his frame; he summoned all his strength, and uttered a loud cry for help. His call was heard, and no time was lost in relieving him from his dreadful situation.

We who have been brought up in comparative ease and luxury, can scarcely picture to ourselves a more wretched lot than that of these poor islanders, compelled to undergo such toils, and expose themselves to so great

dangers, for acquiring the mere necessaries of life; yet they are a happy race of men, and would be loath to exchange this kind of existence, with all its excitement and pleasures, for the more quiet lives and less spirit-stirring employments of the inhabitants of cities.

SHIPWRECK OF THE BLENDENHALL.

In the year 1821, the *Blendenhall*, free-trader, bound from England for Bombay, partly laden with broadcloths, was prosecuting her voyage with every prospect of a successful issue. While thus pursuing her way through the Atlantic, she was unfortunately driven from her course, by adverse winds and currents, more to the southward and westward than was required, and it became desirable to reach the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in order to ascertain and rectify the reckoning. This island, which is called after the Portuguese admiral who first discovered it, is one of a group of three, the others being the Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, situated many hundreds of miles from any land, and in a south-westerly direction from the Cape of Good Hope. The shores are rugged and precipitous in the extreme, and form, perhaps, the most dangerous coast upon which any vessel could be driven.

It was while steering to reach this group of islands, that, one morning, a passenger on board the *Blendenhall*, who chanced to be upon deck earlier than usual, observed great quantities of sea-weed occasionally floating alongside. This excited some alarm, and a man was immediately *sent* aloft to keep a good look-out. The weather was *then* extremely hazy though moderate; the weeds con*tinued;* all were on the alert; they shortened sail, and *the* boatswain piped for breakfast. In less than ten *minutes,* 'Breakers ahead!' startled every soul, and in

moment all were on deck. 'Breakers starboard! breakers larboard! breakers all around!' was the ominous cry a moment afterwards, and all was confusion. The words were scarcely uttered, when, and before the helm was up, the ill-fated ship struck, and after a few tremendous shocks against the sunken reef, she parted about midship. Ropes and stays were cut away—all rushed forward, as if instinctively, and had barely reached the forecastle, when the stern and quarter broke asunder with a violent crash, and sunk to rise no more. Two of the seamen miserably perished—the rest, including officers, passengers, and crew, held on about the head and bows—the struggle was for life!

At this moment the Inaccessible Island, which till then had been veiled in clouds and thick mist, appeared frowning above the haze. The wreck was more than two miles from the frightful shore. The base of the island was still buried in impenetrable gloom. In this perilous extremity, one was for cutting away the anchor, which had been got up to the cat-head in time of need; another was for cutting down the foremast—the foretop-mast being already by the board. The fog totally disappeared, and the black rocky island stood in all its rugged deformity before their eyes. Suddenly the sun broke out in full splendour, as if to expose more clearly to the view of the sufferers their dreadful predicament. Despair was in every bosom—death, arrayed in all its terrors, seemed to hover over the wreck. But exertion was required, and everything that human energy could devise was effected. The wreck, on which all eagerly clung, was fortunately drifted by the tide and wind between ledges of sunken rocks and thundering breakers, until, after the lapse of six hours, it entered the only spot on the island where a landing was possibly practicable, for all the other parts of the coast consisted of perpendicular cliffs of granite, rising from amidst deafening surf to the height of twenty, forty, and sixty feet. As the shore was neared, a raft was prepared, and on this a few paddled for the cove. At last the wreck drove right in: ropes were instantly thrown

out, and the crew and passengers (except two, who had been crushed in the wreck), including three ladies and a female attendant, were snatched from the watery grave which, a few short hours before, had appeared inevitable, and safely landed on the beach. Evening had now set in, and every effort was made to secure whatever could be saved from the wreck. Bales of cloth, cases of wine, a few boxes of cheese, some hams, the carcass of a milch cow that had been washed on shore, buckets, tubs, butts, a seaman's chest (containing a tinder-box, and needles and thread), with a number of elegant mahogany turned bedposts, and part of an investment for the India market, were got on shore. The rain poured down in torrents—all hands were busily at work to procure a shelter from the weather; and with the bedposts and broadcloths, and part of the foresail, as many tents were soon pitched as there were individuals on the island.

Drenched with the sea and with the rain, hungry, cold, and comfortless, thousands of miles from their native land, almost beyond expectation of human succour, hope nearly annihilated, the shipwrecked voyagers retired to their tents. In the morning, the wreck had gone to pieces; and planks, and spars, and whatever had floated in, were eagerly dragged on shore. No sooner was the unfortunate ship broken up, than, deeming themselves freed from the bonds of authority, many began to secure whatever came to land; and the captain, officers, passengers, and crew, were now reduced to the same level, and obliged to take their turn to fetch water, and explore the island for food. The work of exploring was soon over—there was not a bird, nor a quadruped, nor a single tree to be seen. All was barren and desolate. The low parts were scattered over with stones and sand, and a few stunted weeds, reeds, ferns, and other plants. The top of the mountain was found to consist of a fragment of original table-land, very marshy, and full of deep sloughs, intersected with small rills of water, pure and pellucid as crystal, and a profusion of wild parsley and celery. The prospect was one dreary scene of destitution, without a single ray of hope

to relieve the misery of the desponding crew. After some days, the dead cow, hams, and cheese, were consumed; and from one end of the island to the other, not a morsel of food could be seen. Even the celery began to fail. A few bottles of wine, which, for security, had been secreted under ground, only remained. Famine now began to threaten. Every stone near the sea was examined for shell-fish, but in vain.

In this dreadful extremity, and while the half-famished seamen were at night squatting in sullen dejection round their fires, a large flock of sea-birds, allured by the flames, rushed into the midst of them, and were greedily laid hold of as fast as they could be seized. For several nights in succession, similar flocks came in; and by multiplying their fires, a considerable supply was secured. These visits, however, ceased at length, and the wretched party were exposed again to the most severe privation. When their stock of wild-fowl had been exhausted for more than two days, each began to fear they were now approaching that sad point of necessity, when, between death and casting lots who should be sacrificed to serve for food for the rest, no alternative remains. While horror at the bare contemplation of an extremity so repulsive occupied the thoughts of all, the horizon was observed to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguins alighted on the island. The low grounds were actually covered; and before the evening was dark, the sand could not be seen for the numbers of eggs, which, like a sheet of snow, lay on the surface of the earth. The penguins continued on the island four or five days, when, as if by signal, the whole took their flight, and were never seen again. A few were killed, but the flesh was so extremely rank and nauseous that it could not be eaten. The eggs were collected, and dressed in all manner of ways, and supplied abundance of food for upwards of three weeks. At the expiration of that period, famine once more seemed inevitable; the third morning began to dawn upon the unfortunate company after their stock of eggs was exhausted; they had now been without food

for more than forty hours, and were fainting — when, as though this desolate rock were really a l miracles, a man came running up to the encam with the unexpected and joyful tidings, that 'mill sea-cows had come on shore.' The crew climbe the ledge of rocks that flanked their tents, and th of a shoal of manatees immediately beneath then doned their hearts. These came in with the flo were left in the puddles between the broken rocks cove. This supply continued for two or three week flesh was mere blubber, and quite unfit for food, fo man could retain it on his stomach; but the liv excellent, and on this they subsisted. In the meanti carpenter, with his gang, had constructed a boat, a of the men had adventured in her for Tristan d'A in hopes of ultimately extricating their fellow-s from their perilous situation. Unfortunately, t was lost—whether carried away by the violen currents that set in between the islands, or d pieces against the breakers, was never know vestige of the boat or the crew was ever seen the manatees, however, began to quit the shor boat was launched, and in this an officer and so made a fresh attempt, and happily succeeded a landing, after much labour, on the island, were received with much cordiality and h

Glass—a personage whom it will l

American settlers was dead, and two only surviving; but what finally became of these we are not informed. The British garrison was soon given up, the colony abandoned, and all returned to the Cape of Good Hope, except a person named Glass, a Scotchman, who had been corporal of artillery, and his wife, a Cape Creole. One or two other families afterwards joined them, and thus the foundation of a nation on a small scale was formed: Mr Glass, with the title and character of governor, like a second Robinson Crusoe, being the undisputed chief and lawgiver of the whole. On being visited in 1824 by Mr Augustus Earle, the little colony was found to be on the increase, a considerable number of children having been born since the period of settlement. The different families inhabited a small village, consisting of cottages covered with thatch made of the long grass of the island, and exhibiting an air of comfort, cleanliness, and plenty, truly English.

It was to this island that the boat's crew of the *Blendenhall* had bent their course, and its principal inhabitant, Governor Glass, shewed them every mark of attention, not only on the score of humanity, but because they were fellow-subjects of the same power—for, be it known, Glass did not lay claim to independent monarchy, but always prayed publicly for King George as his lawful sovereign. On learning the situation of the crew on Inaccessible Island, he instantly launched his boat, and unawed by considerations of personal danger, hastened, at the risk of his life, to deliver his shipwrecked countrymen from the calamities they had so long endured. He made repeated trips, surmounted all difficulties, and fortunately succeeded in safely landing them on his own island, after they had been exposed for nearly three months to the horrors of a situation almost unparalleled in the recorded sufferings of seafaring men.

After being hospitably treated by Glass and his company for three months, the survivors obtained a passage to the *Cape, all except* a young sailor named White, who had *formed an* attachment to one of the servant-girls on

board, and who, in all the miseries which had been endured, had been her constant protector and companion; whilst gratitude on her part prevented her wishing to leave him. Both chose to remain, and were forthwith adopted as free citizens of the little community.

THE FAMILY FEUD:

A FRENCH STORY.

THE families of Piombo and Porta, in the island of Corsica, had long been divided by a hereditary feud, called in the language of the country a *vendetta*. It was similar to those enmities which in other parts of Europe were in former ages handed down from father to son, and, before the reign of civilisation and of good laws, rendered it the first duty of the successor to revenge his ancestors upon the family and clan of their foes. When Corsica became part of France, an attempt was made to put an end to the dreadful crimes which these vendettas were perpetually causing, but the savage temperament of the nobles presented a powerful obstacle to the success of these efforts. France herself, torn by internal dissensions, could not enforce the supremacy of the law in a distant island, and it was not until Napoleon Bonaparte got the government of that country into his own hands, that a resolute determination was expressed of suppressing these outrages in his native island, their disastrous consequences being well known to that extraordinary individual in his earlier history. The last occasion upon which the revengeful spirit of the Corsicans was displayed in these family broils, took place about the time of Napoleon's election as First Consul of the French Republic, and resulted in the almost mutual extermination of the two races of Piombo and Porta. Such of the family of Piombo as escaped the general destruction took

refuge in Paris, and claimed the protection of the First Consul. They consisted of the elder Piombo, his wife and daughter, a young child of seven years of age, and, as the family of the Bonapartes had once been under the protection of the Piombos, Napoleon willingly received the fugitives, and promised to provide for their future maintenance.

Bartholomeo di Piombo, at the time of his escape to Paris, was verging upon his sixtieth year, but age had neither bent his lofty figure nor dulled the fierce expression of his eyes. He was distinguished even among his countrymen for the sternness and inflexibility of his temper; and if he were unrelenting in the pursuit of his enemies, he was equally steadfast in vindication of his friends. With his character, Napoleon was not unacquainted, and feeling, perhaps, in his newly-acquired sovereignty, that the presence of a resolute adherent near his person was on many accounts advisable, he gave to his Corsican compatriot a post in his household which was at once honourable and lucrative. The fidelity of Bartholomeo was undoubted, and during the reign of Bonaparte, he was loaded with the imperial favours, raised to the dignity of a count of the empire, and endowed with ample territorial revenues.

In this elevated position stood Piombo when the dynasty of the Bonapartes was precipitated from the throne of France, and gave place to the possession of the Bourbons. He then retired from the palace of the Tuileries, in which he had usually resided, and took up his abode in an ancient hotel, formerly an appanage of a distinguished refugee family, which he owed to the generosity of the dethroned emperor. As circumstances had prevented his taking any active part in the restoration of Napoleon, or in the reign of the Hundred Days, which was concluded on the plains of Waterloo, the Count di Piombo was not excluded from the terms of the amnesty, which was promulgated upon the second return of Louis XVIII. But from that time, he lived secluded in his own domestic privacy, preserving the cold reserve of an attached

adherent of the exiled family. Upon the brow of the old count hung a cheerless though imperturbable air, whilst in his large mansion a uniform stillness seemed to harmonise with the melancholy feelings of its inmates. His aged consort and his youthful daughter were the only beings who participated his solitude, and tended to alleviate its weight and misery.

Before the overthrow of Napoleon, Ginevra di Piombo, the count's daughter, had mingled in the splendour and pomp of the imperial court, of which her grace and beauty had made her a distinguished ornament. Though the exterior advantages she possessed—beauty, rank, fortune, and the favour of an emperor—seemed to have insured her many offers of marriage, yet either her disinclination to leave her parents alone, or the admiration rather than affection which she was calculated to command in society, had hitherto kept her heart and her person disengaged. When the events of the political world drove the family into retirement, Ginevra felt even more happy than she had done in the turmoil of a court-life, and, with an admirable fortitude, devoted herself to the care of parents whose only solace in life was now in her—the last and dearest of their children.

After the second return of the Bourbons, and whilst Paris was witness of many scenes of massacre, it was dangerous for an officer in the uniform of the Imperial Guard to appear abroad. Many of the officers, indeed, of that celebrated corps were proscribed by name, and even those who were not so peculiarly designated, found it expedient to seek shelter until the fury of revenge was a little allayed. Whilst the storm was at its height, a young man in the condemned uniform had taken refuge in the house of a painter and eminent artist in Paris, who was known to be a warm partisan of the late dynasty. As a vigilant search was maintained by the armed police, in the course of which the residences of such persons were repeatedly visited and ransacked, it was necessary for the artist to exercise an extreme caution in succouring the fugitive soldier. He concealed the presence of a

dangerous an inmate even from his wife, and secreted him in a closet partitioned off from the saloon in which he gave lessons in painting to several young ladies of the higher classes. This workshop or painting-room was apart from his residence, and, for the benefit of light, placed at the top of an adjoining building in the same courtyard. This was the place which the generous painter selected as the least likely to be suspected, at the same time that it permitted the proscribed officer a means of exercise and relaxation when the room was cleared of the pupils, as the painter was the only person of his own household who ever entered it.

Ginevra di Piombo had for two or three years been a constant attendant at the work-room of M. Servin, the painter alluded to; and both from the admirable talents she displayed in the art, and the well-known attachment of her father to the cause of Napoleon, she was treated by him with the highest respect. At this time, when her occupations were so much curtailed, Ginevra was accustomed to devote a more than usual attention to this elegant and fascinating accomplishment. Thus she was often left behind by her companions, who were either less enthusiastic in the art, or had a more varied scale of amusements. On one occasion, when Ginevra had been so intent upon her pursuit as not only to be left alone, but to be surprised by the shades of evening, as she was preparing hurriedly to depart, she was astounded at beholding the door of the closet gently opened, and a young officer, in a blue and red uniform, with the imperial eagle, tread softly into the room. Equal surprise and embarrassment appeared on the countenances of the young couple as they surveyed each other; and it was fortunate, that precisely at this moment M. Servin ascended the staircase, and entered the apartment. Instantly comprehending how this unexpected interview had occurred, he stepped towards the officer, and said to him: 'Monsieur Louis, you are too impatient in your confinement, but you have nothing to fear from this young lady. She is the daughter of an old friend of

ror, so we may make her a confidante in you

r of sympathy which was already on the features
vra assured the young soldier sufficiently of this
ven if her beauty had not already disposed him
ard her with an entire dependence. 'You are
ted, sir!' said she with much emotion.
, is a trifle,' replied he; 'the wound is nearly
d.'

is left arm was suspended in a sling, and the paleness
is features bespoke a suffering which his words belied.
o young beings brought together in a situation so
ecting, could scarcely fail to be united by a reciprocal
ntiment. Ginevra, thus called upon to act as the
ıardian and protectress of a brave soldier, suffering in
, cause she had been taught to believe as holy and
patriotic, felt all the enthusiastic generosity natural to
her sex arise in favour of the oppressed and wounded
hero. He, on the contrary, beheld in her something
more than human, when benevolence and commiseration
were joined to a grace so bewitching and a beauty in
itself so attractive. The scene itself was calculated to
impress a tender feeling indelibly upon the mind. The
softened light, the romance of the incident, the danger to
all concerned—everything conspired to produce those
sensations which, seeming to spring only from a feeling
mind, yet link hearts together. Ginevra, yet unconscious
how deeply the emotion had sunk in her breast, offered
her father's purse and influence in aid and protection of
the soldier. M. Servin, more prudent, begged her to
preserve for some short time the secret even from her
father, lest he might be in any way compromised with the
government, assuring her that the fugitive was quite safe
in his present hiding-place. The officer himself joined
in this request; and as there was something delicious in
the reflection, that she alone was thought worthy of being
intrusted with the fate of a warrior of Napoleon, she
consented to abstain from any attempts to alleviate his
present misfortune further than to beguile the tediousness

of his confinement by her prolonged presence in the saloon.

From that day, Ginevra passed hours in the work-room when all were gone, and he only present who had become to her an object of so intense an interest. She held the brush in her hand, but it seldom touched the easel, whilst Louis sat by her side, speaking with a fervid eloquence from his eyes. Their conversation was short and broken, for with lovers a monosyllable expresses more than the laboured paragraphs of oratory. Sometimes she sung, in a subdued tone, a plaintive air of Italy; and she was delighted to find that Louis was perfect master of the soft dialect which was her own native tongue. From such means, which seem to derive force from their simplicity, is affection most firmly strengthened, until it becomes a passion to which life itself is subordinate. That the conduct of Ginevra in thus submitting to what must strictly be considered a clandestine intimacy, was improper and inexcusable, must certainly be allowed, and the result furnishes the strongest moral which could be drawn from behaviour so inconsiderate.

The lengthened visits of Ginevra to M. Servin's now began to attract the notice of the old count and his wife, who so idolised her that her shortest absence was regarded with impatience. They therefore expressed their surprise that she should devote so much time to painting when it caused them unhappiness. To such an appeal, Ginevra could reply only with tears. Her father, excited by so unusual a spectacle, eagerly demanded the cause. His question only redoubled her confusion.

'You are going to surprise us with a picture, then?' said the count, taking her by the hand.

'No,' replied she with a sudden energy; 'a falsehood shall not even once escape the lips of your daughter—I am not painting.'

'What are you doing, then? I trust you are engaged in no improper intimacy?'

'Not improper, I should think,' she replied.

'Explain,' cried the father; 'tell me all.'

Ginevra, thus importuned, explained how she l
become acquainted with M. Louis, and the interest wh
he had excited in her bosom.

No declaration could afflict more vehemently the f
ings of the old Corsican. He regarded his daught
affections as peculiarly his own, as due exclusively
himself and her mother. The idea of another per
participating in her love, he entertained with abhorre
Those childish caresses which he now bestowed u
her in his doting fondness he must see indulged in
another. His daughter seemed to forsake him in his
age and in his desolation—to cast him aside as if
loathed him. Such was the selfish conclusion to wh
the suspicious mind of Piombo led him. He at c
forbade Ginevra to think more of her young admi
She besought and entreated him to consider that
happiness was at stake. It was in vain—he would l
nothing, but declared imperatively she should n
marry in his lifetime. So emphatic a denunciation aro
the downcast spirit of his own descendant. 'But I
marry,' said she with a fierceness equal to his c
'your sentence is inhuman.'

The determination of Ginevra thus expressed sc
to awe and confound the old count. He resum
seat without saying a word. His wife now inter
and took the part of the daughter. Ginevra cast
at her father's feet. 'I will still love you and li
you, my dear father,' she cried; 'I will never
you!'

Bartholomeo was at last moved. When he
that the young man was a captain of the Imperi
that he had fought at Waterloo, and, though
had been amongst the last to leave that fatal
consented to interest himself in his behalf, and
him into his own house.

A high official personage had been indebt
Count di Piombo during the Imperial rule
portant favour, and through his influence he
cured the pardon of M. Louis. He was even

oll of officers available for service. Ginevra flew undissembled rapture to convey this gratifying nt to her lover. Having laid aside his uniform for t of plain clothes, he accompanied her to her -'s house. She led him up the stairs, trembling anxiety lest the old count should not like him. bo was sitting in a window recess in the large), with a grave and forbidding aspect. They ad- d towards him, and Ginevra thus presented her : 'My father,' said she, 'I present to you a gentle- whom you will feel pleasure in seeing. This is ieur Louis, who fought four paces from the Emperor ount St Jean.'

e count did not rise nor relax the severity of his es. 'You wear no decoration, sir, I observe,' said ldly.

does not become an officer of Napoleon under nt circumstances,' answered M. Louis with some ity.

e reply seemed to gratify the prejudices of the old though he said nothing. Madame di Piombo, to a silence which was at once harsh and uncourteous, ded a remark. 'What a singular resemblance,' imed she, 'this young gentleman has to the family Portas!'

is only natural,' replied the young man, upon whom yes of old Piombo glared with the fury of a demon; long to that family.'

Porta!' shouted the count. 'Your name?'

uigi Porta,' replied the officer.

mbo arose slowly, under an emotion too strong for ance. His countenance grew livid with rage. His took his arm, and drew him gently towards the door.

left the room together, Bartholomeo directing a re of vengeance against the unfortunate youth, and of horror at his equally wretched daughter.

'hat misery in a word!' said Ginevra in a tone of sh. 'Did you not know that our family and yours ereditary enemies?'

'No,' answered her lover; 'I was car... when I was six years old, on account of some mi which happened to my father, but I never knew was. I was educated at Genoa with my mother and when I left him to enter the army, he told n a powerful enemy in France, and that I should t take the name of Louis only, by which I ha always known. He told me, likewise, our es seized; and since that time I have been eng active service.'

'You must quit this house,' said Ginevra.

'Is, then, this fearful hatred of our fathers bet too?' asked he as he took her hand.

'I cannot find it so in my heart,' she replie do not now stay since your safety may be thr I will find means to communicate with you- upon your guard, and it is against my own warn you.'

So saying, she conducted him again to the seeing him safely into the street, bade him a all the warmth of affection she had ever exhibited.

Ginevra flew to her own room, not for the dissolving into useless tears, but to enter upo commune with herself as to the course she sh The fearful question she had to solve was, should sacrifice her love, and the happiness herself, to gratify the implacable hatred o or to surrender her home, her station, he ... man whom every worldly

him, even should the paternal malediction fall upon her. The resolute mind of Bartholomeo was inherited by his daughter, and, though she felt for him all the affection and respect natural to their relation, she believed herself not bound to obey what to her seemed a cruel and unjust command. With such sentiments, she descended to the saloon, in which the old count and his wife were sitting in a mournful silence.

The conversation between the father and daughter was not long. Piombo expressed at once his irreversible decree. 'Who espouses not my quarrel,' said he, 'is not of my family. Whilst I live, a Porta shall not be my son-in-law. Such is my sentence.'

Ginevra attempted to shew, that she had no reason to partake of his enmity; that Louis Porta, who was only six years old when he left Corsica, could have done him no harm; that it was a Christian duty to forgive and not to revenge an injury even when inflicted. Her arguments were in vain.

'He is a Porta,' replied the implacable old man; 'and that is enough.'

She then prayed him to regard her happiness, to reflect that, by indulging his hate against an imaginary enemy, he destroyed the peace of mind and the life of his own child. She begged her mother to join in her entreaties; but Bartholomeo was inflexible. 'Then, in spite of you,' said Ginevra, 'he shall be my husband!'

'I will rather see you dead,' rejoined her parent, clenching his bony hand. So saying, he threw her from him. 'Begone!' said he, 'I have no longer a daughter. I will not give you my curse, but I abandon you; you have now no father!'

He now conducted her to the street, and closed the door upon her. Ginevra proceeded to place herself under the protection of Madame Servin, the wife of the painter, who had always expressed great friendship for her, until the day when she should be united to Luigi Porta. But she was destined to experience the insults which are prepared for those who act contrary to the

usages of the world. Madame Servin did not approve of her conduct, and begged to be excused from receiving her under her present circumstances. Louis, therefore, obtained for her a small lodging with a respectable matron, near to that he had himself for some time occupied. Here she remained until the marriage could be solemnised. Her mother had traced her retreat, and sent her a variety of things necessary for a young wife, together with a purse of money. A short note accompanied the present, stating that it was sent unknown to the count, and contrary to his injunctions. In her desolation, this mark of maternal kindness drew from Ginevra a flood of tears and a feeling of remorse, which the consolations of Louis alone could efface.

At length the day of the marriage arrived. Ginevra saw no one around her to hail the event. Louis procured two witnesses, who were necessary to attest the ceremony. One of them had been in the company he commanded in the Guards, and was now keeper of a livery-stable. The other was a butcher, the landlord of the house which was to be their future residence. These good people attended upon the occasion, as if an ordinary affair of business was to be transacted. They were dressed neatly and plainly, though nothing announced that they made part of a nuptial-fête. Ginevra herself was simply habited, conforming to her fortune, and an air of gravity, if not of coldness, seemed to reign around.

As the church and the mayor's office were not far distant, Louis gave his arm to the bride, and, followed by the two witnesses, they proceeded on foot to the place of their espousal. After the formalities were gone through, and their names signed, Luigi and Ginevra were united. It was with difficulty they got an old priest to celebrate their union, and to give it the Church's benediction, since the ecclesiastics were all eager in their services to more distinguished couples. The priest hastened over the ceremony, and after uniting them before God, as the mayor had united them according to *law*, he finished the mass, and left them. The marriage

being thus celebrated in its two forms, they quitted the church, and Louis conducted his wife to their humble residence.

For the space of a year from their union as man and wife, Louis and Ginevra enjoyed as perfect a happiness as could fall to the lot of mortals. Though living far apart from luxury or extravagance, they were too much lovers to regard either as essential to their bliss. The time passed gaily onwards, and unheeded by the youthful couple, who could not part even for an hour. If Ginevra ever thought of her parents, it was to regret that they could not view and share her happiness. But with the expiration of the year, came care to corrode their joy. With the buoyant feeling of youth, unacquainted with the horrors of poverty, they laughed at its approach. 'I can paint, my Louis,' said Ginevra; 'we can easily support ourselves.' And she prepared to exercise those talents for her subsistence which in other days had tended to her amusement. She executed copies from the old masters, and Louis set out to sell them. But he was ignorant of their value, and of the persons from whom to obtain it. He was content to sell them to an old-furniture broker at a very low price. Yet Ginevra was pleased to find that her exertions could earn money, and help to maintain her Louis and herself. She redoubled her assiduity, and finished several pieces; she laboured with the zeal and ardour of a proselyte. Her exertions conveyed a reproach to her husband, who was determined no longer to sit in idleness, whilst his wife worked incessantly. After long consideration, he felt himself equal to no employment save that of copying legal or other documents. He made a tour round the offices of the attorneys and notaries of Paris, soliciting papers to copy. He thus added to their uncertain income, and, by the exercise of industry, they kept poverty at a distance, and beat back the approach of want. At length the hour of suffering and mental anguish arrived, as it will sooner or later to individuals so situated.

rtain season of the year, the law-offices in Paris
from business; and for nearly four months,
orta was thrown out of employment. His wife
for some time had the brush in her hand, as she
t given birth to a son. The fees of the medical
id been raised by disposing of part of their furni-
The remainder would have speedily followed, had
e landlord seized it for rent. The wretched hus-
saw his wife pining for lack of sustenance, and the
it sucking a dry and exhausted breast. He was
out the means of procuring a morsel of bread.
h the madness of despair, he rushed into the street,
l wandered in the midst of the brilliant equipages
ich crowded the city, and of that reckless luxury
nich seems so insulting to poverty. He passed by the
iops of money-changers, where heaps of gold wer
xposed, one solitary piece from which would ha
rendered him frantic with joy. But no resource open
itself in his extremity. Anything seemed just, if
could save the life of Ginevra—to steal, to rob, to mur
To what crime his frenzy might have led him, is doub
but fortune saved him from its commission. He
turned his steps unconsciously towards the hotel o
Count di Piombo. When he arrived at it, the
stood open. He entered, and sprang up stairs.
moment, he stood before Piombo, who was seate
the fire, for the night was cold and wet.

'Who are you?' cried the old count, startin
alarm.

'Your daughter's husband,' answered Luigi.

'And where is my daughter?' he asked
trembling accent.

'On her death-bed from starvation!' sho
with wildness.

'Not yet dead?'

'No.'

'Is there any hope left?' urged the father

'A piece of gold may save her, if it be spe
replied the husband.

'Here is my purse,' said Piombo; 'tell Ginevra I have pardoned her, and she may come and see me.'

'She will not come in this world, I fear,' answered Luigi, as he took the purse and flew from the room.

'Shall we not follow him, and see our daughter—our Ginevra?' said the old man to his wife, who had sat immovable during the preceding discourse, whilst the first tears he ever shed fell down his furrowed cheeks.

'O yes—with all speed,' cried Madame di Piombo. She rang the bell. 'Order a coach to the door instantly,' said she to the servant who appeared.

At midnight, the aged parents entered the room of their unfortunate child. Ginevra had just expired; her infant was also dead. Louis hung over the wretched bed upon which they were extended. The physician whom he had procured in his haste had taken up his hat to depart. It was a scene to move the iron heart even of Piombo. 'Our feud is at an end,' said he to Luigi Porta. 'There lie the last of my race. I am a miserable, broken-hearted old man. I suffer punishment from God for not hearkening to her who is now an angel. Yes, Porta, this is a scene on which thy father might have gloated; but with the corpse of my daughter, I bury my enmity.'

Such was the concluding scene in the history of the feud betwixt the families of Piombo and Porta, and which cannot be contemplated without producing the moral reflection, that the daughter's imprudence and disobedience was not more severely punished, than the unchristian enmity and hard-heartedness of the father.

MANY SLIPS BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

We have an amusing instance of the truth of this proverb in the following story, which we quote from an old London newspaper:—A gentleman residing at Hearne Bay—a sea-bathing place on the coast of Kent, and a favourite resort of the Londoners—left the Tower-stairs by one of the Margate steam-packets, one fine Saturday morning in the month of September, having previously written home to his family at Hearne Bay, to say he should certainly be with them by dinner-time that same afternoon. Precisely at four o'clock that afternoon, the steamer was off Hearne Bay; and if the Hearne Bay boatmen would but have put off in the teeth of a stiff nor'-easter, and have pulled only three miles and a half over a bit of a heavyish swell, the gentleman might have been safely delivered at home just in pudding-time—provided he did not get swamped by the way. But the boatmen would not put off at all, which certainly was very stupid on their parts—for the steamer would not have had to wait much more than an hour for them; and in the meantime, to prevent the said stiff nor'-easter from driving her bump ashore, she could have easily let go her anchor, and have remained where she was quite comfortable—provided the anchor would hold. However, the gentleman had only to go on with her to Margate; and as there would still be time enough for him to get back to Hearne Bay, by coach, before the pudding was cold, he did not much care. Well, they were very soon off Margate; and no doubt the Hearne Bay gentleman, together with all the other passengers, would have been punctually landed there, only the steamer happened to come there just in the tail of the ebb tide, so that there was not water enough for her in the harbour; and *the waves*, under the influence of the nor'-easter aforesaid, *were* kicking up their heels so furiously upon the jetty,

that the captain judged it would be the safest way for all parties to go on to Ramsgate. Now, as it is not much more than about three leagues to Ramsgate, she would have run down there in no time to speak of, only, as the wind blew right in-shore, she had to stand out to sea some two or three leagues more, just by way of avoiding running her nose against the North Foreland; but, nevertheless, she got into Ramsgate harbour nearly a quarter of an hour before eight o'clock at night; and there was a whole shoal of shandrydans waiting to carry the passengers back overland to Margate. 'Well,' thinks the Hearne Bay gentleman, 'though I did not get home to dinner, yet, if I set out for Margate directly, I shall be there in time for the Canterbury coaches, and one of them will drop me near my own house in good time for supper; so let me have my luggage, captain,' said he to the captain of the steamer.

'Why, sir,' says the captain, 'you see we are all in the dark now, and it will be a difficult matter to find your luggage among such a heap as we have; but we shall be up at Margate with the next tide, and if you are gone, I will take care to send your luggage after you—we shall be sure to be there before midnight.'

'Good!' said the gentleman, and away he rattled in one of the shandrydans, and got into Margate very comfortably, not more than ten minutes after the last Canterbury coach had left it. This vexed him a little, especially as he knew his family would feel alarmed at his absence; but consoling himself with the certainty of getting home next morning to breakfast, he took his supper, and went to bed. Next morning (Sunday) he was up at five o'clock, and down at the harbour to get his luggage out of the steamer; and as she was not yet come round from Ramsgate, he had a nice opportunity of seeing the sun rise, and of stretching his legs on the cliffs. But he had not walked more than three hours, when it occurred to him that if he walked much longer, he should hardly get home to breakfast; and as it also occurred to him that there was something in his luggage which he could

gone out of the harbour
he got there; and of course he had
to rattle back to Margate again. But the shan
driver drove at such a rate, that he got back to M
at least an hour and a half before the steamer,
the meantime all the morning Canterbury coach
left. So the Hearne Bay gentleman had only
in Margate for the evening ones; and he got h
supper on Sunday night, instead of to dinner
Saturday—that was all; and if that is not 'ver
the time specified,' we do not know what is.

END OF VOL. XV.